

"Not a dollar of your gold will I touch!"

—"The Spy," page 48

Our Literary Heritage

AMERICAN LITERATURE

RUSSELL BLANKENSHIP
University of Washington

ROLLO L. LYMAN
University of Chicago

HOWARD C. HILL
University of Chicago

REBECCA W. SMITH
Texas Christian University

Illustrations by
THOMAS FOGARTY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Chicago Boston Atlanta San Francisco Dallas

COPYRIGHT, 1937, 1940, 1941, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

TA



The editors make grateful acknowledgment to **Marion C. Sheridan, Head of the English Department, New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut,** for the preparation of the major portion of the class activities which follow each selection in the book and for valuable editorial advice.

WHAT IS AMERICAN LITERATURE?

A PERSON who is beginning to read American literature for the first time is somewhat like a motorist starting on a tour of a region that he has not visited. The car is made ready for the trip, the baggage is loaded, the passengers are in place, but the driver is a bit vague and uncertain as to the country that he is to traverse and the roads that he is to take. As a final courtesy the service-station attendant hands the driver a road map. Now a road map is not a necessity, but it is a great convenience, for it tells the tourist not only where he is and what direction he is travelling but what places of interest he is approaching.

So it is with you. Before beginning your work you are apt to ask, "What are we going to do in our study of American literature? What is it all about?" Certainly these questions are intelligent, and they deserve an answer. A full reply would cover hundreds of pages, but a brief answer in a few paragraphs can serve as a handy road map of the proposed route.

You are going to study literature as an interpretation of life. By giving the reader vivid and interesting descriptions of dramatic situations in by-gone days, literature re-creates the past. And it does not stop with this work. It is also concerned with the present. In our daily round of work we often fail to glimpse the meaning of our actions and the significance of our surroundings. Details are too numerous and bothersome. We lose sense of the direction in which we are moving. Often we wonder if we are moving at all. The good writer with his keen insight interprets the innumerable details of everyday life and makes clear the meaning of the confusion. And that is not all that he does. He looks into the future and gives us his ideas of things to come. Of course, he may be wrong in his interpretation of the present and his predictions of the future, but at all events he assists us in our thinking about the questions that he discusses.

The past is the theme of many of our books, and the past is

no unworthy subject. American literature brings us the words and the spirit of those who have made our nation what it is. It tells us how our forefathers carried on their day's work, how they ran their farms and businesses, and how they met constantly changing conditions. It tells us what they hoped for, what they feared, what they suffered, and what they dreamed would come true in the future. The whole pageant of America is to be found in our literature. We have only to ask to find out what happened.

If you want to find out about an event that you did not see, talk to somebody who was there. That is good advice to a newspaper reporter who must write accounts of many incidents that he does not see. That is good advice to the historian, for one of the necessary steps in writing history is getting back as close as possible to the point of view of people who actually saw the events that are being described. The closer one can come to the position of an eyewitness, the more vivid and colorful becomes one's idea of an event. As a matter of fact, we are constantly attempting to get such a point of view. All of us have seen a gray-haired man or woman telling some story of earlier days to an interested circle of younger people, and there are not many boys and girls who have never been members of such a circle. The story may be one of plantation life in the old South, it may be about the Civil War or early days in the Far West, it may be about the arrival of the family in its new home in America, but whatever it is about, how much more interesting is the story when we realize that it is being told by one who actually participated in the event.

Now many of the finest books and stories in American literature were written by actual eyewitnesses. In our literature we can listen to General Grant quietly tell the story of Lee's surrender. In our literature we push into the West with the frontiersmen in search of a new home or cross the Plains with that restless throng that poured into California looking for gold. With Mark Twain for our teacher and entertainer we can learn to pilot a steamboat up and down the shifting channel of the tawny Mississippi. Hamlin Garland takes us on a personally conducted tour of a Middle-Western farm, and no one can speak of a farm with more authority than Mr. Garland, for there he was born, there he grew to young manhood, and there he determined to be a writer so that he could tell other people of the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and hardships of farm life.

With Willa Cather we can visit the homes of these dogged pioneer farmers of early Nebraska who refused to be daunted by the strange surroundings, the loneliness, the stubborn sod, and the unfavorable weather of the Western prairies. Robert Frost offers us poems that lead us by old stone walls and along winding lanes ablaze with autumn colors to the hill farms of New England, while the poems of Carl Sandburg thrust us pell-mell into the hubbub of Chicago traffic and industry. Thus it is with much of our literature. It was done by men and women who knew what they were talking about.

There is an idea held by some that our books are written by do-nothings, mere bystanders, skulkers who have shirked the toil and responsibility of active life. Such an idea is a mistake. David Crockett, the frontiersman of Tennessee, was a renowned bear hunter, a judge, a successful politician, a member of Congress, a farmer of sorts, and a famous wit and story-teller. A man of so many activities could hardly be said to live a monotonous life, yet the restless Crockett, thirsting for diversion, went down into Texas and perished at the relatively early age of fifty in the defense of the Alamo. In view of all the things that he did we wonder that he ever found time to write or dictate his autobiography. But he did, and the resulting book is a priceless addition to our literature. The words used are crude but expressive, the sentences are awkward though clear and intelligent, and the writer is an inordinately vain fellow who makes no effort to conceal his admiration for himself. Yet because of these very things Crockett's autobiography affords us a clear insight into the mind and heart of the frontiersman. Crockett found his life busy and interesting; we find it interesting largely because of its very busyness.

Because Mark Twain spent the last forty years of his life as a writer he was often regarded as nothing more than a man of letters. People who pass such a judgment overlook the important fact that he spent his first thirty years in a busy round of interesting experiences. After skylarking through his boyhood days in Missouri, he became a printer, a Mississippi River pilot, a newspaper man in Nevada, and a pocket miner in California. Out of this richly varied experience he wrote *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Life on the Mississippi,* and *Roughing It,* books that bubble over with life and action.

If Herman Melville had not shipped on a whaling vessel and

lived with cannibals on the Marquesas Islands in the South Pacific, it is most probable that we never should have had *Typee,* the tale of life with the man-eaters, or *Moby Dick,* that strange and powerful book which tells of the fatal pursuit of a white whale through the trackless wastes of the Pacific. A stay-at-home or a mere bystander would never have attempted either work.

For seventy years private affairs or public service kept Benjamin Franklin constantly busy, but it was by successful accomplishment of his tasks that he achieved his fame, and so pleased was he with the use to which he had put his time and talents that he wrote his autobiography so that others might know of his lowly start and learn how he won distinction and honor. If Franklin had never stepped outside his library, if he had been content to live a bookish existence, he might have left behind him some thoughts of more than a little value to mankind, but without his active participation in life he might not have been able to lay his finger so accurately on the pulse of America. He knew his country as few men have known it, and he knew it because he worked in it and for it so many years.

Most of our American poets have been men of affairs. In one of his poems Walt Whitman says, "I loaf and invite my soul." Do not take him too literally. Even when Whitman was loafing he was studying America in the swirling streets of New York. And he did not always loaf. He was in turn teacher, printer, editor, politician, and hospital nurse. In each of these occupations he had an excellent chance to learn more about human nature, and none can read his great chants without feeling that he made the most of his opportunity. Without his multitudinous experiences his book of poems, *Leaves of Grass,* would never have caught that amazing knowledge of and sympathy with the common man, and these qualities are among those that make Whitman the great poetic interpreter of America.

It will not do to draw sweeping conclusions, but many times it actually appears that the writers who have done the least work and had the fewest experiences have had the least of interest to say in their books. Of course not all of our literature has been written by active men or even by those who take the place of eyewitnesses. Some writers are frankly imaginative, while some have indulged in the humorous treatment of their subjects. But these exceptions do not prove much. Many stories of pure imagination have backgrounds that are accu-

rately described. For instance, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving let his fancy run unchecked, but the Sleepy Hollow district and the life there just after the close of the Revolution are faithfully described. Even in its highest flights of fancy our literature is a revelation of American life and the American mind, for it is in moments of high imagination that our hopes for the future are most frankly disclosed.

All in all, American literature closely reflects and interprets American life. It is not always elegant and beautiful, just as the rough-and-tumble life of our country has not always been elegant and beautiful. Our national literature is, in the words of Walt Whitman, "stuffed with the stuff that is coarse and stuffed with the stuff that is fine." No longer do we apologize for this fact. We see America more clearly if we take the coarse along with the fine. Our literature is supremely interesting and important because it affords a vivid account of the ways in which the America of the present came into being. From the strict Puritanism of the early New England settlers to the hectic days of the New Deal our people have gone through a series of tremendous changes, but no change in our national life has been too sudden or too sweeping to receive interpretation in our literature. The present volume indicates some of the highlights of this interpretation.

R. B.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
What Is American Literature? R. B.		vi

I

HOW AMERICA DEVELOPED AS A NATION

Introduction	R. B.	3

A. BEGINNINGS

Walter Prichard Eaton	*The Scenery of the United States*	9
Mary Austin	*Lament of a Man for His Son*	15
Mary Austin	*Neither Spirit nor Bird*	16
Mary Austin	*Prayer to the Mountain Spirit*	17
Philip Freneau	*The Indian Burying Ground*	18
Frank B. Linderman	*Indian Boyhood*	20
Walt Whitman	*Prayer of Columbus*	25
Mary Johnston	*I Marry in Haste*	28

B. INDEPENDENCE

Patrick Henry	*Liberty or Death!*	38
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*Concord Hymn*	41
Thomas Jefferson	*The Declaration of Independence*	42
William Gilmore Simms	*The Swamp Fox*	44
James Fenimore Cooper	*The Spy*	46
Washington Irving	*The Inauguration of Washington*	51
George Washington	*Farewell Address*	56

C. WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Abraham Lincoln	*Account of Himself*	60
Carl Sandburg	*Lincoln Says Farewell*	62
Walt Whitman	*Beat! Beat! Drums!*	64
Walt Whitman	*Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night*	65

		PAGE
Walt Whitman	*A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim*	67
Walt Whitman	*Come Up from the Fields Father*	67
Walt Whitman	*Reconciliation*	69
Abraham Lincoln	*Second Inaugural Address*	70
James Whitcomb Riley	*The Old Man and Jim*	72
Laura Krey	*Going Home*	75
Stephen Vincent Benét	*Robert E. Lee*	78
Henry Timrod	*Ode*	80
Abram Joseph Ryan	*The Conquered Banner*	81
Hamlin Garland	*The Return of a Private*	83
Henry Woodfin Grady	*The Return of the Southern Soldier*	93
Theodore O'Hara	*The Bivouac of the Dead*	95

II

HOW THE WEST WAS WON

Introduction	R. B.	103

A. THE TRAIL BREAKERS

Joaquin Miller	*Westward Ho!*	110
Arthur Guiterman	*Daniel Boone*	111
Washington Irving	*John Colter's Race*	114
David Crockett	*The Courtship of David Crockett*	119

B. PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST

Mark Twain	*A Boy in Missouri*	132
John Hay	*Jim Bludso*	144
Kenneth C. Kaufman	*The Passing Herd*	146
John Gould Fletcher	*The Windmills*	147
Stewart Edward White	*The Cattle Drive*	148
Cowboy Ballads:	*A Home on the Range*	157
	Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies	158
	The Cowboy's Dream	159
Bret Harte	*Tennessee's Partner*	161

C. WINNING THE SOUTHWEST

Frank G. Applegate	*Estevan the Magnificent*	171
Karle Wilson Baker	*Song of the Forerunners*	176

PAGE

Marquis James	*Deguelo: The Fall of the Alamo*	177
Karle Wilson Baker	*Within the Alamo*	185
Walter Prescott Webb	*Life of the Early Texas Rangers*	186
John C. Duval	*Big-Foot Wallace*	193
George Wilkins Kendall	*A Prairie Fire*	197
J. Frank Dobie	*Bowie's Secret*	202
Stanley Vestal	*Oliver Wiggins*	205
Josiah Gregg	*A Santa Fé Trader*	208
Berta Hart Nance	*Cattle*	211

D. SEEKING NEW FRONTIERS

Charles Merz	*Following the Frontier*	212
Vachel Lindsay	*The Santa Fé Trail: A Humoresque*	216
Franklin D. Roosevelt	*The New Pioneers*	221
Jack London	*Love of Life*	223

III

HOW AMERICANS HAVE MADE A LIVING

Introduction	R. B.	249

A. ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Walter Noble Burns	*Hills of Silver*	255
Archer B. Gilfillan	*The Sheepherder Calls It a Day*	261
Lew Sarett	*The Sheepherder*	273
Carl Sandburg	*Fish Crier*	274

B. AMERICANS GO TO SEA

Richard Henry Dana, Jr.	*Daily Life on a Sailing Vessel*	275
Herman Melville	*Killing a Whale*	280
Eugene O'Neill	*Ile*	285

C. BUSINESS

enjamin Franklin	*Franklin Starts His Career in Philadelphia*	301
dward Bok	*A Boy Who Began with Three Cents*	307
ndrew Carnegie	*How I Served My Apprenticeship*	311

D. SCIENCE AND INVENTION

		PAGE
Harriet Monroe	*A Power-Plant*	318
Harriet Monroe	*The Turbine*	318
Lydia Gibson	*Jonah*	322
Andrew R. Boone	*When Mickey Mouse Speaks*	322
Andrew E. Douglass	*Talkative Tree Rings*	326
Goldie Capers Smith	*Air Mail Letter*	332

IV

HOW MYSTICISM HAS INFLUENCED AMERICAN WRITERS

Introduction	R. B.	341

A. RELIGION

John Greenleaf Whittier	*First-Day Thoughts*	347
John Greenleaf Whittier	*Centennial Hymn*	348
John Burroughs	*Waiting*	350
Lizette Woodworth Reese	*In Praise of Common Things*	352
Vachel Lindsay	*General William Booth Enters into Heaven*	353
Douglas Southall Freeman	*The Religion of Robert E. Lee*	356

B. NATURE

Walt Whitman	*When I Heard the Learned Astronomer*	360
Philip Freneau	*The Wild Honeysuckle*	361
James Russell Lowell	*To the Dandelion*	362
William Cullen Bryant	*The Yellow Violet*	363
William Cullen Bryant	*To the Fringed Gentian*	365
William Cullen Bryant	*To a Waterfowl*	366
Lew Sarett	*To a Wild Goose Over Decoys*	367
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*The Rhodora*	368
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*The Humble-Bee*	369
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*Good-Bye*	372
Margaret Bell Houston	*Song from the Traffic*	373
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	*The Day Is Done*	374
Louis Untermeyer	*Spring*	376
Conrad Aiken	*Variations*	376
Archibald MacLeish	*To Be an American*	377
Sidney Lanier	*Tampa Robins*	377
Sidney Lanier	*Song of the Chattahoochee*	378

		PAGE
Paul Hamilton Hayne	*The Mocking Bird: At Night*	380
Robert Frost	*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*	381
Robert Frost	*Tree at My Window*	382
John Gould Fletcher	*Night of Stars*	383
Grace Noll Crowell	*Green Pastures*	383
Amy Lowell	*Lilacs*	384
Lizette Woodworth Reese	*Spring Ecstasy*	387
Edna St. Vincent Millay	*God's World*	388
John Muir	*A Wind-Storm in the Forest*	389
Enos Mills	*Coasting Off the Roof of the World*	395
David Starr Jordan	*The Story of a Salmon*	397

C. DEMOCRACY

John Greenleaf Whittier	*The Poor Voter on Election Day*	405
Thomas Jefferson	*First Inaugural Address*	406
Frederick J. Turner	*Contributions of the West to American Democracy*	408
Edwin Markham	*Lincoln, the Man of the People*	415
Edgar Lee Masters	*Anne Rutledge*	417
Woodrow Wilson	*Abraham Lincoln*	417
Alexander Woollcott	*Father Duffy*	420

V

HUMOR AND IMAGINATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

Introduction	R. B.	429

A. HUMOR

William Lawrence Chittenden	*The Cowboys' Christmas Ball*	437
Christopher Morley	*A Letter to His Friend, Mu Kow*	439
Nathalia Crane	*The Reading Boy*	440
Nathalia Crane	*The Flathouse Roof*	441
Oliver Wendell Holmes	*The Ballad of the Oysterman*	443
Oliver Wendell Holmes	*The Height of the Ridiculous*	444
Oliver Wendell Holmes	*The Deacon's Masterpiece,* or *The Wonderful "One-Hoss-Shay"*	445
George Ade	*The Mushy Seventies*	449
Christopher Morley	*A Venture in Mysticism*	453
Corey Ford	*The Skiing Party*	456
Ellis Parker Butler	*Pigs Is Pigs*	458

B. IMAGINATION

		PAGE
Emily Dickinson	*There Is No Frigate Like a Book*	467
Emily Dickinson	*This Is My Letter*	467
Emily Dickinson	*If You Were Coming in the Fall*	467
Emily Dickinson	*To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave*	468
Amy Lowell	*Night Clouds*	469
Amy Lowell	*A Lady*	469
Sara Teasdale	*Let It Be Forgotten*	470
Sara Teasdale	*Night Song at Amalfi*	470
Sara Teasdale	*The Wayfarer*	471
Fay Yauger	*Planter's Charm*	472
Edgar Allan Poe	*Eldorado*	474
Edgar Allan Poe	*Annabel Lee*	475
Edgar Allan Poe	*Romance*	476
Edgar Allan Poe	*The Masque of the Red Death*	477

C. MYSTERY

Frank R. Stockton	*The Lady or the Tiger?*	484
O. Henry	*A Municipal Report*	491

D. ADVENTURE

John G. Neihardt	*The Battle of the Wagon Boxes*	507
Theodore Roosevelt	*Old Ephraim, the Grizzly Bear*	515

VI

HOW AMERICANS HAVE LIVED TOGETHER

Introduction	R. B.	529

A. HOME LIFE

Mary E. Wilkins	*The Revolt of Mother*	536
Stanley Vestal	*Dakotah Courtship*	552
Dorothy Scarborough	*The Porcher*	565
Frank G. Tompkins	*Sham*	567

B. INDIVIDUALISM

Henry David Thoreau	*Living at Walden*	581
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*Self-Reliance*	585
Ralph Waldo Emerson	*Youth and Duty*	588
James Truslow Adams	*The Art of Living*	589
William Allen White	*Mary White*	595

C. COUNTRY LIFE

		PAGE
Robert Frost	*The Pasture*	600
Robert Frost	*The Runaway*	600
Robert Frost	*After Apple-Picking*	601
John Greenleaf Whittier	*The Huskers*	603
James Whitcomb Riley	*When the Frost Is on the Punkin*	607
Edgar Lee Masters	*Lucinda Matlock*	608
Edgar Lee Masters	*Fiddler Jones*	608
Edgar Lee Masters	*Hare Drummer*	609
Frank Norris	*The Plowing*	610
Stark Young	*Life on Heaven Trees Plantation*	611
Lexie Dean Robertson	*Boomtown Pictures: The Rush*	618
Willa Cather	*The Sculptor's Funeral*	619
Stephen Vincent Benét	*The Mountain Whippoorwill*	632

D. THE CITY

William Cullen Bryant	*The Hymn of the City*	638
Walt Whitman	*Mannahatta*	640
Carl Sandburg	*Chicago*	641
Carl Sandburg	*Blue Island Intersection*	643
John W. Thomason, Jr.	*My Town*	644
Robert Littell	*City Sounds*	649
Will Irwin	*The City That Was*	651

VII

WHITHER AMERICA?

Introduction	R. B.	663

A. TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD

Carl Sandburg	*Prayers of Steel*	667
Edwin Markham	*The Man with the Hoe*	668
Irvin S. Cobb	*Boys Will Be Boys*	670

B. PATRIOTISM

Marguerite Wilkinson	*To My Country*	695
Joseph Hopkinson	*Hail Columbia*	696
Edmund Clarence Stedman	*Liberty Enlightening the World*	698
Francis Miles Finch	*Nathan Hale*	700
Oliver Wendell Holmes	*Old Ironsides*	702
Thomas Paine	*The Crisis*	703
Henry Woodfin Grady	*Patriotism Begins in the Home*	707

C. GOOD CITIZENSHIP

		PAGE
Theodore Roosevelt	*Training for Citizenship*	709
Woodrow Wilson	*American Citizenship*	712
Meredith Nicholson	*Am I a Good Citizen?*	715
Charles W. Eliot	*What Is an American?*	716
James Russell Lowell	*The Present Crisis*	720

D. THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

H. L. Mencken	*The Future of English*	722
Lewis Mumford	*The Modern Dwelling-House*	729
Raymond B. Fosdick	*The New Civilization*	734
James Truslow Adams	*Liberty—Is It Worth Fighting For?*	746
Richard Hovey	*Unmanifest Destiny*	759
Biographical Notes		763
Glossary		787
Index		801

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
"Not a dollar of your gold will I touch"	*Frontispiece*
Our First President Takes the Oath of Office	2
Assisted by the Toe of my Boot he Took a Cold Bath to Cool his Blood	31
How the West was Won	102
I Soon Found Myself Head Over Heels in Love with this Girl	121
In the Days of the Clipper Ship	248
"Neighbor, I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one"	303
The Majesty of Great Mountains	340
"From Common Things that be, is but a Step to Run to Thee"	351
"Huck Finn"—Mark Twain's gift to American Humor	428
The Belles of the 'Seventies Certainly did Carry Much Strange Rigging	451
An American Village	528
"Numberless crowded streets, high growths . . . splendidly uprising towards clear skies"	639
The American Dream	662
He was holding the lines in his hands and shouting orders to his team	681

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers for permission to use selections from their copyrighted publications: George Ade for "The Mushy Seventies" published in *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* D. Appleton-Century Company for a selection from *The Mountains of California* by John Muir, for "Sham" by Frank G. Tompkins; The Bobbs-Merrill Company for "The Old Man and Jim" from *Poems Here at Home* and "When the Frost Is on the Punkin" from *Neighborly Poems* by James Whitcomb Riley, and for "Deguelo: The Fall of the Alamo" from *They Had Their Hour* by Marquis James, copyright, 1934; Brandt & Brandt for "God's World" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and for a selection from *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét; Cokesbury Press for "Song from the Traffic" from *The Singing Heart* by Margaret Bell Houston; Nathalia Crane and the publishers, Thomas Seltzer, Inc., for her poems "The Reading Boy" and "The Flathouse Roof"; *The Daily Oklahoman,* the Kaleidograph Press, and the author for "The Passing Herd" from *Level Land* by Kenneth C. Kaufman; J. Frank Dobie for a selection from *Coronado's Children;* Doubleday, Doran & Company for "A Letter to His Friend, Mu Kow" from *Translated from the Chinese,* and for "A Venture in Mysticism" from *Shandygaff* by Christopher Morley, for "Pigs Is Pigs" by Ellis Parker Butler, for "Boys Will Be Boys" from *From Place to Place* by Irvin S. Cobb, for "A Municipal Report" from *Strictly Business* by O. Henry, for a selection from *The Octopus* by Frank Norris, for a selection from *The Old Savage and the New Civilization* by Raymond B. Fosdick, for "The Cattle Drive" by Stewart Edward White, for "Hills of Silver" by Walter Noble Burns, and the publishers and Mrs. Mills for a selection from *Waiting in the Wilderness* by Enos Mills; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and the author for "Daniel Boone" from *I Sing the Pioneer* by Arthur Guiterman; Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., for "The Mountain Whippoorwill" by Stephen Vincent Benét, for "The Windmills" from *The Selected Poems of John Gould Fletcher,* copyright, 1938; John Gould Fletcher for his poem "Night of Stars"; Corey Ford for "The Skiing Party"; Hamlin Garland for a selection from *A Son of the Middle Border;* Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., for a selection from "The Scenery of the United States" by Walter Prichard Eaton, for "Spring" from *These Times* by Louis Untermeyer, for "Blue Island Intersection" from *Smoke and Steel,* and

for a selection from *Abraham Lincoln* by Carl Sandburg; Harper & Brothers for a selection from *A Boy in Missouri* by Mark Twain, for a selection from *The Great American Bandwagon* by Charles Merz, for "The Revolt of Mother" by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, for "The Future of English" by H. L. Mencken, for "Green Pastures" from *Light of the Years* by Grace Noll Crowell; Henry Holt and Company for "The Sheepherder" and "To a Wild Goose Over Decoys" from *Slow Smoke* by Lew Sarett, for "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "Tree at My Window," "The Pasture," "The Runaway," and "After Apple-Picking" from *Collected Poems* by Robert Frost, for "Fish Crier" and "Chicago" from *Chicago Poems* and for "Prayers of Steel" from *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg, for a selection from *Frontier in American History* by Frederick J. Turner; Houghton Mifflin Company for a selection from *To Have and to Hold* by Mary Johnston, for "Lament of a Man for His Son," "Prayer to the Mountain Spirit," and "Neither Spirit nor Bird" by Mary Austin, for "Jim Bludso" by John Hay, for "Waiting" by John Burroughs, for "Lilacs," "Night Clouds," and "A Lady" by Amy Lowell, for "Going Home" from *And Tell of Time* by Laura Krey, for "Life of the Early Texas Rangers" from *The Texas Rangers* by Walter Prescott Webb, and the publisher and the author for "Oliver Wiggins" from *Fandango* by Stanley Vestal; Will Irwin for "The City That Was"; The Kaleidograph Press and the authors for "Cattle" from *Flute in the Distance* by Berta Hart Nance, for "Planter's Charm" from *Planter's Charm* by Fay Yauger, for "Boomtown Pictures: The Rush" by Lexie Dean Robertson, and for "Air Mail Letter" from *Sword of Laughter* by Goldie Capers Smith; Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for "The Sculptor's Funeral" by Willa Cather; J. B. Lippincott Company for a selection from *Indian Stories from the Pueblos* by Frank G. Applegate; Robert Littell for "City Sounds"; Little, Brown & Company for "I Never Saw a Moor," "There Is No Frigate," "To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave," "If You Were Coming in the Fall," and "This Is My Letter" by Emily Dickinson, for a selection from *A Late Harvest* by Charles W. Eliot, and for "The Sheepherder Calls It a Day" by Archer B. Gilfillan from *Sheep;* Archibald MacLeish for his poem, "To Be an American"; The Macmillan Company for "The Santa Fé Trail," and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" by Vachel Lindsay, for "A Power Plant" and "The Turbine" by Harriet Monroe, for "Let It Be Forgotten," "Night Song at Amalfi," and "The Wayfarer" by Sara Teasdale, for "The Battle of the Wagon Boxes" by John G. Neihardt, for "Love of Life" from *True Life and Other Stories* by Jack London, and the publishers and the author for "Anne Rutledge," "Lucinda Matlock," "Fiddler Jones," and "Hare Drummer" from *Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters; Edwin Markham for his poems "Lincoln, the Man of the People" and "The Man with the Hoe"; Lydia Gibson Minor for her poem "Jonah"; Montclair Trust Company, Executor of the Estate of William L. Chittenden, for "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball" from *Ranch Verses* by William Lawrence Chittenden; Lewis Mumford for "The Modern Dwelling-House," published in the

American Mercury; National Geographic Magazine and the author for a selection from *The Secret of the Southwest Solved by Talkative Tree Rings* by Andrew Ellicott Douglass; Meredith Nicholson for "Am I a Good Citizen?"; G. P. Putnam's Sons for a selection from *From A Southern Porch* by Dorothy Scarborough; Random House, Inc., for "Ile" by Eugene O'Neill; *Scientific American* for "When Mickey Mouse Speaks" by Andrew R. Boone; Charles Scribner's Sons for "The Art of Living" and "Liberty—Is It Worth Fighting For?" by James Truslow Adams, for a selection from *Indian Why Stories* by Frank B. Linderman, for "The Lady or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton, for a selection from *A Man from Maine* by Edward Bok, for a selection from *Robert E. Lee* by Douglas Southall Freeman, for "The Song of the Chattahoochee" and "Tampa Robins" by Sidney Lanier, for "Variations" by Conrad Aiken, for "Old Ephraim, the Grizzly Bear," and "Training for Citizenship" by Theodore Roosevelt and for a selection from *Heaven Trees* by Stark Young; The *Southwest Review* and the authors for "Dakotah Courtship" by Stanley Vestal and for a selection from "Huntsville" by John W. Thomason, Jr.; Turner Company and the author for "Within the Alamo" and "Song of the Forerunners" by Karle Wilson Baker; The Viking Press, Inc., for a selection from *While Rome Burns* by Alexander Woollcott.

For assistance in the preparation of the activities and in reading proof, acknowledgment is made to Marion C. Sheridan, Head of the Department of English, New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

I

HOW AMERICA DEVELOPED AS A NATION

I

HOW AMERICA DEVELOPED AS A NATION

We go to the theatre to be entertained, thrilled, amused, or saddened by the drama on the stage or screen. At the same time that the play gives us a pleasant emotional experience, it also interprets and enriches life for us. We all realize that the action in a play is based on the opposition or struggle of two or more persons or forces. The more evenly matched are these forces or people, the more uncertain is the outcome; and the more uncertain the outcome, the keener is our interest in the play.

Now if we look at the broad outlines of our development as a nation, from the discovery by Columbus in 1492 down to this very day, the history of America takes on the appearance of a great drama. Life on this continent has always been a struggle. Sometimes it has been a struggle against foreign foes; sometimes it has been a struggle between opposing groups of our own people; sometimes it has been a struggle against the forces of nature. Most often the struggle has resulted from a difference of political or social opinions. But always there has been a struggle, and this struggle makes American history resemble a great drama.

One of the remarkable aspects of this drama is the fact that each of us can be both a participant in the play and a spectator of it. Participants we must be if we are good citizens of our country, intelligent enough to make up our minds about public questions and socially-minded enough to see the need for forming opinions and for action. Spectators we can be if we only read our national literature, for every act and every scene of our national drama has been re-created for us by our writers.

The drama begins to unfold when the first Europeans drop the anchors of their white-winged ships off the coast of San Salvador. Slowly the action develops. First the newcomers start to explore the lands of their discovery. Some few venture to found settlements with the purpose of remaining permanently in the

New World. Then begins the long conflict of the white man with the Indian and the equally hard struggle of the settlers with the soil and climate of their new home. While these conflicts are still in progress, England and France engage in a series of fierce wars for the possession of North America, and in these wars the colonies bear an important part. England wins, but no sooner is its victory achieved than differences of opinion develop between the Americans and the mother country. War clouds gather again, and soon our forefathers are fighting for independence. After a long and bitter struggle, during which the outcome is extremely uncertain, the curtain falls on the first act of the drama with America triumphant.

This first act of the American drama has been a favorite field for many of our writers. Washington Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus* relates the highly dramatic story of the Great Navigator, his heartbreaks and disappointments, his indomitable persistency, his success in gaining the support of Queen Isabella, his brief hour of triumph when he reported his discovery to the court of Spain, and his sad later life. Irving writes a vigorous story, spiced with moments of suspense and stirring action. If the reader is looking for a novel based on the life of Columbus, he may choose Mary Johnston's *1492,* an adventure-crammed story of the first voyage across the Atlantic. All of us know Joaquin Miller's poem, "Columbus," with its inspiriting refrain, "Sail on! sail on! and on!" These are but a few of the many works that re-create the first stirring scene in American history.

The story of colonial development has also attracted writers, though not in large numbers. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* brilliantly relates the thrilling adventure of Cortes and his handful of Spanish troops in their conquest of the Aztec empire. Francis Parkman wrote a series of books about the French and English wars for the possession of North America. Of these works probably the best for younger readers is *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* an account of a plot against the English hatched by one of the most remarkable of all Indian leaders. *The Boy's Parkman* is a collection of colorful episodes taken from various books of the historian. Mary Johnston, our busiest historical novelist, has written novels about colonial life, such as *Prisoners of Hope, To Have and to Hold,* and *The Slave Ship.*

Some of our best novels of the colonial period are not well known. Among these may be mentioned J. P. Kennedy's *Rob*

of the Bowl, W. A. Caruthers' *The Knights of the Horse-Shoe,* John Fox's *Erskine Dale, Pioneer,* and Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble.* In addition to these Whittier has given us a delightful narrative of life in New England in his *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal,* a story of the Quakers under Puritan rule.

Our poets seem not to have been greatly attracted by colonial life. There are many short poems dealing with this period of our history, but Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* are our most ambitious efforts in this field.

When we come to the Revolution, we find a flood of historical novels. Writers like Cooper, Melville, Irving Bacheller, James Boyd, George Eggleston, S. Weir Mitchell, and Paul L. Ford have written about this scene of the American drama. Again it must be confessed that the poetry of this age is not notable, but a number of dramatists have written plays about the Revolution. Among these plays Clyde Fitch's *Nathan Hale* is one of the best. The same author wrote *Major André,* a play about the treason of Benedict Arnold.

When the curtain rises on the second act of the drama of America, we find the new nation exulting in its newly won independence. Like a young giant first feeling his strength, our country went eagerly to the tasks before it. Then came our greatest expansion. Our restless energy could no longer be confined between the Atlantic and the Appalachians. Quickly the frontiersmen poured through the mountain notches into the West, and with their faces once turned toward the setting sun they never stopped until they drew up on the shores of the Pacific. Within less than a century after the Declaration of Independence, our forefathers had rounded out the boundaries of our nation, had permanently settled in the more inviting regions, and had bound the various sections of the land together by the first of our transcontinental railroads.

This is a scene from American life that our writers have recreated with much vigor. In *The Crossing* Winston Churchill takes us with his boy-hero, Davy Ritchie, from the Carolinas across Indian-infested mountains to Kentucky. After fighting more Indians we go on to Kaskaskia and Vincennes with the army of frontiersmen under George Rogers Clark. The story is one long-drawn adventure with a rousing fight in almost every chapter. Back from the wars, we can once more take up our journey into the West, this time with Mark Twain as guide and

companion and *Roughing It* as the book. With gusts of laughter the irresistible humorist makes his way across the Plains and tosses us into the shouting, laughing turmoil of Virginia City, Nevada, the most famous of Western mining camps, where the mines of the Comstock Lode were pouring out millions of dollars into eager hands. Or if we do not care for mining, we can go buffalo hunting with Washington Irving in his *Tour of the Prairies*. Or we can go into the Southwest with David Crockett, James Bowie, and the other Americans who fell defending the Texan mission immortalized as the Alamo. To the Northwest Lewis and Clark beckon us to keep them company as they shoulder their rifles and march into vast areas never before seen by a white man. Wherever we go in the West we are surrounded by a crowd of story-tellers, singers, and rollicking jokers. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Stewart Edward White, Maurice Thompson, Willa Cather, Emerson Hough, and dozens of others re-create for us the rosy hope, the boisterous endeavor, the quiet determination, the laughter, heartache, and tears that were the old West.

While the westward march of our people is still in progress, the scene shifts. A long-standing quarrel over slavery and secession plunges us into the bloodiest and most tragic struggle of our existence. This conflict is the Civil War. Here again the drama of America is recounted by many of our writers. General Grant's *Recollections* raises the curtain on the terrible battlefields of the war. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* shows the insignificance of the common soldier in a titanic combat. Winston Churchill in *The Crisis* tells us what happens when lovers are divided by political differences. Stephen Vincent Benét has written a most attractive long poem of the Civil War in his *John Brown's Body*. The famous plays, *Shenandoah* by Bronson Howard and *Secret Service* by William Gillette, are both about the struggle between the States. Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, and George Washington Cable reveal the war from the Southern point of view. Over all sound the sympathetic notes of Walt Whitman's poems of battlefield and hospital, rising to an impressive climax in the sonorous mourning chant for Lincoln, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." This poem is a fitting close to the most tragic act of our drama.

After the Civil War the curtain rises on a nation rent by strife and exhausted by bloodshed. With admirable common sense victor and vanquished soon settle down to repair the damage

wrought by the war. The boundless wealth of our natural resources attracts our energies. Then begins the long struggle to keep a few from getting richer and richer at the expense of the many. This struggle may be called the quest for social justice. What the end will be we do not know, but certainly it is not yet in sight. Twice has the struggle been interrupted by conflicts with foreign powers. The first interruption was the war with Spain in 1898 over the control of Cuba and other Spanish possessions. The second came in 1917 when America joined the powers fighting against Germany.

The nation conducted the Spanish War in a burst of patriotic fervor. The losses were slight, and as a result all our writers have emphasized the romantic aspects of the war. It was different with the World War. The struggle was grimly unpleasant, and the losses were unexpectedly heavy. Moreover, the result of the war was disheartening to many. Through the course of the conflict we had been repeatedly assured that the conflict was a "war to end war" and that we were fighting "to make the world safe for democracy." It is true that Germany was forced to lay down her arms, but the high promises that sustained us during the war were not fulfilled by the treaty of peace. Neither that document itself nor the history of the succeeding years reveals any guarantee that democracy and peace are to prevail throughout the world. Consequently, the literature that recreates the World War is generally sombre in mood and often repellent by its bitterness and brutality. Certain aspects of the war are revealed by some of Sandburg's poems, Willa Cather's novel, *One of Ours,* Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Home Fires in France,* and William Allen White's account of his experiences in Red Cross work, *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.* Older readers will find a wealth of material dealing with the World War.

Since the war we have beheld two scenes of the American drama. The first showed the hysterical scramble of our people during the 1920's to get rich. The other let us see the same people gray-faced and sad from unemployment and hunger, dazed by terrific losses and deep despair. This scene is probably drawing to a close, but what the next will reveal none knows. Probably the best picture of the "big boom" is to be found in Frederick Allen's *Only Yesterday,* a rapid and vivid story of the 1920's. A full and lucid account of the Great Depression is yet to be written. The curtain has not yet fallen on this scene.

So goes the drama of American life. It differs from other plays in one striking respect. It has no last act. The drama is endless. A new episode begins before its predecessor closes. And so it will go as long as the nation endures.

The chief character of the American drama is the common man. Heroes like Washington, Grant, Lee, and Lincoln play a great part for a while and then pass away, leaving the fruits of their labor and the enduring memory of their greatness. To such men we give honor in the highest degree, but the great character of the American drama, the character who appears in every act and scene, is the common man. He it is who mans the first ships to sail the uncharted wastes of the Western Ocean. It is he who fells the forests of the New World and brings the soil under cultivation. It is he who conquers savage men and hostile nature on the far-flung Western frontier. It is he who bears the brunt of the fighting in all our wars, and it is he who builds our cities and runs the machines of our industrial life. He is the hero of the play.

Of course, no one thinks that the only function of American literature is to interpret and illustrate American history. Our writers have done many other things, and some of their other contributions are included in the later sections of this book.

In the following section we have a number of interpretations of Indian life. Walt Whitman's poem, "The Prayer of Columbus," nobly epitomizes the aspirations of a great life. The spirit of the Revolution is expressed by the Declaration of Independence, the oratory of Patrick Henry, and the poems of Simms and Emerson.

The addresses of Abraham Lincoln, together with the chants of Walt Whitman, show us the War between the States from the points of view of the statesman and the pitying humanitarian. In the selections by Stephen Vincent Benét and Laura Krey we gain an idea of the dignity and personality of General Lee and the character of the Confederate private.

R. B.



A

BEGINNINGS

1. THE SCENERY OF THE UNITED STATES

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

The drama of American life has been played on the gigantic stage provided by the mountains, rivers, plains, and other geographical features of the United States. In the following selection Walter Prichard Eaton gives a bird's-eye view of this stage.

The United States as a nation began with the settlement of New England by English Puritans, and it was odd that the corner of the land they colonized was so much like the old England they came from, with a touch of dark fir forest to give it a hint of the German forests older still in the history of our race. The New England Puritans laid out their towns and cultivated their countryside with the same neatness and ordered simplicity as in the mother island, and New England, with Boston as its capital, to this day differs from the rest of America by its peculiar and happy blend of wild nature and cultivation, by its numerous eighteenth-century houses, its air of permanence, above all its neatness of pervasive green. It is still the leading summer resort section of the country, because of its miles of seacoast, its numerous hills and mountains, and its cool climate—combined with this old-English picturesqueness. The seacoast of Maine is fairly rugged granite; Cape Cod in Massachusetts is all sand. Inland, after miles of rolling country, you reach hills averaging 2,000 feet in the southern position, and reaching

4,000 feet in Vermont and 6,000 in New Hampshire, known respectively as the Berkshires, the Green Mountains and the White Mountains. All New England was under the ice cap, and these ranges have been glaciated down to bed rock, with numerous lakes in their hollows. The Berkshires are soft, rolling horizontals clothed in forest; restful, charming, domestic hills. The Green Mountains in Vermont, also forest-clothed, form a high spine up the State, and are a background to the towns in the plains. The White Mountains in New Hampshire rear their naked granite summits above timber; they are peaked mountains of real impressiveness, offer numerous difficult rock courses, and are much sought by climbers. They are New England's iceless Alps, or Dolomites, and are reached in half a day's motor run from Boston.

Between Vermont and New York State is the long, narrow Lake Champlain, and beyond it the Adirondacks, rising to 5,000 feet. From the shore of this beautiful lake you see the sun rise behind the Green Mountains and set behind the Adirondacks. The Adirondacks have been largely protected by government ownership and made a great forest reserve, traversed by motor roads and foot trails, through hemlock, spruce, balsam, and pine. South and west of them New York State stretches to the Great Lakes, much of it a curious upland little known to Americans, which has been cut into deep gorges now filled with water. These long, narrow, deep basins are known as the Finger Lakes. Farms and villages surround them, waterfalls pour into them over high banks. But most Americans go west up the level route of the Mohawk River Valley, and never see them. When you have reached Buffalo on Lake Erie, you have passed west of the Appalachian divide.

This Appalachian chain backs the entire eastern seaboard of the United States. The Hudson River, which drains the Adirondacks, as the Rhine the Alps, cuts through highlands to get to the sea, and if America had been inhabited in feudal days would have its rocky headlands crowned with castles, even as the storied Rhine. Now the Gothic buildings of the United States military academy at West Point are the nearest approach. It was in the hazy Catskill Mountains which rise directly out of the Hudson, that Rip Van Winkle slept for twenty years. Even folklore clings to the Hudson, as it does to the Rhine.

The Appalachians run south through Pennsylvania, where they have been scarred and blackened by coal mining and lumbering, and continue south, in several parallel ranges, through the Virginias and Kentucky, the Carolinas and Tennessee, to die away in Georgia

and Alabama. Here is a very large area of rugged, heavily wooded mountains, rising in Virginia and North Carolina to over 6,000 feet, with thousands of remote, inaccessible ravines, or "coves," where dwell several million "mountain whites," mostly of Scotch-Irish descent, who live a very primitive life, and in many cases sing the songs and use the vocabulary of the eighteenth or even the seventeenth century. In North Carolina the annual rainfall in these mountains is 80 inches, so the vegetation is of tropic luxuriance, though the flora belongs to the temperate zone. The tulip trees attain enormous height and girth as they reach up for sun out of the moist ravines, the laurel and especially the rhododendron (now so much used in European gardens) grow in vast masses through which it is often impossible to hack your passage, and the forest floor is carpeted with wild flowers. A haze is often over the saw-tooth mountain peaks, so that one chain is called "The Great Smokies." There are few roads, and the mountain people live in rough cabins in isolated clearings. It is a beautiful and fascinating country. The Great Smokies are soon to be made into a national park.

From the western slopes of the Appalachian chain, the water drains to the Mississippi, and the great plains begin. Much of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, western Kentucky, and Tennessee are ironed out flat, and after you cross the Mississippi (a muddy stream rather disappointingly small except in flood time), the great central plain, now called the prairie, goes on and on and on into the west, sometimes flat, sometimes rolling, but always an endless expanse to the horizon of plowed fields of dark loam, or yellow seas of rippling wheat, or tasselled corn, with every mile or two a house and barns and windbreak of man-planted trees. There seem to be few towns, but at intervals there is a grain elevator beside the track, and paralleling the railroad runs the motor highway, with its ugly gas-pumps and omnipresent American billboards, and at night the beacons of the air-mail route pencil into the sky.

From this vast area comes the food supply of America—and it reaches far up into Canada, too. It is monotonous, endless—and vastly impressive. At sunrise or sunset it is beautiful in its infinite spaciousness of sky and far horizon. Its European analogy is to be found, of course, only in Russia.

After you have been crossing it in a flying train a whole night and day beyond the Mississippi, the land gradually begins to heave into a tossing, troubled aspect, like an agitated pool, farms begin to

denly, as the train swings round a curve, you see against the west, leaping up out of the prairie, a vast blue wall of mountains, capped, perhaps, with snow. You are reaching the Rockies!

The Rocky Mountains have no foothills. The prairie rises gradually 5,000 feet from the Mississippi River, rolling a bit at the last, and ends smash against the great mountain wall. Whether you cross the continent far to the north, in Canada, or through Montana, or Nebraska, or by the Santa Fe route which cuts across southeastern Colorado into New Mexico, you come upon the same vast mountain wall shooting up out of the prairie, anywhere from 10,000 to 14,000 feet high. This chain starts its march on the Arctic Circle, and ends it at Cape Horn in South America. The mere thought gives these mountains a mysterious impressiveness.

Their great extent and wild character make much of them difficult of access, but there are national parks close to the railroad crossings, so they can be easily and comfortably penetrated at some of their most picturesque points. This is true in Canada, also, where the Canadian National Railroad crosses close to Mount Robson, one of the most challenging climbs in the range. The northernmost park in the United States is Glacier Park in Montana. Here the Rockies are seen at their best, for the geologic "fault," or crust buckle, which made the range, is exposed in miles of 4,000-foot precipice, layer on layer of colored sandstone and limestone, and here the glaciers still persist on lofty ledges and slopes, topping the colored cliffs with Alpine white. The greatest beauty of the Rockies, however, is found in the upland "parks," as they are called, often ancient glacial cirques with a turquoise lake in the middle, where beneath stupendous rock walls draped with falling streams, you camp under little pine trees on a solid carpet of Alpine flowers. The favorite method of transportation is on horseback, but the trails are good for tramping, and there are numerous inns and chalets. The climbing is as difficult as you wish to make it, but the rock is treacherous on the cliff faces.

South of Glacier, in Wyoming, is the world-famous Yellowstone Park, with its great waterfall and its geysers, and just below that the Grand Tetons, a range of tall peaks of extreme interest and difficulty, and great beauty. In Colorado are three or four parks, one of them at the foot of Pike's Peak (over 14,000 feet), which can be ascended in a motor car.

West of the Rocky Mountain divide lies a great region of little rainfall except in the hills, so that parts of it are a desert. It is cut up and criss-crossed by high ranges, carved and canyoned by rivers,

and in its center is the Great Salt Lake of Utah, a lake so wide you cannot see across it, and so salt you cannot sink in it. Valleys are fertilized by irrigation, and the mountain canyons are dark with forests, but at times your train will take you for miles through a chaos of desolation, where only sage brush grows in the tumbled and eroded earth.

At last, on the northern crossing, you reach the Columbia River as it comes foaming down from Canada, and between you and the Pacific lies another chain of mountains—the Cascades. They are of volcanic origin. One railroad gets through them by an eight-mile tunnel. Another takes the easier way and follows the river, which has chewed its way through walls of basalt with its foaming jaws of green water. This gorge of the Columbia is magnificent, and the State of Oregon has built a splendid motor highway through its entire length, from which you get better views than from the railroad down on the river bank. But really to see the Cascades you should motor north or south into their heart, and climb until you can see them stretching away and away, with every thirty miles or so a white volcanic cone rising far above the forest-clothed range, 10,000, 12,000, 14,000 feet high, true snow mountains rearing like sentinels above the tumbled land. The highest is Mount Rainier in Washington—14,000 feet, a nine-hour climb from the snow-line hut. Mount Hood in Oregon (about 12,000) is the most beautiful cone. Mount Jefferson (11,000) is about the most difficult alpine climb—incessant step cutting, and cruelly steep. On the Pacific side of the Cascades there is an 80-inch annual rainfall (nearly all in winter) and there grow the forests of tremendous fir trees, some of them 250 feet tall, which originally came right down to the waters of Puget Sound. To ride all day on horseback through a virgin forest of these giants is an experience never to be forgotten. Wild foxglove, larkspur, lupine, and lilies grow in every open glade, and often the snowdrifts last in shadow into late July.

Just south of Oregon is another 14,000-foot dead volcano, snow clad, Mount Shasta, and then the range becomes granitic instead of volcanic, and its name changes to the High Sierra, a name given by the original Spanish settlers of California. This range runs all the length of eastern California reaching the highest point in the United States at Mount Whitney (14,501 feet). It is a range of peculiar wild beauty, both of lake and peak and forest and flower. Here grow the Sequoias, largest and oldest trees in the world, here are the famed Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks, and here, at the southern end, where the high summits of a secondary coast range

catch every bit of moisture brought inland from the Pacific, the Sierras rise out of a true desert. Behind Mount Whitney lies Death Valley, below sea level, a great hole of beautiful desolation where the early pioneers, seeking gold or a way to the coast, often perished of heat and thirst, but where now. in winter, there is an excellent hotel. Between the Sierra and the coast range lies the Mojave Desert, white sand, purple mountains, golden sunsets, and a train crawling across its immensity like a tiny worm.

Here in southern California the coast range reaches 10,000 feet or more, rising directly from sea level, and all the agricultural wealth and population of the region is on the narrow shelf between these mountains and the sea. Snow summits rise from the orange groves, and the movie queens in Hollywood could lift up their eyes unto the hills, if they ever felt the inclination. Most of populous California, in fact, is perched on the sea shelf, backed by brown mountains, baked by the sun, watered by irrigation; and with stucco houses, red-tiled, it looks less American than Mediterranean. All but the highway billboards. There is no escaping their Americanism!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. On a map trace roughly Mr. Eaton's imaginary route across the United States.

2. Where did he begin? What reason might he give for beginning at that particular place?

3. How does the Hudson River compare with the Rhine?

4. Read closely the fourth paragraph and suggest some reason for the primitive life led by the "mountain whites" of the Southern Appalachians.

5. Notice that Mr. Eaton seems to indicate that the Great Plains and the Mississippi Valley are the same. What portion of the Mississippi Valley is usually called the Great Plains?

6. What is the purpose of our national parks? How many are mentioned by name in this selection? Can you name others?

7. What are the names of the extensive mountain ranges of the United States? What lies between these ranges?

8. Describe an imaginary airplane flight from the coast of Virginia across the country to San Francisco.

9. Volunteers read and report on the first chapter of *The Epic of America* by James Truslow Adams.

10. Additional readings:

Schlesinger: *New Viewpoints in American History*, pages 23–44.
Jones and Bryan: *North America*, pages 23–45.
Blankenship: *American Literature*, pages 3–20.

INDIAN POETRY

Although the Indians were backward in developing a civilization, they had legends and songs. Their literature was not written or printed as our books are today. It lived only in the memories of the Indians, and the older members of the tribe passed it on by word of mouth to the younger. Few white men have learned Indian languages well enough to grasp the meaning of the songs. Opinions differ as to whether the following poems are accurate translations of the originals. Mrs. Austin lived in the Southwest for many years and knew the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

2. LAMENT OF A MAN FOR HIS SON

MARY AUSTIN

Son, my son!

I will go up to the mountain
And there I will light a fire
To the feet of my son's spirit,
And there will I lament him;
Saying,
O my son,
What is my life to me, now you are departed!

Son, my son,
In the deep earth
We softly laid thee in a Chief's robe,
In a warrior's gear.
Surely there,
In the spirit land
Thy deeds attend thee!
Surely,
The corn comes to the ear again!

But I, here,
I am the stalk that the seed-gatherers
Descrying empty, afar, left standing.
Son, my son!
What is my life to me, now you are departed?

3. NEITHER SPIRIT NOR BIRD

MARY AUSTIN

Neither spirit nor bird;
That was my flute you heard
Last night by the river.
When you came with your wicker jar
Where the river drags the willows,
That was my flute you heard,
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, "Come to the willows!"

Neither the wind nor a bird
Rustled the lupine blooms.
That was my blood you heard
Answer your garment's hem
Whispering through the grasses:
That was my blood you heard
By the wild rose under the willows.

That was no beast that stirred,
That was my heart you heard,
Pacing to and fro
In the ambush of my desire,
To the music my flute let fall.
Wacoba, Wacoba,
That was my heart you heard
Leaping under the willows.

4. PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

MARY AUSTIN

Lord of the Mountain,
Reared within the Mountain
Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.
Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;

Lord of the small rain
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.

Hear a prayer for courage.
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared amid the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

(NAVAJO)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Compare this Sioux Indian poem by Mrs. Austin with the other poems by her given here.

PERSONAL SONG OF DANIEL RED EAGLE

The fierce hawk of death is over me,
The fierce hawk of death.

Now and again
Its wing shadows
Brush my shoulders.

The fierce hawk of death,
When will it strike!

(OGLALLA SIOUX)

Poetry About the Indians

Unlike the preceding poems, which are attempts by a white author to express Indian songs in English, the following poem by a poet of the eighteenth century is about the Indians.

5. THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

Philip Freneau

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep:
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands.
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul—
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear;
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell the main subject or theme of each of the foregoing poems. Which poem do you like the best? Why?

2. Point out the main differences between the first three poems (expressive of Indian ideas) and the last one (written *about* the Indians).

3. Note the many references to Nature! Why should we expect such references in Indian literature? List the references to Nature in the first three poems in the following way:

water	mountains	birds	flowers
trees	rain	rocks	animals

4. What popular American poet has written a long poem about Indians? What name has this poem made famous?

5. The ninth stanza of "The Indian Burying Ground" is often quoted. Which lines are especially effective? Explain the last stanza of the poem.

6. Several Indian songs have been set to music; you are probably familiar with "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water" and "By the Waters of Minnetonka." Which of the Indian poems in this section are best suited to a musical arrangement? Volunteers may bring phonograph records of Indian songs for the class to hear.

7. Select other poems dealing with Indian life and customs. In what respects are the Indians favorable subjects for poetry or stories?

8. We know that the Indians had a sense of color and made rugs and pottery. What do we know of their sense of rhythm and their use of words for poetry?

9. *Reports for volunteers:* Tell stories from Alice Fletcher's *Indian Story and Song from North America* or from Natalie Curtis's *The Indians' Book*.

6. INDIAN BOYHOOD

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

Age, to the Indian, is a warrant of experience and wisdom; white hair, a mark of the Almighty's distinction. Even scarred warriors will listen with deep respect to the counsel of elders, so that the Indian boy, schooled by example, readily accepts teaching from any elder. He is even flattered by the attention of grown men, and is therefore anxious to please them.

"Your first lessons were with the bow and arrow?" I asked, to give Plenty-coups another start on his boyhood.

"Oh, no. Our first task was learning to run," he replied, his face lighting up again. "How well I remember my first lesson, and how proud I felt because my grandfather noticed me.

"The day was in summer, the world green and very beautiful. I was playing with some other boys when my grandfather stopped to watch. 'Take off your shirt and leggings,' he said to me.

"I tore them from my back and legs, and, naked except for my moccasins, stood before him.

" 'Now catch me that yellow butterfly,' he ordered. 'Be quick!'

"Away I went after the yellow butterfly. How fast these creatures are, and how cunning! In and out among the trees and bushes, across streams, over grassy places, now low near the ground, then just above my head, the dodging butterfly led me far before I caught and held it in my hand. Panting, but concealing my shortness of breath as best I could, I offered it to Grandfather, who whispered, as though he told me a secret, 'Rub its wings over your heart, my son, and ask the butterflies to lend you their grace and swiftness.' " . . .

" 'O Butterflies, lend me your grace and swiftness!' I repeated, rubbing the broken wings over my pounding heart. If this would give me grace and speed I should catch many butterflies, I knew. But instead of keeping the secret I told my friends, as my grandfather knew I would," Plenty-coups chuckled, "and how many, many we boys caught after that to rub over our hearts. We chased butterflies to give us endurance in running, always rubbing our breasts with their wings, asking the butterflies to give us a portion of their power. We worked very hard at this, because running is necessary both in hunting and in war. I was never the swiftest among my friends, but not many could run farther than I."

"Is running a greater accomplishment than swimming?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but swimming is more fun. In all seasons of the year most men were in the rivers before sunrise. Boys had plenty of teachers here. Sometimes they were hard on us, too. They would often send us into the water to swim among cakes of floating ice, and the ice taught us to take care of our bodies. Cold toughens a man. The buffalo-runners, in winter, rubbed their hands with sand and snow to prevent their fingers from stiffening in using the bow and arrow.

"Perhaps we would all be in our fathers' lodges by the fire when some teacher would call, 'follow me, and do as I do!' Then we would run outside to follow him, racing behind him to the bank of a river. On the very edge he would turn a flip-flop into the water. Every boy who failed at the flip-flop was thrown in and ducked. The flip-flop was difficult for me. I was ducked many times before I learned it.

"We were eager to learn from both the men and the beasts who excelled in anything, and so never got through learning. But swimming was most fun, and therefore we worked harder at this than at other tasks. Whenever a boy's father caught a beaver, the boy got the tail and brought it to us. We would take turns slapping our joints and muscles with the flat beaver's tail until they burned under our blows. 'Teach us your power in the water, O Beaver!' we said, making our skins smart with the tail. . . .

"Sometimes when the camp was filled with drying meat, an uncle of some boy, or perhaps a grandfather, would walk through the village telling us secretly to meet at some place on the river bank. The place he selected would be timbered and shady, and there would be mud near at hand. As soon as we got the message, we would slip into our fathers' lodges and steal out a wolf's skin. Then we would run to the appointed place to meet our teacher. We knew what was intended, but each time the adventure was new to us, and we were like shadows slipping away from the village to the camp on the river bank.

"Our teacher had been a boy himself and knew just how we felt. When we were all met we seated ourselves to listen to what he had to tell us, and nobody who has not been a boy can know the thrills we had when our teacher stood up to speak to us as warriors. He did not mention MEAT. He called it HORSES and spoke in this fashion: 'Young men, there is an enemy village near us. Our Wolves (scouts) have seen it and counted many fine horses tied near the

*lodges. To enter this village and cut a fine horse is to count coup. See! I have here some nice coup-sticks.' He would hold up several peeled sticks to which were tied small breath-feathers of a war-*eagle."

Entering an enemy's village and cutting the rope of a tied horse was called "cutting a horse." This deed entitled the performer to count "coup," while stealing a horse, or even a band of horses, on the open plains gave him no such honor. The downy feathers of the eagle, or of any other bird, are called "breath-feathers."

"Off would go our shirts and leggings. There was no talking, no laughing, but only carefully suppressed excitement while our teacher painted our bodies with the mud that was sure to be there. He made ears of it and set them on our heads, so that they were like the ears of wolves. When the mud dried a little, it became gray-looking and closely resembled a wolf's color. Down on our hands and knees, our teacher would cover our backs with the wolf skins we had stolen out of our fathers' lodges. Ho! Now we were a real party of Crow Wolves and anxious to be off."

For the moment Plenty-coups was a boy again. He spoke rapidly, his hands so swiftly telling the story in signs that I could catch only a part.

"We scattered them, each boy feeling the thrill a grown warrior knows when he is going into battle. I have felt them both, and they are the same. I shall never forget the first time I went in to steal meat.

" 'Now,' our teacher said when we were all ready, 'be Wolves! Go carefully. Beware of the old women. Bring back some good horses, and I will give you a feast.'

"The village was on Elk River, and the summer was old. The racks of drying meat stretched through the village, and in a little time I was near them, looking for a fine fat piece to carry away. But always a little farther along I thought I saw a fatter piece and, acting like a wolf, crept toward it, only to discover it was no better than the others. At last I said to myself, 'This will not do. Somebody will be seen. I will take this piece and go.'

"I raised myself up, my wolf skin dangling from my shoulders. Just as I took hold of the meat an old woman came out of a lodge on the other side of the rack. I stood very still, the wolf skin tickling my bare legs. I do not believe that the old woman saw me, but somehow she had been made suspicious that everything

was not right and kept looking around, as though she smelled something on the wind. She picked up a stick of wood and turned to go in again, her head still going from one side to the other. I thought she would go inside, but she didn't.

"'Ho! Ho!' she cried out, dropping her stick of wood. 'The Magpies, the Magpies! Look out for your meat!'

"I was sure she had not seen me, but I must not stand there. I dropped quietly to my hands and knees and started away without any meat. Women were running from their lodges and calling out to one another, as though they expected to be killed, before I could reach the thick brush. And that old woman caught me by the arm.

"'Who are you?' she asked, looking sharply into my mud-covered face with eyes like knives.

"I didn't answer, even when she pinched my arm and shook me till my ribs rattled.

"'Ha-ha-ha!' she laughed, dragging me to the river. 'I'll find out soon enough; I'll know you when I get this mud off.' She was a strong old woman and held me easily while she washed my face.

"'Oh, it's you, is it?' she grunted, when my features showed through the mud. 'I thought I recognized you. Ha! I'll GIVE you some meat, a good piece, too!' And she did. I had the best piece in the whole lot when I got back; but I could not say I stole it, because my face was clean. . . .

"One day when the chokecherries were black and the plums red on the trees, my grandfather rode through the village, calling twenty of us older boys by name. The buffalo-runners had been out since daybreak, and we guessed what was before us. 'Get on your horses and follow me,' said my grandfather, riding out on the plains.

"We rode fast. Nothing was in sight until Grandfather led us over a hill. There we saw a circle of horsemen about one hundred yards across, and in its center a huge buffalo bull. We knew he had been wounded and tormented until he was very dangerous, and when we saw him there defying the men on horseback we began to dread the ordeal that was at hand.

"The circle parted as we rode through it, and the bull, angered by the stir we made, charged and sent us flying, and this made me feel very small. They had again surrounded the bull, and I now saw an arrow sticking deep in his side. Only its feathers were sticking out of a wound that dripped blood on the ground.

"'Get down from your horses, young men,' said my grand-

father. 'A cool head, with quick feet, may strike this bull on the root of his tail with a bow. Be lively, and take care of yourselves. The young man who strikes, and is himself not hurt, may count coup.'

"I was first off my horse. Watching the bull, I slipped out of shirt and leggings, letting them fall where I stood. Naked, with only my bow in my right hand, I stepped away from my clothes, feeling that I might never see them again. I was not quite nine years old.

"The bull saw me, a human being afoot! He seemed to know that now he might kill, and he began to paw the ground and bellow as I walked carefully toward him.

"Suddenly he stopped pawing, and his voice was still. He came to meet me, his eyes green with anger and pain. I saw blood dropping from his side, not red blood now, but mixed with yellow.

"I stopped walking and stood still. This seemed to puzzle the bull, and he too stopped in his tracks. We looked at each other, the sun hot on my naked back. Heat from the plains danced on the bull's horns and head; his sides were panting, and his mouth was bloody.

"I knew that the men were watching me. I could feel their eyes on my back. I must go on. One step, two steps. The grass was soft and thick under my feet. Three steps. 'I am a Crow. I have the heart of a grizzly bear,' I said to myself. Three more steps. And then he charged!

"A cheer went up out of a cloud of dust. I had struck the bull on the root of his tail! But I was in even greater danger than before.

"Two other boys were after the bull now, but in spite of them he turned and came at me. To run was foolish. I stood still, waiting. The bull stopped very near me and bellowed, blowing bloody froth from his nose. The other boys, seeing my danger, did not move. The bull was not more than four bows' lengths from me, and I could feel my heart beating like a war-drum.

"Two large gray wolves crossed the circle just behind him, but the bull did not notice them, did not move an eye. He saw only me, and I was growing tired from the strain of watching him. I must get relief, must tempt him to come on. I stepped to my right. Instantly he charged—but I had dodged back to my left, across his way, and I struck him when he passed. This time I ran among the horsemen, with a lump of bloody froth on my breast. I had had enough."

At this ending Coyote-runs spoke up. "I saw him do that," he said proudly. "I was younger than he, but I was there and saw Plenty-coups strike the bull twice. No other boy struck him at all."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. One of the important purposes of education today is vocational training; that is, educating young people to earn a living. Point out ways in which the boyhood experiences of Plenty-coups trained him for later life.
2. Tell why Indian boys show respect to grown men. How did they show respect to their elders?
3. Charles A. Eastman, a full-blooded Indian, tells of his experiences as a boy in his book, *Indian Boyhood*. Volunteers report on his training, games, companions, and hunting trips.
4. You will enjoy Frederic Remington's illustrations in Hamlin Garland's *Book of the American Indian*. The stories in the book are also interesting.

7. PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

WALT WHITMAN

In this poem Whitman represents Columbus, the old and broken admiral, making his last report to his supreme commander, God. In your reading of this selection remember that the last years of Columbus were very unhappy. At one time he was actually placed in chains. The main idea of the poem is to be found in the second and fourth stanzas.

Read this poem aloud.

A batter'd, wreck'd old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,
Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all to come to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and strictly kept them,
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thought of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep,
These sped me on.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not—haply what broad fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know,
Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy *Thee,*
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping-tools,
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou O God my life has lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work, past or present;
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly—what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy, vast shapes, smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

(*Slightly abridged*)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is there in the first stanza that recalls Homer's *Odyssey?*
2. What is the aim of this poem: to give information, to present a picture, or to rouse your emotions?
3. Read lines that emphasize pathos and those that express triumph.
4. Explain these verses:
 "Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,"
 "All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,"
 "The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,"
5. Give the meaning of the last two stanzas in your own words.
6. If this poem gives Whitman's own views—and it was written when he, too, was "old, poor, and paralyzed"—would you call the poet a religious man?
7. Compare the mood of Whitman's "Prayer of Columbus" with Joaquin Miller's "Columbus."
8. Read *1492* by Mary Johnston.

8. I MARRY IN HASTE

MARY JOHNSTON

The scene of this story is laid in Jamestown, Virginia, in the year 1621. Ralph Percy, an English gentleman, has somewhat reluctantly gone to the settlement from his plantation at Weyanoke, on a curious errand. The English company which founded Jamestown had sent ninety young women to America to be sold in marriage to the settlers.

When I first saw her, she sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow. Beyond her was a row of milkmaid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed, and beribboned like Maypoles. I looked again, and saw—and see—a rose amongst blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amidst glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonparella of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face,—found pride, wit, fire, determination, finally shame and anger. For, feeling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me one withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning.

She stood up with the other maids. Her dress of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid, she looked (womanlike) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back.

I saw a shepherdess fresh from Arcadia wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their

midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high and all eyes, who dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

CORYDON. "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

PHYLLIS. "How much tobacco?"

CORYDON. "Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stewart, woman, an' the King's puir cousin."

PHYLLIS. "What household plenishing?"

CORYDON. "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawfskin chairs an' twa-three rush, five pair o' sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes"—

PHYLLIS. "I'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

He answered, with an angry laugh. "If they're all like the sample I've just left, I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuftaffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd they were going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "If you keep on to the river and that clump of cedars, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stared at the sky; drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of cedars indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the wash of the river; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even the most hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting

the bushes, to find the man nursing his cheek, and the maid her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small ferret eyes. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could not resist it, so assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great cedar, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as he touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor,—probably disappointed of a wife,—with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing here and there like those of a hunted creature, met my own.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us be gone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the cedars into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party. They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me and laid my hand upon my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

The meadow was now less thronged. The river, up and down, was white with sailboats, and across the neck of the peninsula



went a line of horsemen, each with his purchase upon a pillion behind him. The Governor, the Councilors, and the commanders had betaken themselves to the Governor's house, where a great dinner was to be given. But Master Piersey, the Cape Merchant, remained to see the Company reimbursed to the last leaf, and the four ministers still found occupation, though one couple trod not upon the heels of another, as they had done an hour agone.

"I must first satisfy the treasurer," I said, coming to a halt within fifty feet of the now deserted high places.

She drew her hand from mine, and looked me up and down.

"How much is it?" she asked at last. "I will pay it."

I stared at her.

"Can't you speak?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "At what am I valued? Ten pounds—fifty pounds"—

"At one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, madam," I said dryly. "I will pay it myself. To what name upon the ship's list do you answer?"

"Patience Worth," she replied.

I left her standing there, and went upon my errand with a whirling brain. Her enrollment in that company proclaimed her meanly born, and she bore herself as of blood royal; of her own free will she had crossed an ocean to meet this day, and she held in passionate hatred this day and all that it contained; she was come to Virginia to better her condition, and the purse which she had drawn from her bosom was filled with gold pieces. To another I would have advised caution, delay, application to the Governor, inquiry; for myself I cared not to make inquiries.

The treasurer gave me my receipt, and I procured, from the crowd around him, Humfrey Kent, a good man and true, and old Belfield, the perfumer, for witnesses. With them at my heels I went back to her, and, giving her my hand, was making for the nearest minister.

"Marry us quickly, friend," I said. "Clouds are gathering, and we have far to go."

He came down from his mound, and we went and stood before him. I had around my neck the gold chain given me upon a certain occasion by Prince Maurice, and in lieu of other ring I now twisted off the smallest link and gave it to her.

"Your name?" asked Master Sparrow, opening his book.

"Ralph Percy, Gentleman."

"And yours?" he demanded, staring at her with a somewhat too apparent delight in her beauty.

She flushed richly and bit her lip.

He repeated the question.

She stood a minute in silence, her eyes upon the darkening sky. Then she said in a low voice, "Jocelyn Leigh."

It was not the name I had watched the Cape Merchant strike off his list. I turned upon her and made her meet my eyes. "What is your name?" I demanded. "Tell me the truth!"

"I have told it," she answered proudly. "It is Jocelyn Leigh."

I faced the minister again. "Go on," I said briefly.

"The Company commands that no constraint be put upon its poor maids. Wherefore, do you marry this man of your own free will and choice?"

"Ay," she said, "of my own free will."

Well, we were married, and I left her there, and went to get her bundle from the house that had sheltered her overnight. Returning, I found her seated on the turf, her chin in her hand and her dark eyes watching the distant play of lightning.

I gave her my hand and led her to the shore; then loosed my boat and helped her aboard.

A sudden puff of wind brought the sail around. The wind freshened, coming from the bay, and the boat was off like a startled deer.

. . . .

At last my own wharf rose before me through the gathering dusk, and beyond it shone out a light; for I had told Diccon to set my house in order, and to provide fire and torches, that my wife might see I wished to do her honor. I looked at that wife, and of a sudden my heart melted away. It was a wilderness vast and dreadful to which she had come. The mighty stream, the towering forests, the black skies and deafening thunder, the wild cries of bird and beasts, the savages, uncouth and terrible,—for a moment I saw my world as the woman at my feet must see it, strange, wild, and menacing, an evil land, the other side of the moon.

This was a woman, young, alone, and friendless, unless I, who had sworn to cherish and protect her, should prove myself her friend. Wherefore, when, a few minutes later, I bent over her, it was with all gentleness that I touched and spoke to her.

"Our journey is over," I said. "This is home, my dear."

Diccon was an ingenious scoundrel. I had told him to banish the dogs, to have the house cleaned and lit, and supper upon the table; but I had not ordered the floor to be strewn with rushes,

the walls draped with flowering vines, a great jar filled with sunflowers, and an illumination of a dozen torches. Nevertheless, it looked well, and I highly approved the capon and maize cakes, the venison pasty and ale, with which the table was set. Through the open doors of the two other rooms were to be seen more rushes, more flowers, and more lights.

To the larger of these rooms I now led the way, deposited her bundle upon the settle, and saw that Diccon had provided fair water for her face and hands; which done, I told her that supper waited upon her convenience, and went back to the great room.

She was long in coming, so long that I grew impatient and went to call her. The door was ajar, and so I saw her, kneeling in the middle of the floor, her head thrown back, her hands raised and clasped, on her face terror and anguish of spirit written so large that I started to see it. I stared in amazement, and, had I followed my first impulse, would have gone to her, as I would have gone to any other creature in so dire distress. On second thoughts, I went noiselessly back to my station in the great room. She had not seen me, I was sure. Nor had I long to wait. Presently she appeared, and I could have doubted the testimony of my eyes, so changed were the agonized face and figure of a few moments before. Beautiful and disdainful, she moved to the table, and took the great chair drawn before it with the air of an empress mounting a throne. I contented myself with the stool.

She ate nothing, and scarcely touched the canary I poured for her. I pressed upon her wine and viands,—in vain; I strove to make conversation,—equally in vain. Finally, tired of "yes" and "no" uttered as though she were reluctantly casting pearls before swine, I desisted, and applied myself to my supper in a silence as sullen as her own. At last we rose from table, and I went to look to the fastenings of door and windows, and returning found her standing in the centre of the room, her head up and her hands clenched at her sides. I saw that we were to have it out then and there, and I was glad of it.

"You have something to say," I said. "I am quite at your command," and I went and leaned against the chimneypiece.

The low fire upon the hearth burnt lower still before she broke the silence. When she did speak it was slowly, and with a voice which was evidently controlled only by a strong effort of a strong will. She said:

"When—yesterday, to-day, ten thousand years ago—you went from this horrible forest down to that wretched village yonder, to

those huts that make your London, you went to buy you a wife?"

"Yes, madam," I answered. "I went with that intention."

"You had made your calculation? In your mind you had pitched upon such and such an article, with such and such qualities, as desirable? Doubtless you meant to get your money's worth?"

"Doubtless," I said dryly.

"Will you tell me what you were inclined to consider its equivalent?"

I stared at her, much inclined to laugh. The interview promised to be interesting.

"I went to Jamestown to get me a wife," I said at length, "because I had pledged my word that I would do so. I was not overanxious. I did not run all the way. But, as you say, I intended to do the best I could for myself; one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco being a considerable sum, and not to be lightly thrown away. I went to look for a mistress for my house, a companion for my idle hours, a rosy, humble, docile lass, with no aspirations beyond cleanliness and good temper, who was to order my household and make me a home. I was to be her head and her law, but also her sword and shield. That is what I went to look for."

"And you found—me!" she said, and broke into strange laughter.

I bowed.

"In God's name, why did you not go further?"

I suppose she saw in my face why I went no further, for into her own the color came flaming.

"I am not what I seem!" she cried out. "I was not in that company of choice!"

I bowed again. "You have no need to tell me that, madam," I said. "I have eyes. I desire to know why you were there at all, and why you married me."

She turned from me, until I could see nothing but the coiled wealth of her hair and the bit of white neck between it and the ruff. We stood so in silence, she with bent head and fingers clasping and unclasping, I leaning against the wall and staring at her, for what seemed a long time. At least I had time to grow impatient, when she faced me again, and all my irritation vanished in a gasp of admiration.

Oh, she was beautiful, and of a sweetness most alluring and fatal! Had Medea worn such a look, sure Jason had quite forgot

the fleece, and with those eyes Circe had needed no other charm to make men what she would. Her voice, when she spoke, was no longer imperious; it was low pleading music. And she held out entreating hands.

"Have pity on me," she said. "Listen kindly, and have pity on me. You are a strong man and wear a sword. You can cut your way through trouble and peril. I am a woman, weak, friendless, helpless. I was in distress and peril, and I had no arm to save, no knight to fight my battle. I do not love deceit. Ah, do not think that I have not hated myself for the lie I have been. But these forest creatures that you take,—will they not bite against springe and snare? Are they scrupulous as to how they free themselves? I too was in the toils of the hunter, and I too was not scrupulous. There was a thing of which I stood in danger that would have been bitterer to me, a thousand times, than death. I had but one thought, to escape; how, I did not care,—only to escape. I had a waiting woman named Patience Worth. One night she came to me, weeping. She had wearied of service, and had signed to go to Virginia as one of Sir Edwyn Sandys' maids, and at the last moment her heart had failed her. There had been pressure brought to bear upon me that day,—I had been angered to the very soul. I sent her away with a heavy bribe, and in her dress and under her name I fled from—I went aboard that ship. No one guessed that I was not the Patience Worth to whose name I answered. No one knows now,—none but you, none but you."

"And why am I so far honored, madam?" I said bluntly.

She crimsoned, then went white again. She was trembling now through her whole frame. At last she broke out: "I am not of that crew that came to marry! To me you are the veriest stranger,—you are but the hand at which I caught to draw myself from a pit that had been digged for me. It was my hope that this hour would never come. When I fled, mad for escape, willing to dare anything but that which I left behind, I thought, 'I may die before that ship with its shameless cargo sets sail.' When the ship set sail, and we met with stormy weather, and there was much sickness aboard, I thought, 'I may drown or I may die of the fever.' When, this afternoon, I lay there in the boat, coming up this dreadful river through the glare of the lightning, and you thought I slept, I was thinking, 'The bolts may strike me yet, and all will be well.' I prayed for that death, but the storm passed. I am not without shame. I know that you must think ill of me, that you must feel yourself gulled and cheated. I am sorry—that is all I

can say—I am sorry. I am your wife—I was married to you to-day—but I know you not and love you not. I ask you to hold me as I hold myself, a guest in your house, nothing more. I am quite at your mercy. I am entirely friendless, entirely alone. I appeal to your generosity, to your honor"—

Before I could prevent her she was kneeling to me, and she would not rise, though I bade her do so.

"I am a gentleman, madam," I said. "You need have no fear of me. I pray you to rise."

She stood up at that, and her breath came hurriedly through her parted lips, but she did not speak.

"It grows late, and you must be weary," I continued. "Your room is yonder. I trust that you will sleep well. Good-night."

I bowed low, and she curtsied to me. "Good-night," she said.

On her way to the door, she brushed against the rack wherein hung my weapons. Among them was a small dagger. Her quick eye caught its gleam, and I saw her press closer to the wall, and with her right hand strive stealthily to detach the blade from its fastening. She did not understand the trick. Her hand dropped to her side, and she was passing on, when I crossed the room, loosened the dagger, and offered it to her, with a smile and a bow. She flushed scarlet and bit her lips, but she took it.

"There are bars to the door within," I said. "Again, good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and, entering the room, she shut the door. A moment more, and I heard the heavy bars drop into place.

Abridged and adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. If you would know the rest of the story, read Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold,* from which the selection is taken.

2. What did Ralph Percy say he wanted in a wife? To what extent were his hopes apparently realized? Are your sympathies with him or with his wife, or with both? How does the author arouse the sympathies of the reader?

3. Mention other incidents in our history suitable for stories of adventure or romance.

B

INDEPENDENCE

1. LIBERTY OR DEATH!

PATRICK HENRY

The most important literature produced in America during the eighteenth century dealt with political subjects and was in the form of orations and state papers. This was because the leading question of the day concerned human rights and political liberty.

The difficulties between the colonies and the mother country had reached a critical stage when Patrick Henry delivered the following speech before the Virginia Convention on March 28, 1775. The Stamp Act had been passed and repealed; British troops had been stationed in America; the Boston Massacre had taken place; American petitions had been ignored; and the port of Boston had been closed. Less than a month was to pass before the guns began their thunder at the battles of Lexington and Concord and the siege of Boston.

All America was tense with anxiety over the quarrel with England. The colony of Virginia called a convention to decide upon the proper action in the grave emergency. In the convention Patrick Henry introduced a resolution that Virginia should prepare to defend herself. In support of his action Henry delivered what is probably the most famous oration in American history. The exact words used by the speaker will never be known, for no record was kept of the convention. The version given here is the one published forty-two years later in William Wirt's biography of Henry. It is probably fairly accurate, but accurate or not the speech as given here is part of American literature.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts.

Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our peti-

tions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! *The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field!* Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Al-

mighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Poetry and oratory need to be read aloud to bring out their music and power. Select able readers to interpret this selection to the class.

2. Talk over the differences between oratory and other prose writings, comparing Patrick Henry's speech with other prose selections in this book. Compare such items as the length, the character, and the phrasing of the sentences and other differences in the two kinds of prose literature. Suggest reasons for the differences you find.

3. Point out passages in the speech that show Henry's acquaintance with the Bible and other literature.

4. Find the passage in which Henry expresses the same idea as John Milton once expressed: "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

5. Other noted orations by famous Americans are to be found in Samuel B. Harding, *Select Orations Illustrating American History* (Macmillan). Volunteers may wish to tell about the orations in the volume.

2. CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

On July 4, 1837, the citizens of Concord, Massachusetts, dedicated a monument on the spot where the minute-men gave battle to the British regulars in the opening skirmish of the Revolutionary War. As part of the ceremonies a group sang the following poem.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare this poem with the poems on pages 25, 44. Which is more likely to endure? Give reasons.
2. Learn the first stanza. Why is this stanza quoted more frequently than other stanzas? Explain the fourth line.
3. Point out the subject and the object of the verb "has swept" in the second stanza; do likewise with the verb "redeem" in the third stanza.
4. According to Emerson why was the monument erected? Tell about monuments in your community.

3. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson, chairman of a committee appointed by the Continental Congress to draft such a declaration. After several changes by the committee and by Congress it was adopted by that body on July 4, 1776. Probably no other document written during the last two centuries has had so wide an influence throughout the world.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or

to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world. . . .

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

[*Selection.*]

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read aloud the sentence in which the reason for the Declaration is stated.

2. Discuss the meaning of each clause in the second paragraph. Do not overlook the connection in thought that joins the clauses together.

3. Point out the sentence which declares the right of revolution. Is the

right of revolution set forth in the Declaration merely the right to overthrow government? Give evidence for your answer.

4. Where do you find the declaration of independence in the document? Tell something about the cost of maintaining that declaration.

4. THE SWAMP FOX

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

During the Revolutionary War General Francis Marion was the commander of a small body of American cavalry that was detached from the main army to annoy the British. The operations were carried on in the Carolinas. So successful was General Marion in making his attacks and in eluding pursuit that he was known as "The Swamp Fox." Colonel Tarleton was the English commander sent to catch Marion. The Santee is a river in South Carolina.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
 His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
 We burrow in the cypress-tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
 Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
 For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
 But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
 And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
 The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
 And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
 That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
 When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
 The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
 And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last perhaps that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go. . . .

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox takes us out tonight;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress-tree;
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. General Marion was one of the most romantic of the American leaders during the Revolutionary War. Do you think the poem gives you the spirit of "the Swamp Fox"? What does the meter suggest?
2. Imagine you are one of Marion's men. Tell of your adventures.
3. William G. Simms also wrote a novel, *The Forayers*.

5. *THE SPY*

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Cooper based his novel, *The Spy*, on an anecdote told him by a man who had served the colonies honorably during the Revolutionary War. The final scene in the novel is an interview between George Washington and Harvey Birch who has served the general as a secret agent throughout the war. After reading the selection some of you may care to read the entire novel and to tell the class of the hardships and dangers which one patriot endured.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the month of September, that a large assemblage of officers was collected near the door of a building that was situated in the heart of the American troops, who held the Jerseys. The age, the dress, and the dignity of deportment of most of these warriors, indicated them to be of high rank; but to one in particular was paid a deference and obedience that announced him to be of the highest. His dress was plain, but it bore the usual military distinctions of command. He was mounted on a noble animal, of a deep bay; and a group of young men, in gayer attire, evidently awaited his pleasure, and did his bidding. Many a hat was lifted as its owner addressed this officer; and when he spoke, a profound attention, exceeding the respect of mere professional etiquette, was exhibited on every countenance. At length the general raised his own hat, and bowed gravely to all around him. The salute was returned, and the party dispersed, leaving the officer without a single attendant, except his body-servants and one aide-de-camp. Dismounting, he stepped back a few paces, and for a moment viewed the condition of his horse with the eye of one who well understood the animal, and then, casting a brief but expressive glance at his aide, he retired into the building, followed by that gentleman.

On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat, and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude, like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence, the aide-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length the general raised his eyes, and spoke in those low placid tones that seemed natural to him.

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

"He waits the pleasure of your excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aide bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the general, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed, when he spoke to himself in an undertone:

"To-morrow we must raise the curtain, and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head, and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, towards which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments, which seemed more calculated for disguise than comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed, and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small, but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

The pedler dropped the folds of the greatcoat that concealed his features, and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head upon his bosom, he said, meekly:

"If it be your excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold, it has become my duty to know many men, who like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle, that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me—you alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend, not only their fortunes, but their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect, in order that full justice might be done to the pedler, and then continued:

"I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause; and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address, Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom, until it reached the highest point of elevation; a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks, and, as the officer concluded, it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services; hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one—I wish not to undervalue your dangers; here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

The pedler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker; but, as the other held forth the money, he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the general, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign, it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does your excellency think that I have exposed my life, and blasted my character for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no—not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer, and fell at the feet of the pedler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued:

"There are many motives which might govern me, that to you are unknown. Our situations are different; I am known as the leader of armies—but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past; what have you to subsist on?"

"These!" said the pedler, stretching forth his hands.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that

the characters of men who are much esteemed in life depend on your secrecy; what pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "tell them that I would not take the gold!"

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the pedler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend; fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey; "so long as God gives me health and honest industry, I can never want in this country; but to know that your excellency is my friend, is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

The officer stood for a few moments in the attitude of intense thought. He then drew to him the desk, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to the pedler.

"That Providence destines this country to some great and glorious fate I must believe, while I witness the patriotism that pervades the bosoms of her lowest citizens," he said. "It must be dreadful to a mind like yours to descend into the grave, branded as a foe to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed, should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I entrust you with this certificate; should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"Children!" exclaimed the pedler, "can I give to a family the infamy of my name!"

The officer gazed at the strong emotion he exhibited with pain, and he made a slight movement towards the gold; but it was arrested by the expression of his companion's face. Harvey saw the intention, and shook his head, as he continued more mildly:

"It is, indeed, a treasure that your excellency gives me: it is safe, too. There are men living who could say that my life was nothing to me, compared to your secrets. The paper that I told you was lost I swallowed when taken last by the Virginians. It was the only time I ever deceived your excellency, and it shall be

the last; yes, this is, indeed, a treasure to me; perhaps," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend; but if it should not, there are none to grieve for me."

"Remember," said the officer, with strong emotion, "that in me you will always have a secret friend; but that openly I cannot know you."

"I know it, I know it," said Birch; "I knew it when I took the service. 'Tis probably the last time that I shall ever see your excellency. May God pour down His choicest blessings on your head!" He paused, and moved towards the door. The officer followed him with eyes that expressed deep interest. Once more the pedler turned, and seemed to gaze on the placid, but commanding features of the general with regret and reverence, and then, bowing low, he withdrew.

As years rolled by, it became a subject of pride among the different actors in the war, and their descendants, to boast of their efforts in the cause which had confessedly heaped so many blessings upon their country; but the name of Harvey Birch died away among the multitude of agents, who were thought to have labored in secret against the rights of their countrymen. His image, however, was often present to the mind of the powerful chief, who alone knew his true character; and several times did he cause secret inquiries to be made into the other's fate, one of which only resulted in any success. By this he learned that a pedler of a different name, but similar appearance, was toiling through the new settlements that were springing up in every direction, and that he was struggling with the advance of years and apparent poverty.

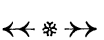
CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare the description of George Washington in this story with the description you find in biographies of Washington in your library.
2. Tell why Harvey Birch refused the gold. Why did Washington not acknowledge the services openly?
3. If you wish to know what Washington wrote on the piece of paper he gave Birch, read the last chapter of *The Spy*.
4. Interesting novels dealing with the Revolutionary War:
 a. James Boyd. *Drums.* Charles Scribner's Sons.
 b. Winston Churchill. *Richard Carvel.* Macmillan.
 c. Paul L. Ford. *Janice Meredith.* Dodd, Mead and Co.
 d. Walter Edmonds. *Drums Along the Mohawk.* Little Brown.
 e. Herman Melville. *Israel Potter.*
 f. Maurice Thompson. *Alice of Old Vincennes.* Bowen-Merrill.

6. *THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON*

WASHINGTON IRVING

Three weeks before he was to be inaugurated, Washington left his home at Mount Vernon and began his slow journey to New York where he was to take office as the first president of the United States.



His progress to the seat of government was a continual ovation. The ringing of bells and roaring of cannonry proclaimed his course through the country.

At the frontier of Pennsylvania he was met by his former companion in arms, Mifflin, now governor of the State. At Chester, where he stopped to breakfast, there were preparations for a public entrance into Philadelphia. Cavalry had assembled from the surrounding country; a superb white horse was led out for Washington to mount, and a grand procession set forward.

A day of public festivity succeeded, ended by a display of fireworks. Washington's reply to the congratulations of the mayor at a great civic banquet, spoke the genuine feelings of his modest nature, amid these testimonials of a world's applause. "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the general government, and in conciliating the good will of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."

We question whether any of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude affected Washington more sensibly than those he received at Trenton. It was on a sunny afternoon when he arrived on the banks of the Delaware, where, twelve years before, he had crossed in darkness and storm, through clouds of snow and drifts of floating ice, on his daring attempt to strike a blow at a triumphant enemy.

Here at present all was peace and sunshine, the broad river flowed placidly along, and crowds awaited him on the opposite bank, to hail him with love and transport.

We will not dwell on the joyous ceremonials with which he was welcomed, but there was one too peculiar to be omitted. The reader may remember Washington's gloomy night on the banks of the Assunpink, which flows through Trenton: the camp fires of Cornwallis in front of him: the Delaware full of floating ice in the rear; and his sudden resolve on that midnight retreat which turned the fortunes of the campaign. On the bridge crossing that eventful stream, the ladies of Trenton had caused a triumphal arch to be erected. It was entwined with evergreens and laurels, and bore the inscription, "The defender of the mothers will be the protector of the daughters." At this bridge the matrons of the city were assembled to pay him reverence: and as he passed under the arch, a number of young girls, dressed in white and crowned with garlands, strewed flowers before him, singing an ode expressive of their love and gratitude. Never was ovation more graceful, touching and sincere; and Washington, tenderly affected, declared that the impression of it on his heart could never be effaced.

His whole progress through New Jersey must have afforded a similar contrast to his weary marchings to and fro, harassed by doubts and perplexities. with bale fires blazing on its hills, instead of festive illuminations, and when the ringing of bells and booming of cannon, now so joyous, were the signals of invasion and maraud.

In respect to his reception at New York, Washington had signified in a letter to Governor Clinton, that none could be so congenial to his feelings as a quiet entry devoid of ceremony: but his modest wishes were not complied with. At Elizabethtown Point, a committee of both Houses of Congress, with various civic functionaries, waited by appointment to receive him. He embarked on board of a splendid barge, constructed for the occasion. It was manned by thirteen branch pilots, masters of vessels, in white uniforms, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson. Other barges fancifully decorated followed, having on board the heads of departments and other public officers, and several distinguished citizens. As they passed through the strait between the Jerseys and Staten Island, called the Kills, other boats decorated with flags fell in their wake, until the whole, forming a nautical procession, swept up the broad and beautiful bay of New York, to the sound of instrumental music. On board of two vessels were parties of ladies and gentlemen who sang congratulatory odes as Washington's barge approached.

The ships at anchor in the harbor, dressed in colors, fired salutes as it passed. One alone, the *Galveston,* a Spanish man-of-war, displayed no signs of gratulation, until the barge of the general was nearly abreast; when suddenly as if by magic, the yards were manned, the ship burst forth, as it were, into a full array of flags and signals, and thundered a salute of thirteen guns.

He approached the landing place of Murray's Wharf, amid the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannonry, and the shouting of multitudes collected on every pier-head. On landing, he was received by Governor Clinton. General Knox, too, who had taken such affectionate leave of him on his retirement from military life, was there to welcome him in his civil capacity. Other of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution were likewise there, mingled with the civic dignitaries. At this juncture, an officer stepped up and requested Washington's orders, announcing himself as commanding his guard. Washington desired him to proceed according to the directions he might have received in the present arrangements, but that for the future the affection of his fellow-citizens was all the guard he wanted.

Carpets had been spread to a carriage prepared to convey him to his destined residence, but he preferred to walk. He was attended by a long civil and military train. In the streets through which he passed the houses were decorated with flags, silken banners, garlands of flowers and evergreens, and bore his name in every form of ornament. The streets were crowded with people, so that it was with difficulty a passage could be made by the city officers. Washington frequently bowed to the multitude as he passed, taking off his hat to the ladies, who thronged every window, waving their handkerchiefs, throwing flowers before him, and many of them shedding tears of enthusiasm.

That day he dined with his old friend Governor Clinton, who had invited a numerous company of public functionaries and foreign diplomatists to meet him, and in the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated.

Would the reader know the effect upon Washington's mind of this triumphant entry into New York? It was to depress rather than to excite him. Modestly diffident of his abilities to cope with the new duties on which he was entering, he was overwhelmed by what he regarded as proofs of public expectation. Noting in his diary the events of the day, he writes: "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board; the

decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies, as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

The inauguration was delayed for several days in which a question arose as to the form or title by which the President elect was to be addressed; and a committee in both Houses was appointed to report upon the subject. The question was stated without Washington's privity, and contrary to his desire; as he feared that any title might awaken the sensitive jealousy of republicans, at a moment when it was all-important to conciliate public good-will to the new form of government. It was a relief to him, therefore, when it was finally resolved that the address should be simply "the President of the United States," without any addition of title; a judicious form which has remained to the present day.

The inauguration took place on the 30th of April. At nine o'clock in the morning, there were religious services in all the churches, and prayers put up for the blessing of Heaven on the new government. At twelve o'clock the city troops paraded before Washington's door, and soon after the committees of Congress and heads of departments came in their carriages. At half-past twelve the procession moved forward, preceded by the troops, next came the committees and heads of departments in their carriages; then Washington in a coach of state, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys, and his secretary, Mr. Lear, in his own carriage. The foreign ministers and a long train of citizens brought up the rear.

About two hundred yards before reaching the hall, Washington and his suite alighted from their carriages, and passed through the troops, who were drawn up on each side, into the hall and senate chamber, where the Vice-President, the Senate and House of Representatives were assembled. The Vice-President, John Adams, recently inaugurated, advanced and conducted Washington to a chair of state at the upper end of the room. A solemn silence prevailed; when the Vice-President rose, and informed him that all things were prepared for him to take the oath of office required by the constitution.

The oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York, in a balcony in front of the senate chamber, and in full view of an immense multitude occupying the street, the

windows, and even roofs of the adjacent houses. The balcony formed a kind of open recess, with lofty columns supporting the roof. In the center was a table with a covering of crimson velvet, upon which lay a superbly bound Bible on a crimson velvet cushion. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene.

All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, when, at the appointed hour, Washington made his appearance, accompanied by various public functionaries, and members of the Senate and House of Representatives. He was clad in a full suit of dark-brown cloth, of American manufacture, with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire.

His entrance on the balcony was hailed by universal shouts. He was evidently moved by this demonstration of public affection. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand upon his heart, bowed several times, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him; and were hushed at once into profound silence.

After a few moments Washington rose and again came forward. John Adams, the Vice-President, stood on his right; on his left the Chancellor of the State, Robert R. Livingston; somewhat in the rear were Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox, St. Clair, the Baron Steuben and others.

The chancellor advanced to administer the oath prescribed by the constitution, and Mr. Otis, the secretary of the Senate, held up the Bible on its crimson cushion. The oath was read slowly and distinctly; Washington at the same time laying his hand on the open Bible. When it was concluded, he replied solemnly, "I swear—so help me God!" Mr. Otis would have raised the Bible to his lips, but he bowed down reverently and kissed it.

The chancellor now stepped forward, waved his hand and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" At this moment a flag was displayed on the cupola of the hall; on which signal there was a general discharge of artillery on the battery. All the bells in the city rang out a joyful peal, and the multitude rent the air with acclamations.

Washington again bowed to the people and returned into the senate chamber, where he delivered, to both Houses of Congress, his inaugural address, characterized by his usual modesty, moderation and good sense, but uttered with a voice deep, slightly

tremulous, and so low as to demand close attention in the listeners. After this he proceeded with the whole assemblage on foot to St. Paul's church, where prayers suited to the occasion were read by Dr. Prevost, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, who had been appointed by the Senate one of the chaplains of Congress. So closed the ceremonies of the inauguration.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Bring to class pictures of Washington and of places connected with his life. Include pictures of his home at Mount Vernon. Talk over the ways in which the pictures throw light on Washington and his times.

2. Trace Washington's journey to New York on a map. Tell incidents that show his popularity at that time. Find out if possible whether the fears he expressed in his diary were borne out by later events.

3. Compare the inauguration of Washington with the inauguration of a President in our day. Point out differences in the inaugural ceremonies that have resulted from modern inventions. You may be interested in reading the account of Calvin Coolidge taking the oath of office for the first time.

4. Mention features in the selection that make Irving's account vivid and interesting. In what ways would a description of an inauguration today in one of our newspapers or magazines resemble or differ from Irving's description?

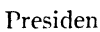
5. How is "The Inauguration of Washington" a fitting selection to conclude this section?

6. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker, Sometime Brevet on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington* and Percy Mackaye's *Washington, the Man Who Made Us,* you will find of interest.

7. FAREWELL ADDRESS

GEORGE WASHINGTON

After serving two terms as President, Washington refused to be a candidate for the third time. Before he retired to his home at Mt. Vernon he issued an address to the American people in which he discussed the problems of the new government and offered suggestions for the future. This address is one of the most famous documents in American history. The following is a short selection from it.



This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its

powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitution of Government; but the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. And remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician,

equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. . . .

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering, also, that timely disbursements, to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper object (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than

that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. . . .

[*Selection.*]

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. This address originally appeared in the *American Daily Advertiser.* Comment upon the use of the word *address.*

2. Which part of the speech is concerned with the Constitution? With what other subjects is the address concerned?

3. What argument does Washington offer in support of his view that all should obey the government?

4. What is the advantage of making slow changes in the Constitution?

5. When were the first ten amendments passed? A history textbook will tell you this as well as the number of amendments since.

6. What is a *precedent?* What is the wisdom of "The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield"? Refer to problems with which you are familiar.

7. Why would Washington promote "institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge"? To what extent has his advice been followed?

8. Read Percy Mackaye's *Washington the Man Who Made Us,* or excerpts from it. Some may be found in *The Appleton Book of Holiday Plays.*

9. Memorize Carl Sandburg's "Washington Monument by Night" in his *Slabs of the Sunburnt West.*

C

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

1. ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

After Lincoln became a candidate for the presidential nomination, a friend asked him for information about himself. In reply he sent the following sketch.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a

teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'," to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went to the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since that is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Try to write a short account of your own life. Tell the story in such a way that any one may read it.

2. Note the attention Lincoln gives his ancestry and early life. Suggest reasons for the use of such material. What do you know about your own ancestors?

3. Compare Lincoln's political experience before he became President with the political experience of our last two Presidents before they entered

the White House. Which of the three seems to have had the best preparation for the Presidency?

4. Tell about important occasions in Lincoln's life which he does not mention. If you are not familiar with his life, read one of the following biographies of Lincoln:

William E. Barton, *Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Bobbs-Merrill.

Helen Nicolay, *Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Appleton-Century.

Carl Sandburg, *Abe Lincoln Grows Up.* Harcourt, Brace.

Nathaniel W. Stephenson, Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln. Bobbs-Merrill.

Ida M. Tarbell, *Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln.* Macmillan.

2. LINCOLN SAYS FAREWELL

CARL SANDBURG

After Lincoln was elected to the Presidency, South Carolina withdrew from the Union. By the first of February, 1861, six other states had followed her example. The air was full of rumors of war. Threats were heard that Lincoln would never reach Washington alive. In an atmosphere of apprehension and grim foreboding the President-elect prepared to journey from his home in Springfield, Illinois, to the national capital where tremendous responsibilities and an unknown fate awaited him.

A cold drizzle of rain was falling on the morning of February 11 when Lincoln and his party of fifteen were to leave Springfield on the eight o'clock at the Great Western Railway station. Chilly gray mist hung the circle of the prairie horizon. A short little locomotive with a flat-topped smokestack stood puffing with a baggage car and special passenger car hitched on; a railroad president and superintendent were on board. A thousand people crowded in and around the brick station, inside of which Lincoln was standing, and one by one came hundreds of old friends, shaking hands, wishing him luck and Godspeed, all faces solemn. Even Judge David Davis, weighing 350 pounds, wearing a new white silk hat, was a serious figure.

A path was made for Lincoln from the station to his car; hands stretched out for one last handshake. He hadn't intended to make a speech; but on the platform of the car, as he turned and saw his home people, he took off his hat, stood perfectly still, and looked almost as he had at the Bowling Green burial services

when tears had to take the place of words. He raised a hand, for silence. They stood, with hats off.

Then he said slowly, amid the soft gray drizzle from the sky, "Friends, no one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have *received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth till now I am an old man. Here the most sacred* trusts of earth were assumed; here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. All the strange checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind. Today I leave you; I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail. But if the same omniscient mind and the same Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will all invoke His wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you—for how long, I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

Bells rang, there was a grinding of wheels, and the train moved, and carried Lincoln away from Springfield.

The tears were not yet dry on some faces when the train had faded into the gray to the east.

Some of the crowd said afterward that Lincoln too was in tears, that tears ran down his face as he spoke that morning.

And one of the crowd said there were no tears on Lincoln's face. "But he had a face with dry tears," said this one. "He was a man who often had dry tears."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In what respects is this speech of Lincoln like others by him? Is it a good speech for the occasion?

2. If you were making a collection of American orations would you include this? Name some which you would include.

3. BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

WALT WHITMAN

In the explosive lines of this poem Whitman is attempting to give an impression of the noise and excitement at the beginning of the Civil War. Read the poem aloud, trying to express its force and energy.

Plan a series of scenes to show America in 1861 in a short moving picture. Suggest appropriate music for the film.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Imagine the opening of the Civil War. To get into the spirit of it read an account of the beginning of the war. James Ford Rhodes in his *History of the United States*, vol. III, 316–383, tells the story in a vivid and a dramatic way. You will find a brief account in James Truslow Adams's *The March of Democracy*.

2. Make a list of the verbs Whitman uses to give the effect of the drums and the bugles. How does he show the ruthlessness of war?

3. Point out words or phrases showing onomatopoeia.

4. Read together aloud the first and the last lines of each stanza, and one pupil read orally the lines that come between.

5. It is interesting to read of the influence of Whitman on the writing of modern poetry. In what respects is his poetry different from the poetry of Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell?

6. It would be interesting to select a subject suitable for poetry, and suggest how it might be treated by these different poets.

7. In Tennyson's "The Bugle Song," the bugle is used poetically to give an entirely different effect from that created by "Beat! Beat! Drums!" Compare the two poems.

> The splendor falls on castle walls
> And snowy summits old in story;
> The long light shakes across the lakes,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
>
> Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
> Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
>

4. VIGIL STRANGE I KEPT ON THE FIELD ONE NIGHT

WALT WHITMAN

Out of Whitman's experiences as a nurse in the hospitals during the Civil War came this poem and the two following selections. In reading these poems, notice how accurately Whitman sees and how distinctly he makes you see. The poet had seen enough wounded and dead men to realize that war is not all a triumphal parade to the music of a military band.

Vigil strange I kept on the field one night;
When you my son and my comrade dropt at my side that day,
One look I but gave which your dear eyes return'd with a look
I shall never forget,

One touch of your hand to mine O boy, reach'd up as you lay on the ground,
Then onward I sped in the battle, the even-contested battle,
Till late in the night reliev'd to the place at last again I made my way.
Found you in death so cold, dear comrade, found your body, son of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding,)
Bared your face in the starlight, curious the scene, cool blew the moderate night-wind,
Long there and then in vigil I stood, dimly around me the battle-field spreading,
Vigil wondrous and vigil sweet there in the fragrant silent night,
But not a tear fell, not even a long-drawn sigh, long, long I gazed,
Then on the earth partially reclining sat by your side leaning my chin in my hands,
Passing sweet hours, immortal and mystic hours with you dearest comrade—not a tear, not a word,
Vigil of silence, love and death, vigil for you my son and my soldier,
As onward silently stars aloft, eastward new ones upward stole,
Vigil final for you brave boy, (I could not save you, swift was your death,
I faithfully loved you and cared for you living, I think we shall surely meet again,)
Till at latest lingering of the night, indeed just as the dawn appear'd,
My comrade I wrapt in his blanket, envelop'd well his form,
Folded the blanket well, tucking it carefully over head and carefully under feet,
And there and then and bathed by the rising sun, my son in his grave, in his rude-dug grave I deposited,
Ending my vigil strange with that, vigil of night and battle-field dim,
Vigil for boy of responding kisses, (never again on earth responding,)
Vigil for comrade swiftly slain, vigil I never forget, how as day brighten'd,
I rose from the chill ground and folded my soldier well in his blanket,
And buried him where he fell.

5. A SIGHT IN CAMP IN THE DAYBREAK GRAY AND DIM

WALT WHITMAN

In the last stanza Whitman gives beautiful expression to his belief that all men have in them a spark of the divine.

A sight in camp, in the daybreak gray and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool fresh air the path near by the hospital tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample brownish woolen blanket,
Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.

Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest the first just lift the blanket;
Who are you elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-gray'd hair and flesh all sunken about the eyes?
Who are you my dear comrade?

Then to the second I step—and who are you my child and darling?
Who are you sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming?
Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm, as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;
Young man I think I know you—I think this face is the face of the Christ himself,
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

6. COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER

WALT WHITMAN

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd.
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

7. RECONCILIATION

WALT WHITMAN

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Whitman was called "the good, gray poet." What idea of his personality do you get from reading these poems? Edith Wharton's story, *The Spark,* tells about Whitman; it will help you to understand him.

2. Which poem gives you the most vivid picture? Which seems to express the deepest feeling? Which do you like the best?

3. What aspect of war is shown in these poems? Is this the aspect usually given by poems and novels about war? Give examples.

4. Why did Whitman call the last poem "Reconciliation"? Give the meaning of the poem in your own words. Point out the significance of the last three lines.

5. Whitman does not use either rhyme or meter in these poems. What makes them poetic?

6. Read passages that show Whitman's appreciation of color and nature.

7. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* from which the foregoing poems are taken, also contains these poems about the Civil War:

"The Centenarian's Story"
"Cavalry Crossing a Ford"
"Bivouac on a Mountain Side"
"An Army Corps on the March"
"By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame"
"The Wound-Dresser"
"Drum Taps"

8. SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On March 4, 1865, when Lincoln began his second term in the presidency, the end of the Civil War was in sight. From reading the second inaugural address, what idea do you gain of Lincoln's personality and character?

Fellow countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive;

and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not *distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves* constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to

care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Judging by the second inaugural address, what sort of man was Abraham Lincoln? Check your conclusions by what you can find out about him.
2. What quotations from the Bible do you find in this address? Read aloud any other portions that sound like Biblical language. How do you account for Lincoln's knowledge of the Bible? Compare him in this respect with Patrick Henry as shown in Henry's address on page 38.
3. According to Lincoln, in what way did slavery cause the Civil War?
4. Point out evidences in his addresses that seem to show whether Lincoln was a religious man.
5. Do you find any indication of the effect of the war on Lincoln in the second inaugural address?
6. Memorize the last paragraph. Notice how much it resembles poetry. Complete this arrangement:

With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,

9. THE OLD MAN AND JIM

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!

And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watching Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: 'Tell Jim
Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!'

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—

And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into the cannons there,
And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray.
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. It is said that the attention of David Belasco, the theatrical manager, was first drawn to David Warfield, one of our distinguished actors, by Warfield's reading of this poem. Choose a member of the class to read the selection aloud. What are the most effective lines?

2. Why was the old man so fond of Jim? Tell how the character of the old man adds to the effectiveness of the poem. What is the effect of the refrain at the end of each stanza?

3. Do you think that the poem is enjoyed more because of its dialect?

4. Compare "The Old Man and Jim" with Witter Bynner's "A Farmer Remembers Lincoln," a poem in a different kind of verse. Which do you like the better?

10. GOING HOME

LAURA KREY

Cavin Darcy, a Texas lad who did not surrender with his Confederate regiment at Appomattox in April, '65, started home on foot with his Negro servant. Defeated but still young, he began planning for the future.

All April and May the Confederate soldiers drifted slowly homeward along red rutted roads, past peach orchards gleaming like copper under the pale blue sky, past rounded hills and yellow willows, past damp, dripping woods and thickets, where, a month late, the doves had begun their soft, monotonous chanting. . . .

.

They stumbled into Danville about good dark, equally footsore, the tall, thin, white boy, with light yellow hair and darting, blue eyes, and the very black Negro boy with pleading, brown eyes and restless hands.

"Whar's dem cars now?" mumbled Jake. "Whar's dat 'ar deepo? Whut's us gwine-a do fur supper?"

"I reckon," said Cavin, momentarily at a loss, "there'll be some kind of a place for soldiers to eat at. We better look around," he ended vaguely.

They turned down the main street paved with red brick and—"Man alive!" groaned Jake. "Dar's anudder hill." The street sloped undeniably upward, with a huge spreading tree at the center, where it divided, and with pleasant houses, set far back inside walls and fences, flanking it on either side.

"Jake," said Cavin, starting resolutely up the hill, "I bet you a dollar and a half some general or other in the Revolutionary army surrendered under that tree." Pausing halfway to the top, he waited for his Negro to catch up. He was laughing, what for Jake could not imagine. "I just got to thinking," he explained, "when this war's over, the Virginians are going to be kept pretty busy marking trees. Just the same," he announced in a clear, firm voice, "it's given me a notion to go home and put up a sign where Santa Anna surrendered, down there by Lynchburg."

"Mas' Santy—who?" asked Jake. "Oh, yeah!" he said, slow recognition creeping into his reply. "I'se heared about him. You

means de one in *our* wah, de one yo' Cousin Willyum always talkin' 'bout back home."

"That's the one," said Cavin briefly, gesturing toward the divided street. "Which way you reckon's the best bet?" He started, then, as a light touch fell on his arm.

A gentleman in a black frock coat was standing beside him, holding his hat in one hand and a little girl by the other.

"Can I be of any service, sir?" he asked as courteously as if Cavin were a general. "Most of the soldiers have already passed through, by now. Were you looking for some one?"

Cavin stepped back and smiled a disarmingly boyish smile.

"I was looking for—" He hesitated, ashamed to confess his need, like a beggar. "I was on my way to North Carolina—"

"Hadn't you heard that Johnston has surrendered, and the government—there is no government," said the man gravely.

"No, sir," said Cavin, too appalled to say more. "No, sir, I've been sick," he explained.

The little girl pulled on her grandfather's hand. "It's time for supper," she protested.

The word was too much for Jake. "Supper!" he groaned, in an anguished bass. "Hallelujah! Supper!"

The man talking to Cavin gave him a keen look. "What is your regiment, sir?"

"The Fourth Texas," replied Cavin, holding up his head with a broad smile and gesturing, by a scarcely perceptible movement of his wrist, toward Jake. "I hope you'll excuse my servant."

"I am Ransome Porter," the gentleman returned, nodding in the direction of a red-brick house, with a wide white portico, a little way down the street. "We must have met in the Wilderness, somewhere." He glanced at Cavin sharply again. "Will you do me the honor to accompany me home for supper? It is only across the street, over there."

"Thank you," said Cavin, and looked down at his clothes. "I am hardly—" Then he broke out into a full, hearty laugh. "I won't deny it, sir—my boy and I are half-starved."

After supper, they got out a map and tried to figure out what route President Davis was following southward. There was a rumor, Major Porter told Cavin, that he had decided to make for Texas, whither he had already dispatched General Hood.

"But who knows?" asked the Major sadly. "Nobody knows what will happen. All we are sure of is, we are at the enemy's mercy." He bent his somber eyes on Cavin. "We can expect anything, anything at all."

Cavin leaned forward and his glance kindled. "I believe we could stand 'em off forever in Texas!" he declared. "Now, if we could only retreat—" He began to expand his idea, running his finger along the crackling map laid out on the polished table.

Major Porter, however, shook his head. "It is hopeless, my boy, or General Lee would never have surrendered."

Cavin's eyes, hurrying along a diagonal line to the southwest, paused. "Why, there," he exclaimed in surprise, putting his finger precisely on a spot, "is Camp Mountain, where I used to go in the summers with my mother to visit our cousins, the Lyttleton family."

"Where?" asked Major Porter, interestedly bending his head. "There—close to Atlanta? Pleasant country," he observed. "I once visited a distant cousin there, myself—Major Connor. Poor man, he is dead now," he broke off, his face falling again into sad heaviness.

"Connor!" Cavin repeated. The name stirred echoes in his brain. "They had a house—Orchard Hill. Why, they're our cousins, too." His bright eyes shone. "Cousin Ella always kept her safe full of fried peach pies."

"The same!" returned the Major, delivering himself of an opinion which never ceases to surprise any one. "The world is very small!" Rising, he made a courteous bow. "I am doubly glad to have met up with a kinsman, if you will permit me to call myself such. I can only regret," he added, his voice falling, "that I can do no more for you. How will you get home? Perhaps you will take a boat?" he suggested.

"No, sir," said Cavin, coming to a sudden decision. "I believe I'll stop by and look up my cousins."

"But that's across two states—all out of your way, isn't it?" Major Porter objected, repeating his first advice. "You could take a boat——"

"Two of these little states!" Cavin reminded his host, scornfully. "You could set 'em both down in a corner of Texas!"

The Major smiled and threw up his hand.

"*Every* Texan talks the same way!"

"I hope, sir," said Cavin, when he started off, the next morning, "that you'll be coming out our way."

Major Porter wrung his hand.

"I'd like to, my boy, but if I don't—" He paused and shook his hand again. "Pass it on, pass it on, that's all any of us can ever do in this world."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The full story of Cavin Darcy is told in Laura Krey's *And Tell of Time,* a novel of plantation life in South Texas.

2. Note that Cavin and his former slave, Jake, remain loyal to each other. Read stories by Thomas Nelson Page for other examples of masters and servants.

3. The Confederate soldiers went home in April, 1865, in time for spring plowing. Does that seem symbolical of new beginnings?

4. Compare this return of a soldier with similar accounts by Garland and Grady in this book.

5. Identify Johnston, General Hood, President Davis. Where is Danville, Virginia? Figure out how far Cavin had to walk to see his cousins. Perhaps some Boy Scout in the class can estimate how long it took.

11. ROBERT E. LEE

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

John Brown's Body, from which the following selection is taken, is the most notable poem yet published on the Civil War. In it you will find stirring pictures of the war and of such men as John Brown, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, and Robert E. Lee, the man described in this selection.

The man was loved, the man was idolized,
The man had every just and noble gift.
He took great burdens and he bore them well,
Believed in God but did not preach too much,
Believed and followed duty first and last
With marvellous consistency and force,
Was a great victor, in defeat as great,
No more, no less, always himself in both,
Could make men die for him but saved his men
Whenever he could save them—was most kind
But was not disobeyed—was a good father,
A loving husband, a considerate friend:
Had little humor, but enough to play
Mild jokes that never wounded, but had charm,
Did not seek intimates, yet drew men to him,
Did not seek fame, did not protest against it,
Knew his own value without pomp or jealousy

And died as he preferred to live—sans phrase,
With commonsense, tenacity and courage,
A Greek proportion—and a riddle unread.
And everything that we have said is true
And nothing helps us yet to read the man,
Nor will he help us while he has the strength
To keep his heart his own.

For he will smile
And give you, with unflinching courtesy,
Prayers, trappings, letters, uniforms and orders,
Photographs, kindness, valor and advice,
And do it with such grace and gentleness
That you will know you have the whole of him
Pinned down, mapped out, easy to understand—
And so you have.

All things except the heart.
The heart he kept himself, that answers all.
For here was someone who lived all his life
In the most fierce and open light of the sun,
Wrote letters freely, did not guard his speech,
Listened and talked with every sort of man,
And kept his heart a secret to the end
From all the picklocks of biographers.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Is the opinion you have formed of General Lee from other sources in harmony with the poet's description? Compare your views with those of the poet.

2. Quote the lines from the poem which, in your opinion, show Lee's greatest traits of character.

3. The selection contains only a portion of Benét's tribute to Lee. A volunteer may read the remaining part (Benét's *John Brown's Body,* pages 193–196) and tell the class other tributes Benét pays Lee.

4. In the last chapter of his life of Lee, Mr. Freeman disagrees with the view expressed in the last eight lines of this selection. The biographer holds that there was no mystery in the life of Lee. Part of the last chapter is printed in this book later. Compare the view of Benét and that of Freeman.

5. Volunteers may wish to try to write characterizations of Grant, Lincoln, Davis, or some other leader during the Civil War.

12. ODE

Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867

HENRY TIMROD

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths today,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is an ode? Bring to class other odes well known in American literature.

2. Bring to class other poems written about the War between the States during the years immediately following the conflict, and compare them with the poem by Timrod in mood and theme.

13. THE CONQUERED BANNER

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

The author of this poem was a Catholic priest who served in the Civil War as a chaplain in the Confederate army. While the poet expresses the sorrow and war-weariness of the South, he also breathes a note of undying loyalty to the memory of those who fell defending the lost cause.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a word to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;

And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it
 Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In a word or a short phrase express the tone or mood of these poems by Southerners.

2. Which of the following words would you use to describe the poems: original, powerful, sweet, conventional, vital, rough, cultivated?

3. What idea is emphasized by the last stanza of each poem?

4. Where is there deep feeling? Where is there restraint?

5. Are the poems effective? If so, explain why they are.

6. Compare the dominant mood of these poems with that of the selections by a contemporary writer, Walt Whitman, pages 65 through 69.

7. Compare Timrod's *Ode* with other odes.

8. It would be interesting to read other poems by writers in the North and the South and to compare them.

14. THE RETURN OF A PRIVATE

HAMLIN GARLAND

The private in this story is a Northern soldier who is returning to his home in Wisconsin after the close of the Civil War. It is interesting to know that Mr. Garland's father was a soldier in the war and that he returned to his home in Wisconsin after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.



I

The nearer the train drew toward La Crosse, the soberer the little group of "vets" became. On the long way from New Orleans they had beguiled tedium with jokes and friendly chaff; or with planning with elaborate detail what they were going to do now, after the war. A long journey, slowly, irregularly, yet persistently pushing northward. When they entered on Wisconsin territory they gave a cheer, and another when they reached Madison, but after that they sank into a dumb expectancy. Comrades dropped off at one or two points beyond, until there were only four or five left who were bound for La Crosse County.

Three of them were gaunt and brown, the fourth was gaunt and pale, with signs of fever and ague upon him. One had a great scar down his temple, one limped, and they all had unnaturally large, bright eyes, showing emaciation. There were no bands greeting them at the station, no banks of gayly dressed ladies waving handkerchiefs and shouting "Bravo!" as they came in on the caboose of a freight train into the towns that had cheered and blared at them on their way to war. As they looked out or stepped upon the platform for a moment, while the train stood at the station, the loafers looked at them indifferently. Their blue coats, dusty and grimy, were too familiar now to excite notice, much less a friendly word. They were the last of the army to return, and the loafers were surfeited with such sights.

The train jogged forward so slowly that it seemed likely to be midnight before they should reach La Crosse. The little squad grumbled and swore, but it was no use; the train would not hurry, and, as a matter of fact, it was nearly two o'clock when the engine whistled "down brakes."

All of the group were farmers, living in districts several miles out of the town, and all were poor. . . .

The station was deserted, chill, and dark, as they came into it at exactly a quarter to two in the morning. Lit by the oil lamps that flared a dull red light over the dingy benches, the waiting room was not an inviting place. The younger man went off to look up a hotel, while the rest remained and prepared to camp down on the floor and benches. Smith was attended to tenderly by the other men, who spread their blankets on the bench for him, and, by robbing themselves, made quite a comfortable bed, though the narrowness of the bench made his sleeping precarious. . . .

Morning dawned at last, slowly, with a pale yellow dome of light rising silently above the bluffs, which stand like some huge storm-devastated castle, just east of the city. Out to the left the great river swept on its massive yet silent way to the south. Bluejays called across the water from hillside to hillside through the clear, beautiful air, and hawks began to skim the tops of the hills. The older men were astir early, but Private Smith had fallen at last into a sleep, and they went out without waking him. He lay on his knapsack, his gaunt face turned toward the ceiling, his hands clasped on his breast, with a curious pathetic effect of weakness and appeal.

An engine switching near woke him at last, and he slowly sat up and stared about. He looked out of the window and saw that the sun was lightening the hills across the river. He rose and brushed his hair, folded his blankets, and went to find his companions. They stood gazing silently at the river and at the hills.

"Looks natcher'l, don't it?" they said, as he came out.

"That's what it does," he replied. "An' it looks good. D' yeh see that peak?" He pointed at a beautiful symmetrical peak, rising like a slightly truncated cone, so high that it seemed the very highest of them all. It was touched by the morning sun and it glowed like a beacon, and a light scarf of gray morning fog was rolling up its shadowed side.

"My farm's just beyond that. Now, if I can only ketch a ride, we'll be home by dinner-time."

"I'm talkin' about breakfast," said one of the others.

"I guess it's one more meal o' hardtack f'r me," said Smith.

They foraged around, and finally found a restaurant with a sleepy old German behind the counter, and procured some coffee, which they drank to wash down their hardtack.

"Time'll come," said Smith, holding up a piece by the corner, "when this'll be a curiosity."

"I hope to God it will! I bet I've chawed hardtack enough to shingle every house in the coolly. I've chawed it when my lampers was down, and when they wasn't. I've took it dry, soaked, and mashed. I've had it wormy, musty, sour, and blue-mouldy. I've had it in little bits and big bits; 'fore coffee an' after coffee. I'm ready f'r a change. I'd like t' git holt jest about now o' some of the hot biscuits my wife c'n make when she lays herself out f'r company."

"Well, if you set there gabbin', you'll never *see* yer wife."

"Come on," said Private Smith. "Wait a moment, boys; less take suthin'. It's on me." He led them to the rusty tin dipper which hung on a nail beside the wooden water-pail, and they grinned and drank. Then shouldering their blankets and muskets, which they were "takin' home to the boys," they struck out on their last march.

"They called that coffee Jayvy," grumbled one of them, "but it never went by the road where government Jayvy resides. I reckon I know coffee from peas."

They kept together on the road along the turnpike, and up the winding road by the river, which they followed for some miles. . . .

"Ain't it queer there ain't no teams comin' along," said Smith, after a long silence.

"Well, no, seein's it's Sunday."

"By jinks, that's a fact. It *is* Sunday. I'll git home in time f'r dinner, sure!" he exulted. "She don't hev dinner usially till about *one* on Sundays." And he fell into a muse, and smiled.

"Well, I'll git home jest about six o'clock, jest about when the boys are milkin' the cows," said old Jim Cranby. "I'll step into the barn, an' then I'll say: *'Heah!* why ain't this milkin' done before this time o' day?' An' then won't they yell!" he added, slapping his thigh in great glee.

Smith went on. "I'll jest go up the path. Old Rover'll come down the road to meet me. He won't bark; he'll know me, an' he'll come down waggin' his tail an' showin' his teeth. That's his way of laughin'. An' so I'll walk up to the kitchen door, an' I'll say, *'Dinner* f'r a hungry man!' An' then she'll jump up, an'——"

He couldn't go on. His voice choked at the thought of it. Saunders, the third man, hardly uttered a word, but walked silently behind the others. He had lost his wife the first year he was in the army. She died of pneumonia, caught in the autumn rains while working in the fields in his place.

They plodded along till at last they came to a parting of the ways. To the right the road continued up the main valley; to the left it went over the big ridge.

"Well, boys," began Smith, as they grounded their muskets and looked away up the valley, "here's where we shake hands. We've marched together a good many miles, an' now I s'pose we're done."

"Yes, I don't think we'll do any more of it f'r a while. I don't want to, I know."

"I hope I'll see yeh once in a while, boys, to talk over old times."

"Of course," said Saunders, whose voice trembled a little, too. "It ain't *exactly* like dyin'." They all found it hard to look at each other.

"But we'd ought'r go home with you," said Cranby. "You'll never climb that ridge with all them things on yer back."

"Oh, I'm all right! Don't worry about me. Every step takes me nearer home, yeh see. Well, good-by, boys."

They shook hands. "Good-by. Good luck!"

"Same to you. Lemme know how you find things at home."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

He turned once before they passed out of sight, and waved his cap, and they did the same, and all yelled. Then all marched away with their long, steady, loping, veteran step. The solitary climber in blue walked on for a time, with his mind filled with the kindness of his comrades, and musing upon the many wonderful days they had had together in camp and field. . . .

II

Sunday comes in a Western wheat harvest with such sweet and sudden relaxation to man and beast that it would be holy for that reason, if for no other, and Sundays are usually fair in harvest-time. As one goes out into the field in the hot morning sunshine, with no sound abroad save the crickets and the indescribably pleasant silken rustling of the ripened grain, the reaper and the very sheaves in the stubble seem to be resting, dreaming.

Around the house, in the shade of the trees, the men sit, smoking, dozing, or reading the papers, while the women, never resting, move about at the housework. The men eat on Sundays

about the same as on other days, and breakfast is no sooner over and out of the way than dinner begins.

But at the Smith farm there were no men dozing or reading. Mrs. Smith was alone with her three children, Mary, nine, Tommy, six, and little Ted, just past four. Her farm, rented to a neighbor, lay at the head of a coolly or narrow gully, made at some far-off post-glacial period by the vast and angry floods of water which gullied these tremendous furrows in the level prairie —furrows so deep that undisturbed portions of the original level rose like hills on either side, rose to quite considerable mountains.

The chickens awakened her as usual that Sabbath morning from dreams of her absent husband, from whom she had not heard for weeks. The shadows drifted over the hills, down the slopes, across the wheat, and up the opposite wall in leisurely way, as if, being Sunday, they could take it easy also. The fowls clustered about the housewife as she went out into the yard. Fuzzy little chickens swarmed out from the coops, where their clucking and perpetually disgruntled mothers tramped about, petulantly thrusting their heads through the spaces between the slats.

A cow called in a deep, musical bass, and a calf answered from a little pen near by, and a pig scurried guiltily out of the cabbages. Seeing all this, seeing the pig in the cabbages, the tangle of grass in the garden, the broken fence which she had mended again and again—the little woman, hardly more than a girl, sat down and cried. The bright Sabbath morning was only a mockery without him! . . .

About six weeks before, she had received a letter saying, "We'll be discharged in a little while." But no other word had come from him. She had seen by the papers that his army was being discharged, and from day to day other soldiers slowly percolated in blue streams back into the state and county, but still *her* hero did not return.

Neighbors said, with kind intentions: "He's sick, maybe, an' can't start north just yet. He'll come along one o' these days."

"Why don't he write?" was her question, which silenced them all. This Sunday morning it seemed to her as if she could not stand it longer. The house seemed intolerably lonely. So she dressed the little ones in their best calico dresses and home-made jackets, and, closing up the house, set off down the coolly to old Mother Gray's.

"Old Widder Gray" lived at the "mouth of the coolly." She was a widow woman with a large family of stalwart boys and laughing girls. She was the visible incarnation of hospitality and optimistic poverty. With Western open-heartedness she fed every mouth that asked food of her, and worked herself to death as cheerfully as her girls danced in the neighborhood harvest dances.

She waddled down the path to meet Mrs. Smith with a broad smile on her face.

"Oh, you little dears! Come right to your granny. Gimme a kiss! Come right in, Mis' Smith. How are yeh, anyway? Nice mornin', ain't it? Come in an' set down. Everything's in a clutter, but that won't scare you any. . . ."

It was beyond human nature to resist the influence of that noisy, hearty, loving household, and in the midst of the singing and laughing the wife forgot her anxiety, for the time at least, and laughed and sang with the rest.

About eleven o'clock a wagon-load more drove up to the door, and Bill Gray, the widow's oldest son, and his whole family, from Sand Lake Coolly, piled out amid a good-natured uproar. Every one talked at once, except Bill, who sat in the wagon with his wrists on his knees, a straw in his mouth, and an amused twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Ain't heard nothin' o' Ed, I s'pose?" he asked in a kind of bellow. Mrs. Smith shook her head. Bill, with a delicacy very striking in such a great giant, rolled his quid in his mouth, and said:

"Didn't know but you had. I hear two or three of the Sand Lake boys are comin'. Left New Orleenes some time this week. Didn't write nothin' about Ed, but no news is good news in such cases, mother always says."

"Well, go put out yer team," said Mrs. Gray, "an' go 'n bring me in some taters, an', Sim, you go see if you c'n find some corn. Sadie, you put on the water to bile. Come now, hustle yer boots, all o'yeh. If I feed this yer crowd, we've got to have some raw materials. If y' think I'm goin' to feed yeh on pie—you're jest mightily mistaken."

The children went off into the fields, the girls put dinner on to boil, and then went to change their dresses and fix their hair. "Somebody might come," they said.

"Land sakes, *I hope* not! I don't know where in time I'd set 'em, 'less they'd eat at the second table," Mrs. Gray laughed, in pretended dismay. . . .

At one o'clock the long table was piled with boiled potatoes, cords of boiled corn on the cob, squash and pumpkin pies, hot biscuit, sweet pickles, bread and butter, and honey. Then one of the girls took down a conch-shell from a nail, and going to the door, blew a long, fine, free blast, that showed there was no weakness of lungs in her ample chest.

Then the children came out of the forest of corn, out of the creek, out of the loft of the barn, out of the garden.

"They come to their feed f'r all the world jest like the pigs when y' holler 'poo-ee!' See 'em scoot!" laughed Mrs. Gray, every wrinkle on her face shining with delight.

The men shut up their jack-knives, and surrounded the horse-trough to souse their faces in the cold, hard water, and in a few moments the table was filled with a merry crowd, and a row of wistful-eyed youngsters circled the kitchen wall, where they stood first on one leg and then on the other, in impatient hunger.

"Now pitch in, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Gray, presiding over the table. "You know these men critters. They'll eat every grain of it, if yeh give 'em a chance. I swan, they're made o' India-rubber, their stomachs is, I know it."

One by one the men filled up and shoved back, and one by one the children slipped into their places, and by two o'clock the women alone remained around the débris-covered table, sipping their tea and telling fortunes.

As they got well down to the grounds in the cup, they shook them with a circular motion in the hand, and then turned them bottom-side-up quickly in the saucer, then twirled them three or four times one way, and three or four times the other, during a breathless pause. Then Mrs. Gray lifted the cup, and, gazing into it with profound gravity, pronounced the impending fate.

It must be admitted that, to a critical observer, she had abundant preparation for hitting close to the mark, as when she told the girls that "somebody was comin'." "It's a man," she went on gravely. "He is cross-eyed——"

"Oh, you hush!" cried Nettie.

"He has red hair, and is death on b'iled corn and hot biscuit."

The others shrieked with delight.

"But he's goin' to get the mitten, that red-headed feller is, for I see another feller comin' up behind him."

"Oh, lemme see, lemme see!" cried Nettie.

"Keep off," said the priestess, with a lofty gesture. "His hair is black. He don't eat so much, and he works more."

The girls exploded in a shriek of laughter, and pounded their sister on the back.

At last came Mrs. Smith's turn, and she was trembling with excitement as Mrs. Gray again composed her jolly face to what she considered a proper solemnity of expression.

"Somebody is comin' to *you*," she said, after a long pause. "He's got a musket on his back. He's a soldier. He's almost here. See?"

She pointed at two little tea-stems, which really formed a faint suggestion of a man with a musket on his back. He had climbed nearly to the edge of the cup. Mrs. Smith grew pale with excitement. She trembled so she could hardly hold the cup in her hand as she gazed into it.

"It's Ed," cried the old woman. "He's on the way home. Heavens an' earth! There he is now!" She turned and waved her hand out toward the road. They rushed to the door to look where she pointed.

A man in a blue coat, with a musket on his back, was toiling slowly up the hill on the sunbright, dusty road, toiling slowly, with bent head half hidden by a heavy knapsack.

Laughing, crying, trying to call him and the children at the same time, the little wife, almost hysterical, snatched her hat and ran out into the yard. But the soldier had disappeared over the hill into the hollow beyond, and, by the time she had found the children, he was too far away for her voice to reach him. And, besides, she was not sure it was her husband, for he had not turned his head at their shouts. This seemed so strange. Why didn't he stop to rest at his old neighbor's house? Tortured by hope and doubt, she hurried up the coolly as fast as she could push the baby wagon, the blue-coated figure just ahead pushing steadily, silently forward up the coolly.

When the excited, panting little group came in sight of the gate they saw the blue-coated figure standing, leaning upon the rough rail fence, his chin on his palms, gazing at the empty house. His knapsack, blankets, and musket lay upon the dusty grass. . . .

Trembling, weak with emotion, her eyes on the silent figure, Mrs. Smith hurried up to the fence. Her feet made no noise in the dust and grass, and they were close upon him before he knew of them. The oldest boy ran a little ahead. He will never forget that figure, that face. It will always remain as something epic, that return of the private. He fixed his eyes on the pale face covered with a ragged beard.

"Who *are* you, sir?" asked the wife, or rather, started to ask, for he turned, stood a moment, and then cried:

"Emma!"

"Edward!"

The children stood in a curious row to see their mother kiss this bearded, strange man, the elder girl sobbing sympathetically with her mother. Illness had left the soldier partly deaf, and this added to the strangeness of his manner.

But the youngest child stood away, even after the girl had recognized her father and kissed him. The man turned then to the baby, and said in a curiously unpaternal tone:

"Come here, my little man; don't you know me?" But the baby backed away under the fence and stood peering at him critically.

"My little man!" What meaning in those words! This baby seemed like some other woman's child, and not the infant he had left in his wife's arms. The war had come between him and his baby—he was only a strange man to him, with big eyes; a soldier, with mother hanging to his arm, and talking in a loud voice.

"And this is Tom," the private said, drawing the oldest boy to him. "*He'll* come and see me. *He* knows his poor old pap when he comes home from the war."

The mother heard the pain and reproach in his voice and hastened to apologize.

"You've changed so, Ed. He can't know yeh. This is papa, Teddy; come and kiss him—Tom and Mary do. Come, won't you?" But Teddy still peered through the fence with solemn eyes, well out of reach. He resembled a half-wild kitten that hesitates, studying the tones of one's voice.

"I'll fix him," said the soldier, and sat down to undo his knapsack, out of which he drew three enormous and very red apples. After giving one to each of the older children, he said:

"*Now* I guess he'll come. Now come see your pap."

Teddy crept slowly under the fence, assisted by the overzealous Tommy, and a moment later was kicking and squalling in his father's arms. Then they entered the house, into the sitting room, poor, bare, art-forsaken little room, too, with its rag carpet, its square clock, and its two or three chromos and pictures from *Harper's Weekly* pinned about.

"Emma, I'm all tired out," said Private Smith, as he flung himself down on the carpet as he used to do, while his wife brought a pillow to put under his head, and the children stood about munching their apples.

"Tommy, you run and get me a pan of chips, and Mary, you get the tea-kettle on, and *I'll go and make some biscuit. . . .*"

This was a delicious hour, one long to be remembered. They were like lovers again. But their tenderness, like that of a typical American family, found utterance in tones, rather than in words. He was praising her when praising her biscuit, and she knew it. They grew soberer when he showed where he had been struck, one ball burning the back of his hand, one cutting away a lock of hair from his temple, and one passing through the calf of his leg. His wife shuddered to think how near she had come to being a soldier's widow. Her waiting no longer seemed hard. This sweet, glorious hour effaced it all.

Then they rose, and all went out into the garden and down to the barn. He stood beside her while she milked old Spot. They *began to plan fields and crops for next year.*

His farm was weedy and encumbered, a rascally renter had run away with his machinery, departing between two days, his children needed clothing, the years were coming upon him, he was sick and emaciated, but his heroic soul did not quail. With the same courage with which he had faced his Southern march he entered upon a still more hazardous future.

Oh, that mystic hour! The pale man with big eyes standing there by the well, with his young wife by his side. The vast moon swinging above the eastern peaks, the cattle winding down the pasture slopes with jangling bells, the crickets singing, the stars blooming out sweet and far and serene; the katydids rhythmically calling, the little turkeys crying querulously, as they settled to roost in the poplar tree near the open gate. The voices at the well drop lower, the little ones nestle in their father's arms at last, and Teddy falls asleep there.

The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his fight with nature and against the injustice of his fellow-men was begun again.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find out whether the return of the Wisconsin private was typical of the return of soldiers to their homes after the Civil War. Consult histories of the United States in the library.

2. How does the point of view of the first part of the story differ from the viewpoint of the second part?

3. Explain the meaning of the last paragraph. Is this paragraph necessary

to the story? Point out any remarks by the author in the narrative.

4. Read other stories in *Main-Travelled Roads* by Hamlin Garland.

5. Write on one of the following topics.

The Return of My Father (or Grandfather) from War
Life in a Government Camp
Sunday in the Country
The Best Room
Telling Fortunes
A Reunion

15. THE RETURN OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

Read this account of the Confederate soldier's return, told by one of the famous orators of the South. The address was delivered before a Northern audience.

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and

"Tommy, you run and get me a pan of chips, and Mary, you get the tea-kettle on, and I'll go and make some biscuit. . . ."

This was a delicious hour, one long to be remembered. They were like lovers again. But their tenderness, like that of a typical American family, found utterance in tones, rather than in words. He was praising her when praising her biscuit, and she knew it. They grew soberer when he showed where he had been struck, one ball burning the back of his hand, one cutting away a lock of hair from his temple, and one passing through the calf of his leg. His wife shuddered to think how near she had come to being a soldier's widow. Her waiting no longer seemed hard. This sweet, glorious hour effaced it all.

Then they rose, and all went out into the garden and down to the barn. He stood beside her while she milked old Spot. They began to plan fields and crops for next year.

His farm was weedy and encumbered, a rascally renter had run away with his machinery, departing between two days, his children needed clothing, the years were coming upon him, he was sick and emaciated, but his heroic soul did not quail. With the same courage with which he had faced his Southern march he entered upon a still more hazardous future.

Oh, that mystic hour! The pale man with big eyes standing there by the well, with his young wife by his side. The vast moon swinging above the eastern peaks, the cattle winding down the pasture slopes with jangling bells, the crickets singing, the stars blooming out sweet and far and serene; the katydids rhythmically calling, the little turkeys crying querulously, as they settled to roost in the poplar tree near the open gate. The voices at the well drop lower, the little ones nestle in their father's arms at last, and Teddy falls asleep there.

The common soldier of the American volunteer army had returned. His war with the South was over, and his fight with nature and against the injustice of his fellow-men was begun again.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find out whether the return of the Wisconsin private was typical of the return of soldiers to their homes after the Civil War. Consult histories of the United States in the library.

2. How does the point of view of the first part of the story differ from the viewpoint of the second part?

3. Explain the meaning of the last paragraph. Is this paragraph necessary

to the story? Point out any remarks by the author that are not necessary to the narrative.

4. Read other stories in *Main-Travelled Roads* or other stories by Mr. Garland.

5. Write on one of the following topics:

The Return of My Father (or Grandfather) from War
Life in a Government Camp
Sunday in the Country
The Best Room
Telling Fortunes
A Reunion

15. THE RETURN OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

Read this account of the Confederate soldier's return, told by one of the famous orators of the South. The address was delivered before a Northern audience.

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and

besides all this, confronted with the gravest problems that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me; and now I'm going to work." . . .

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The theme of this selection is similar to that of the preceding story. One is oratory; the other is fiction. Which do you prefer?

2. Contrast the plight of the Southerner returning home from the war with that of the Northerner.

3. Tell about important changes that have taken place in industry, society, and customs in the South since the Civil War.

16. THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

WHERE TO READ MORE ABOUT OUR NATIONAL GROWTH

An asterisk (*) indicates a work of fiction

ALDRICH, Mildred: *A Hilltop on the Marne.*
The great Battle of the Marne in 1914 as it appeared to an American woman who was living just a few miles from Paris.

ALLEN, Frederick: *Only Yesterday.*
A most entertaining and valuable history of the 1920's. It covers the period from the close of the World War to the beginning of the Great Depression.

ATHERTON, Gertrude: *The Conqueror.**
Life of Alexander Hamilton in the form of a novel.

BACHELLER, Irving: *In the Days of Poor Richard.**
Indian uprisings and the Revolutionary War form the historical background of this book. Benjamin Franklin is one of the characters.

BACHELLER, Irving: *Eben Holden.**
A lovable old man forms the center of interest in a good novel, though

the hero is a young New Englander who works for Horace Greeley and fights in the Civil War. The book is not primarily a historical novel.

BARNES, Natalie: *American Indian Love Lyrics.*
This volume of poetry contains a far wider selection of material than the title indicates.

BENÉT, Stephen Vincent: *John Brown's Body.*
This narrative poem of the Civil War is strikingly uneven in quality, but its best passages give memorable pictures of men and events of the great struggle.

BOYD, James: *Drums.**
A story of Johnny Fraser who served during the Revolution with John Paul Jones and General Morgan

CATLIN, George: *North American Indians.*
A very interesting book by a man who travelled among the wild tribes of the northern plains from 1832 to 1836. It records a life that has vanished forever.

CHURCHILL, Winston: *The Crisis.**
A novel of St. Louis and vicinity just before and during the Civil War. Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman are among the characters. The heroine is a Southern girl; the hero is a Northerner.

CHURCHILL, Winston: *Richard Carvel.**
Richard Carvel, an American, serves with John Paul Jones, visits London, and returns to a romance in this country. A vigorously written and dramatic historical novel.

COOPER, James Fenimore: *The Deerslayer.**
*The Last of the Mohicans.**
*The Pathfinder.**
*The Pioneers.**
*The Prairie.**
The most famous novels of Indians and frontier life ever written. Every student should read at least the first two.

COOPER, James Fenimore: *The Spy.**
Cooper's story of the Revolutionary War. This book established the author's reputation as a master of suspense and lively action.

CRANE, Leo: *Indians of the Enchanted Desert.*
A vivid account of the Navajo and Hopi Indians written by a man who lived among these people for more than ten years.

CRANE, Stephen: *The Red Badge of Courage.**
An episode of the Civil War. A young man joins the army and participates in victories, defeats, and marches without knowing what he is doing. He is a mere cog in a machine. The work is a masterpiece of vivid description.

CRONYN, C. W.: *The Path on the Rainbow.*
A volume of Indian poems. This book deserves the attention of every one who likes poetry.

EASTMAN, Charles A.: *Indian Boyhood.*
A book about the education, sports, religious beliefs, and everyday life of an Indian boy.

EASTMAN, Charles A.: *The Soul of the Indian.*
An interpretation of Indian character that corrects many wrong ideas about the Red Man.

FINGER, Charles J.: *Courageous Companions.**
An English lad sailed with Magellan on the voyage that resulted in the first circumnavigation of the globe.

FISHER, Dorothy Canfield: *Home Fires in France.*
Americans in France during the World War.

FORD, Paul Leicester: *The Honorable Peter Stirling.**
A novel of political life about fifty years ago. It is said that Grover Cleveland was the original of the leading character.

FORD, Paul Leicester: *Janice Meredith.**
During the Revolution the daughter of a Tory is in love with a loyal American who was formerly a servant. In the course of the war this man becomes one of Washington's officers.

FOX, John, Jr.: *Erskine Dale.**
A white boy lives with the Indians as one of them. After many adventures in the Indian Country and in the Revolutionary War, the lad is restored to his people.

FOX, John, Jr.: *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.**
A romantic and sentimental but most interesting story of the Kentucky mountains during the Civil War.

GARLAND, Hamlin: *The Book of the American Indian.*
Sketches and stories of life on Indian reservations. The illustrations are by Frederic Remington, a famous Western artist.

GLASGOW, Ellen: *Battle-Ground.**
A love story of the Civil War written from the Southern point of view.

HEYWARD, Dubose: *Peter Ashley.**
South Carolina during the Civil War. One of the outstanding episodes is the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

HERGESHEIMER, Joseph: *Balisand.**
The story of Richard Bale, formerly one of Washington's officers, and his life in Virginia after the Revolution.

HERGESHEIMER, Joseph: *Swords and Roses.*
Sketches of Southern leaders. Among the subjects are Mrs. Jefferson

Davis, General Albert Sidney Johnson, General N. B. Forrest, and General Beauregard.

JACKSON, Helen Hunt: *Ramona.**
A widely read account of the White Man's injustice to the Indian. Rather too sentimental.

JOHNSTON, Mary: *Croatan.**
A novel about the unsuccessful settlement of Englishmen in America under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh.

JOHNSTON, Mary: *1492.**
The hero escapes religious persecution in Spain and joins the expedition of Columbus. Hardships and mutiny are incidents of the voyage.

JOHNSTON, Mary: *The Long Roll.**
A story of the Civil War from the beginning to Chancellorsville. Stonewall Jackson is the chief character.

JOHNSTON, Mary: *Prisoners of Hope.**
A romance of early Virginia when the discontented settlers were in conflict with the government.

JOHNSTON, Mary: *To Have and To Hold.**
The romantic story of a Virginia settler in the early days of Jamestown who purchased one of the women sent over by the London Company to be sold to the planters for wives.

MELVILLE, Herman: *Israel Potter.**
An excellent but little known novel of the Revolutionary War. It contains such incidents as the Battle of Bunker Hill, an escape from a British ship, secret work for Benjamin Franklin in Paris, and service with John Paul Jones.

MITCHELL, S. Weir: *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker.**
Well-written and interesting story of a young Quaker in Washington's army.

PAGE, Thomas Nelson: *In Ole Virginia.**
Short stories in Negro dialect. "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" are two of the best known pieces in the collection.

PAGE, Thomas Nelson: *Red Rock.**
A novel of Virginia immediately after the Civil War. The Northern carpetbagger, the Southern turn-coat, and the Ku Klux Klan all have a place in this exciting book.

SANDBURG, Carl: *Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years.*
An accurate but poetic biography. Stops with Lincoln's election to the Presidency.

SARETT, Lew: *Many, Many Moons.*
Box of God.
Two volumes of poems that interpret Indian life and character.

SINGMASTER, Elsie: *Gettysburg.**
This book has the famous battle for the immediate background. An especially good work.

SMITH, F. Hopkinson: *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.**
A gentleman of the Old South is the center of interest in this book.

STOWE, Harriett Beecher: *Uncle Tom's Cabin.**
Mrs. Stowe wrote this book to arouse her readers to the evils of slavery. It was one of the most widely read novels in all literature.

SUBLETTE, C. M.: *The Scarlet Cockerel.**
The adventures of a French boy who came to America with the French settlers of Florida.

TATE, Allen: *Stonewall Jackson.*
Excellent biography of the Southern leader who fell at Chancellorsville winning his most celebrated victory.

THOMAS, Augustus: *The Copperhead.*
This drama is about a man who was wrongfully accused of disloyalty during the Civil War.

WHITE, William Allen: *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me.*
Red Cross work during the World War.

YOUNG, Stark: *So Red the Rose.**
Life in Mississippi just before and during the Civil War. Jefferson Davis, Johnson, and Lee are among the numerous characters.

II

HOW THE WEST WAS WON



II

HOW THE WEST WAS WON



WHEN YOU hear the word "frontiersman," do you think of a man who wears a buckskin suit, carries a long rifle, and spends most of his time fighting Indians and hunting game? If you do, you are like most people. We all remember so well the colorful lives of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, and Buffalo Bill that most of us have difficulty in thinking of a frontiersman as an ordinary man. We find it easy to visualize him as a picturesque Indian fighter.

The buckskin-clad Indian fighter and hunter was a frontiersman and a valuable one at that. He was a trail-breaker. He kept ahead of the fringe of permanent settlement, sometimes fighting the Indians, sometimes living with them as a trader or trapper. Always of a restless and roving disposition, this pioneer explored the West years before the permanent settlers arrived. Some of his trips were for the purpose of hunting or trapping but often he was drawn on by sheer curiosity to know what lay beyond the next range of hills.

Walt Whitman was thinking of such a pioneer when he sang:

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

The more cautious settlers were satisfied with what they had. "There's no sense in going farther," they said. To them the hills that formed the Western horizon offered no challenge. For all that they cared the unknown lands toward the setting sun might remain mysterious and unknown. That is, all were content but a few. These malcontents were the trail-breakers.

The restless, the venturesome, the ambitious could not long endure the silent challenge of the mystery that lay beyond the horizon. Vague rumors of abundant game and fertile soil filled them with an irresistible desire to see for themselves. And they were off. Many did not return, for the risks of the trip were high, but those who did return could confidently announce to their more cautious friends and neighbors that the way was broken.

In this fashion was Western America settled. The pioneers rolled over the country like a vast army spread out on a tremendous front from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. When the main body of the army reached the Appalachians, the advance guard was entering Kentucky and Tennessee. When the army reached Kentucky, the trail-breakers were exploring Missouri, constantly remaining ahead like "feelers" thrust out before the main body.

When the great migration was over, the trail-breakers could say with Kipling:

Yes, your "never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody could have found it but—His Whisper came to Me.

It was of the trail-breaker that James Boyd wrote in his novel, *The Long Hunt,* the story of a pioneer who traversed the game and Indian trails of Tennessee and Kentucky before the arrival of the first immigrants. One of our poets, John G. Neihardt, has celebrated the almost unbelievable exploits of a trail-breaker in the poem, *The Song of Hugh Glass.* Hugh Glass was a trapper on the head-waters of the Missouri River. As the result of a serious accident he was forced to crawl for days and days across Indian country before he reached assistance. This poem is founded upon an actual occurrence.

When the word "trail-breaker" is pronounced, most of us immediately think of Daniel Boone. This is natural, for Boone was certainly the most famous, and also one of the most useful of the trail-breakers. He has been the subject of numerous biographies, but of these two are outstanding. That by Thwaites is a scholarly work which pays more attention to accuracy and extreme truthfulness than to dramatic interest. The one by Stewart Edward White was written for young readers.

There was another kind of frontiersman whose work was less dramatic and thrilling but no less valuable. This man was the more uninteresting farmer and small business man who settled permanently in the country that the trail-breaker only passed through. He never went far out of his way looking for danger and adventure as did the Boones and Crocketts. His lot was that of the obscure and plodding farmer. Danger was constantly at his elbow, but it was not the exciting danger of whooping redskins. It was the danger of malaria and typhoid fever, the danger of blizzard and cold. Because his life was less colorful than that of the trail-breaker, this pioneer has been neglected by many writers. Such neglect is unfortunate, for without the undramatic work of the pioneer farmer, the line of civilization in this country would never have gone a hundred miles west of the Atlantic coast line. It is this frontiersman who represents the first true American type.

When the early immigrants arrived, they naturally found homes on the Atlantic seaboard where they became landholders, traders, fishermen, and merchants. They lived, dressed, travelled, and thought like Europeans. As a result the colonists along

the Atlantic were more European than American until the Revolution. The Boston, New York, and Philadelphia merchants, the landholders of the Hudson Valley, and the wealthy planters of Virginia and Carolina, were colonial Englishmen, who made their regions the last outposts of Europe rather than the first outposts of America. The first genuine American type developed when the line of settlement rolled westward toward the Appalachian highlands. Then the frontiersman appeared, and in him we have the first true American.

Strictly speaking, the frontier was the border between the free land of the West and the settled portion of the country. Free land is one of the important facts in American history. But if you try to define the word "frontier" in terms of geography, or if you look on the map for a particular spot like Wyoming or Western Texas that you may call the frontier, you are liable to make a serious mistake. The word "frontier" is more than a geographical expression; it also indicates a state of mind. A frontiersman is not a man who lives in a particular spot, but he is a man who thinks in a particular way. He can be identified by his self-reliance in his solution of everyday problems, by his resourcefulness, by his courage and initiative, by his attitude toward the elder settlements of the East, by his peculiar ideas of government, and especially by his amazingly buoyant hopes for the future.

In all our history and literature there are probably no truer examples of the Western type than Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain. The two have so many characteristics in common that William Dean Howells aptly called Mark Twain "the Lincoln of our literature." Self-reliance, courageous initiative, and buoyant optimism are ingrained qualities of both men. The Western characteristics of Lincoln are best seen in his actions; those of Mark Twain in his books. The biography of Lincoln by Carl Sandburg is at once accurate and poetic. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Roughing It* clearly reflect Mark Twain's Western ways.

As the frontiersman pushed into the unsettled portions of the West he discovered that he could rely only upon himself for his happiness, welfare, and safety. Only his own industry, resourcefulness, courage, and confidence could carry him through the dangers and difficulties that he faced daily and hourly. When the pioneers descended from the Appalachian Mountains into the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys they found themselves in one of

the most fertile and attractive regions of the New World. The new country offered immense rewards to those who could conquer it. But the difficulty of the task at hand also offered a sharp challenge to the courage and intelligence of the newcomers. The frontiersman gladly accepted this challenge, and the victories that he achieved deepened his feeling of confidence and self-reliance.

Of all the traits of the pioneer, optimism seems to be the most typical. A sturdy faith that each man is master of his own fate and a belief that the future will bring countless blessings have been the marks of most frontiersmen from Daniel Boone to those of our own day. The reasons for this optimism are not hard to discover. In the first place, the promises of the frontier were so dazzling that pessimism had no place in the life of the pioneer. Droughts might blight the crops and epidemics might bring disease to men and animals, but there was always the blessed hope that the next move or the next year would see an end of the troubles and bestow the hoped-for wealth and happiness.

The pioneer had come into the West as a free man seeking to better his condition. He was free to go where he pleased, and so long as the new land held out hope was not very apt to repine or to drown his lively spirit in sluggish foreboding. The fertile land could be bought at a low price, and after 1862 one hundred and sixty acres could be had as a homestead for the asking. Many men suddenly made a great deal of money by the discovery of gold or other minerals. Large fortunes were made in lumbering. Hundreds of huge grain and stock ranches were developed. All these things happening before the eager eyes of the pioneer kept him in a constant flutter of delightful expectancy. Colonel Sellers, a character in Mark Twain's book, *The Gilded Age,* is an accurate picture of men that Mark Twain had met in his life on the frontier, and the chief trait of Colonel Sellers is his noisy optimism and his laughable tendency to exaggerate every slight good into a marvellous blessing.

The open land of the West could not last forever. Year after year the line of settlement moved farther toward the Pacific. Finally in 1890 the government announced that the last desirable open land had been homesteaded. Our frontier had vanished. But the pioneer spirit did not pass so suddenly. One of the strange things about the frontier was its ability to dominate the thinking of a state or region long after the line of settlement had rolled across it. For instance, one hundred years ago Mis-

souri was on the frontier line, yet so strongly was that state influenced by the spirit of the frontier that we can still find strong traces of it there. The same is true of every other region touched by the frontier, though some places dropped their frontier characteristics more easily than others did.

Another example of a part of our country that has retained many of its frontier characteristics is the Southwest, that region between the Mississippi Valley and the Sierras which includes, approximately, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. This was the last expanse of new land to be explored and settled by English-speaking frontiersmen because it was already partly occupied by the Spanish-speaking colonists, and all of it was Indian country.

The story of the Anglo-American settlers who came to the Southwest in the early nineteenth century is a story of overcoming obstacles. These frontiersmen needed courage and optimism, plus a great deal of adaptability. They had to travel long distances overland, often across trackless, treeless prairies and deserts. The Indians they encountered were mounted on swift horses, and the newcomers had to learn to ride and fight Indian fashion in order to compete successfully with them. The struggle with the Spanish colonists or the Mexicans, as they came to be called, was settled only after two wars. The ways of getting a living were also difficult for American settlers who went as far west as the plains. Cattle raising on the open range requires special skills, such as riding, roping, and branding. Later on, farming could succeed in many places only with the aid of windmills and irrigation. Naturally, such experiences brought about new ways of living, new costumes, new food, new vocabulary. New types of Americans appeared: the ranger, the cowboy, the Santa Fé trader.

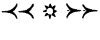
But the Southwest is an important study in frontier life for another reason than those we have just given. It happens that in many parts of this region the peoples whom the American pioneers conquered have remained on the land. We have to consider the Indians and the Spanish-Americans as permanent parts of the life of the Southwest in order to understand it at all. Their descendants are valuable citizens of the United States now, and have kept many of the customs and arts of their ancestors. These races, living peaceably side by side, give the region much of its character and atmosphere.

There is no better example of the influence of the frontier on

American life and thought than the Southwest. We can trace this frontier spirit in our literature. Not only in this section on "How the West Was Won," but throughout the volume we find pioneer traits revealed. Vachel Lindsay's noisy optimism and faith in the worth of humble individuals belong to the frontier as well as do Willa Cather's quiet pictures of farmers and small-town folk. Stanley Vestal's story of young Indians making up old tribal quarrels is as true to this spirit as the picture in John Gould Fletcher's "Windmills."

And these examples are but a few of many. Others are found in every library. Whenever we want a horseback ride over the sun-drenched plains, Will James and his horse Smoky are waiting for us. Whenever we are in a happy mood, the melody of a cowboy song reminds us of the open range

> Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
> And the skies are not cloudy all day.



In the next section the trail breakers of Western history are described by Joaquin Miller, Arthur Guiterman, Washington Irving, and David Crockett. Pioneer home life is portrayed in the selection from Mark Twain. Bret Harte's story shows the bonanza days of the great gold rush to California in 1849.

Frank Applegate's story of Estevan is typical of the search for treasure all along the borderlands settled by the Spanish, a search that has been going on ever since, as we can see in J. Frank Dobie's legend of Bowie's Lost Mine. The heroic defence of the Alamo is one of the classic stories of American life. In Big-Foot Wallace and the other Texas Rangers we meet the sort of frontiersmen that Americans have admired most, men of the Daniel Boone stamp. The narrative of Josiah Gregg is a chapter in business methods as well as in the exploration of the continent.

The last subdivision of this section indicates some of the ways by which we have attempted to find a satisfactory substitute for the old frontier.

R. B.
R. W. S.



A

THE TRAIL BREAKERS

1. WESTWARD HO!

JOAQUIN MILLER

As a boy Joaquin Miller crossed the Plains with his parents to their new home in Oregon. Long afterward, when the leaders of the migration to the West were dead, he wrote this poem in praise of the pioneers. Notice how the poet gives an impression of energy and motion by the use of short phrases in the first two lines.

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-check'd army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great plowshares

Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly level'd tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gathered you from wood and plain,
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside.

2. DANIEL BOONE

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Daniel Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.
He married his maid with a golden band,
Builded his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.

Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was the lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbowroom!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king.
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.
Down on the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.
Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in the forest trees.
"There'll be no game in the country soon.
Elbowroom!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—
Time enough for a man to thrive—
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There were kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,
And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.

But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains;
Ever he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free.
At four-score-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
"Elbowroom!" sighed Daniel Boone.

Down the Milky Way in its banks of blue
Far he has paddled his white canoe
To the splendid quest of the tameless soul—
He has reached the goal where there is no goal.
Now he rides and rides an endless trail
On the Hippograff of the flaming tail
Or the Horse of the Stars with the golden mane,
As he rode the first of the blue-grass strain.
The joy that lies in the Search he seeks
On breathless hills with crystal peaks:
He makes his camp on heights untrod,
The steps of the shrine, alone with God.
Through the woods of the vast, on the plains of Space
He hunts the pride of the Mammoth race
And the Dinosaur of the triple horn,
The Manticore and the Unicorn,
As once by the broad Missouri's flow
He followed the elk and the buffalo,
East of the Sun and west of the Moon,
"Elbowroom!" laughs Daniel Boone.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain what Boone meant by "elbowroom." In what respects is this word the keynote of the poem?

2. For how many years did Boone seek "elbowroom"? Trace his route as he searched for it.

3. Point out parts of the poem that are historical. What parts are imaginative? What does the imaginative element add to the poem?

4. Explain the following lines:
 a. "He married his maid with a golden band."
 b. "When the land said 'Nay' to the stubborn king."
 c. ". . . and the stout logs shook in a storm of lead."

5. Arthur Guiterman, the author of the poem, has been called "the most

facile and prolific of the humorists" writing poetry today. Can you find evidences of his humor in "Daniel Boone"?

6. Volunteers may desire to browse through the following collections of Guiterman's poems: "The Light Guitar," "The Laughing Muse," "The Mirthful Lyre." Steward Edward White's "Daniel Boone" is a stirring account of the noted frontiersman.

3. JOHN COLTER'S RACE

WASHINGTON IRVING

John Colter, the hero of this story, was one of the small band, led by Lewis and Clark, that made the first trip across the continent from St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean. On the return Colter received permission from his leaders to remain in the Rocky Mountains where he wished to trap for a season. While trapping he had the narrow escape related in this selection.

On the afternoon of the third day, January 17, the boats touched at Charette, one of the old villages founded by the original French colonists. Here they met with Daniel Boone, the renowned patriarch of Kentucky, who had kept in the advance of civilization, and on the borders of the wilderness, still leading a hunter's life, though now in his eighty-fifth year. He had but recently returned from a hunting and trapping expedition, and had brought nearly sixty beaver skins as trophies of his skill. The old man was still erect in form, strong in limb, and unflinching in spirit, and as he stood on the river bank, watching the departure of an expedition destined to traverse the wilderness to the very shores of the Pacific, very probably felt a throb of his old pioneer spirit, impelling him to shoulder his rifle and join the adventurous band.

The next morning early, as the party were yet encamped at the mouth of a small stream, they were visited by another of these heroes of the wilderness, one John Colter, who had accompanied Lewis and Clark in their memorable expedition. He had recently made one of those vast internal voyages so characteristic of this fearless class of men, and of the immense regions over which they hold their lonely wanderings; having come from the head waters of the Missouri to St. Louis in a small canoe. This distance of three thousand miles he had accomplished in

thirty days. Colter kept with the party all the morning. He had many particulars to give them concerning the Blackfeet Indians, a restless and predatory tribe, who had conceived an implacable hostility to the white men, in consequence of one of their warriors having been killed by Captain Lewis, while attempting to steal horses. Through the country infested by these savages the expedition would have to proceed, and Colter was urgent in reiterating the precautions that ought to be observed respecting them. He had himself experienced their vindictive cruelty, and his story deserves particular citation, as showing the hairbreadth adventures to which these solitary rovers of the wildernesses are exposed.

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trapper, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper, like himself, named Potts, and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companion, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall, and taking them up before daybreak. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver skins; but such is the life of the trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night, about six miles up a small river that emptied into the fork. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular, and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened by the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness and paddled forward. They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoes, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the

stream. There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life: but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and, having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted among his brother hunters for swiftness of foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose to save himself if he could.

A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry. Colter flew, rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he should reach the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of several hundred to one against him! The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had ran nearly halfway across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter, and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind; several of the fastest runners were scattered in the advance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gath-

ered upon him. A glance behind showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirt of cotton-wood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighboring island, against the upper end of which the driftwood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam below water till he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water.

He had scarcely drawn breath after all his toils, when he heard his pursuers on the river bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They plunged in the river, and swam to the raft. The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them, through the chinks of his concealment, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea presented itself that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible apprehension, in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately, the idea did not suggest itself to the Indians. As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again, and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance, when he landed, and kept on all night, to get as far as possible from this dangerous neighbourhood.

By daybreak he had gained sufficient distance to relieve him from the terrors of his savage foes; but now new sources of inquietude presented themselves. He was naked and alone, in the midst of an unbounded wilderness; his only chance was to reach a trading post of the Missouri Company, situated on a branch of the Yellowstone River. Even should he elude his pursuers, days must elapse before he could reach this post, during which he must traverse immense prairies destitute of shade, his naked body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day, and

the dews and chills of the night season; and his feet lacerated by the thorns of the prickly pear. Though he might see game in abundance around him, he had no means of killing any for his sustenance, and must depend for food upon the roots of the earth. In defiance of these difficulties he pushed resolutely forward, guiding himself in his trackless course by those signs and indications known only to Indians and backwoodmen; and after braving dangers and hardships enough to break down any spirit but that of a western pioneer, arrived safe at the solitary post in question.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "John Colter's Race" is taken from Washington Irving's *Astoria.* Volunteers read other incidents related in the book and report them to the class.

2. Does the description of Daniel Boone in the first paragraph agree with Guiterman's description of him? Call attention to passages that support your opinion.

3. What traits of the trail breaker did Colter show? Tell how he happened to be in the Indian country. Why was his chance companion there?

4. Did Colter and his companion realize that they were in constant danger? What mistake did they make? What impression, if any, do you get of Colter's companion, Potts?

5. Point out ways in which the story of Colter's adventure differs from Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

6. Suggest ways to make the account of an adventure interesting. Tell about an adventure of a friend or of yourself.

7. Another of Washington Irving's Western books, *A Tour of the Prairies,* relates his own adventures during a trip in 1832 on horseback into what is now Arkansas and Oklahoma. Read this book to report to the class on these topics: Irving's opinion of the Indians, hunting on the plains, bee-hunting, an Indian legend, the French guide, the flowers and geographical features of the country he passed over. Trace Irving's travels on the map. Estimate the rate at which exploring parties travelled a century ago.

4. THE COURTSHIP OF DAVID CROCKETT

DAVID CROCKETT

Here we have the story of his courting and marriage told by one of the most famous frontiersmen of our history. What does the selection tell about pioneer life?

I next went to the house of an honest old Quaker, by the name of John Kennedy, who had removed from North Carolina, and proposed to hire myself to him, at two shillings a day. He agreed to take me a week on trial; at the end of which he appeared pleased with my work, and informed me that he held a note on my father for forty dollars, and that he would give me that note if I worked for him six months. I was certain enough that I should never get any part of the note; but then I remembered it was my father that owed it, and I concluded it was my duty as a child to help him along, and ease his lot as much as I could. I told the Quaker I would take him up at his offer, and immediately went to work. I never visited my father's house during the whole time of this engagement, though he lived only fifteen miles off. But when it was finished, and I had got the note, I borrowed one of my employer's horses, and, on a Sunday evening, went to pay my parents a visit. Some time after I got there, I pulled out the note and handed it to my father, who supposed Mr. Kennedy had sent it for collection. The old man looked mighty sorry, and said to me he had not the money to pay it, and didn't know what he should do. I then told him I had paid it for him, and it was then his own; that it was not presented for collection, but as a present from me. At this, he shed a heap of tears; and as soon as he got a little over it, he said he was sorry he couldn't give me anything, but he was not able, he was too poor.

The next day, I went back to my old friend, the Quaker, and set in to work for him for some clothes; for I had now worked a year without getting any money at all, and my clothes were nearly all worn out, and what few I had left were mighty indifferent. I worked in this way for about two months; and in that time a young woman from North Carolina, who was the Quaker's niece, came on a visit to his house. And now I am just getting on a part of my history that I know I never can forget. For

though I have heard people talk about hard loving, yet I reckon no poor devil in this world was ever cursed with such hard love as mine has always been, when it came on me. I soon found myself head over heels in love with this girl, whose name the public could make no use of; and I thought that if all the hills about there were pure chink, and all belonged to me, I would give them if I could just talk to her as I wanted to; but I was afraid to begin, for when I would think of saying anything to her, my heart would begin to flutter like a duck in a puddle; and if I tried to outdo it and speak, would get right smack up in my throat, and choak me like a cold potato. It bore on my mind in this way, till at last I concluded I must die if I didn't broach the subject; and so I determined to begin and hang on a trying to speak, till my heart would get out of my throat one way or t'other. And so one day at it I went, and after several trials I could say a little. I told her how well I loved her; that she was the darling object of my soul and body; and I must have her, or else I should pine down to nothing, and just die away with the consumption.

I found my talk was not disagreeable to her; but she was an honest girl, and didn't want to deceive nobody. She told me she was engaged to her cousin, a son of the old Quaker. This news was worse to me than war, pestilence, or famine; but still I knowed I could not help myself. I saw quick enough my cake was dough, and I tried to cool off as fast as possible; but I had hardly safety pipes enough, as my love was so hot as mighty nigh to burst my boilers. But I didn't press my claims any more, seeing there was no chance to do anything.

I began now to think, that all my misfortunes growed out of my want of learning. I had never been to school but four days, as the reader has already seen, and did not yet know a letter.

I thought I would try to go to school some; and as the Quaker had a married son, who was living about a mile and a half from him, and keeping a school, I proposed to him that I would go to school four days in the week, and work for him the other two, to pay my board and schooling. He agreed I might come on those terms; and so at it I went, learning and working back and forwards, until I had been with him nigh on to six months. In this time I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the three first rules in figures. And this was all the schooling I ever had in my life, up to this



day. I should have continued longer, if it hadn't been that I concluded I couldn't do any longer without a wife; and so I cut out to hunt me one.

I found a family of very pretty little girls that I had known when very young. They had lived in the same neighborhood with me, and I had thought very well of them. I made an offer to one of them, whose name is nobody's business, no more than the Quaker girl's was, and I found she took it very well. I still continued paying my respects to her, until I got to love her as bad as I had the Quaker's niece; and I would have agreed to fight a whole regiment of wild cats if she would only have said she would have me. Several months passed in this way, during all of which time she continued very kind and friendly. At last, the son of the old Quaker and my first girl had concluded to bring their matter to a close, and my own little queen and myself were called on to wait on them. We went on the day, and performed our duty as attendants. This made me worse than ever; and after it was over, I pressed my claim very hard on her, but she would still give me a sort of evasive answer. However, I gave her mighty little peace, till she told me at last she would have me. I thought this was glorification enough, even without spectacles. I was then about eighteen years old. We fixed the time to be married; and I thought if that day come, I should be the happiest man in the created world, or in the moon, or anywhere else.

I had by this time got to be mighty fond of the rifle, and had bought a capital one. I most generally carried her with me wherever I went, and though I had got back to the old Quaker's to live, who was a very particular man, I would sometimes slip out and attend the shooting matches, where they shot for beef; I always tried, though, to keep it a secret from him. He had at the same time a bound boy living with him, who I had gotten into almost as great a notion of the girls as myself. He was about my own age, and was deeply smitten with the sister to my intended wife. I know'd it was in vain to try to get the leave of the old man for my young associate to go with me on any of my courting frolics; but I thought I could fix a plan to have him along, which would not injure the Quaker, as we had no notion that he should ever know it. We commonly slept upstairs, and at the gable end of the house there was a window. So one Sunday, when the old man and his family were all gone to meeting, we went out and cut a long pole, and, taking it to the house, we

set it up on one end in the corner, reaching up the chimney as high as the window. After this we would go upstairs to bed, and then putting on our Sunday clothes, would go out at the window, and climb down the pole, take a horse apiece, and ride about ten miles to where his sweetheart lived, and the girl I claimed as my wife. I was always mighty careful to be back before day, so as to escape being found out; and in this way I continued my attentions very closely until a few days before I was to be married, or at least thought I was, for I had no fear that anything was about to go wrong.

Just now I heard of a shooting-match in the neighborhood, right between where I lived and my girl's house; and I determined to kill two birds with one stone,—to go to the shooting-match first, and then to see her. I therefore made the Quaker believe I was going to hunt for deer, as they were pretty plenty about in those parts; but, instead of hunting them, I went straight on to the shooting-match, where I joined in with a partner, and we put in several shots for the beef. I was mighty lucky, and when the match was over I had won the whole beef. This was on a Saturday, and my success had put me in the finest humor in the world. So I sold my part of the beef for five dollars in the real grit, for I believe that was before bank-notes were invented; at least I had never heard of any. I now started on to ask for my wife; for, though the next Thursday was our wedding day, I had never said a word to her parents about it. I had always dreaded the undertaking so bad, that I had put the evil hour off as long as possible; and, indeed, I calculated they knowed me so well, they wouldn't raise any objections to having me for their son-in-law. I had a great deal better opinion of myself, I found, than other people had of me; but I moved on with a light heart, and my five dollars jingling in my pocket, thinking all the time there was but few greater men in the world than myself.

In this flow of good humor I went ahead, till I got within about two miles of the place, when I concluded I would stop awhile at the house of the girl's uncle; where I might inquire about the family, and so forth, and so on. I was indeed just about ready to consider her uncle, my uncle; and her affairs, my affairs. When I went in, tho', I found her sister there. I asked how all was at home? In a minute I found from her countenance something was wrong. She looked mortified, and didn't answer as quick as I thought she ought. being it was her *brother-in-law*

talking to her. However, I asked her again. She then burst into tears, and told me her sister was going to deceive me; and that she was to be married to another man the next day. This was as sudden to me as a clap of thunder of a bright sunshiny day. It was the capstone of all the afflictions I had ever met with; and it seemed to me, that it was more than any human creature could endure. It struck me perfectly speechless for some time, and made me feel so weak, that I thought I should sink down. I however recovered from my shock after a little, and rose and started without any ceremony, or even bidding anybody good-bye. The young woman followed me out to the gate, and entreated me to go on to her father's, and said she would go with me. She said the young man, who was going to marry her sister, had got his license, and had asked for her; but she assured me her father and mother both preferred me to him; and that she had no doubt but that, if I would go on, I could break off the match. But I found I could go no further. My heart was bruised, and my spirits were broken down; so I bid her farewell, and turned my lonesome and miserable steps back again homeward, concluding that I was only born for hardships, misery, and disappointment. I now began to think, that in making me, it was entirely forgotten to make my mate; that I was born odd, and should always remain so, and that nobody would have me.

But all these reflections did not satisfy my mind, for I had no peace day nor night for several weeks. My appetite failed me, and I grew daily worse and worse. They all thought I was sick; and so I was. And it was the worse kind of sickness,—a sickness of the heart, and all the tender parts, produced by disappointed love.

I continued in this down-spirited situation for a good long time, until one day I took my rifle and started hunting. While out, I made a call at the house of a Dutch widow, who had a daughter that was well enough as to smartness, but she was as ugly as a stone fence. She was, however, quite talkative, and soon began to laugh at me about my disappointment.

She seemed disposed, though, to comfort me as much as she could; and, for that purpose, told me to keep in good-heart, that "there was as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it." I doubted this very much; but whether or not, I was certain that she was not one of them, for she was so homely that it almost give me a pain in the eyes to look at her.

But I couldn't help thinking, that she had intended what she had said as a banter for me to court her! ! !—the last thing in creation I could have thought of doing. I felt little inclined to talk on the subject, it is true; but, to pass off the time, I told her I thought I was born odd, and that no fellow to me could be found. She protested against this, and said if I would come to their reaping, which was not far off, she would show me one of the prettiest little girls there I had ever seen. She added that the one who had deceived me was nothing to be compared with her. I didn't believe a word of all this, for I had thought that such a piece of flesh and blood as she was had never been manufactured, and never would again. I agreed with her, though, that the little varment had treated me so bad, that I ought to forget her, and yet I couldn't do it. I concluded the best way to accomplish it was to cut out again, and see if I could find any other that would answer me; and so I told the Dutch girl I would be at the reaping, and would bring as many as I could with me.

I employed my time pretty generally in giving information of it, as far as I could, until the day came; and I then offered to work for my old friend, the Quaker, two days, if he would let his bound boy go with me one to the reaping. He refused, and reproved me pretty considerable roughly for my proposition; and said, if he was in my place he wouldn't go; that there would be a great deal of bad company there; and that I had been so good a boy, he would be sorry for me to get a bad name. But I knowed my promise to the Dutch girl, and I was resolved to fulfil it; so I shouldered my rifle, and started by myself. When I got to the place, I found a large company of men and women, and among them an old Irish woman, who had a great deal to say. I soon found out from my Dutch girl, that this old lady was the mother of the little girl she had promised me, though I had not yet seen her. Her mamma was no way bashful. She came up to me, and began to praise my red cheeks, and said she had a sweetheart for me. I had no doubt she had been told what I come for, and all about it. In the evening I was introduced to her daughter, and I must confess, I was plaguy well pleased with her from the word go. She had a good countenance, and was very pretty, and I was full bent on making up an acquaintance with her.

It was not long before the dancing commenced, and I asked her to join me in a reel. She very readily consented to do so; and after we had finished our dance, I took a seat alongside of

her, and entered into a talk. I found her very interesting; while I was setting by her, making as good a use of my time as I could, her mother came to us, and very jocularly called me her son-in-law. This rather confused me, but I looked on it as a joke of the old lady, and tried to turn it off as well as I could; but I took care to pay as much attention to her through the evening as I could. I went on the old saying, of salting the cow to catch the calf. I soon become so much pleased with this little girl, that I began to think the Dutch girl had told me the truth, when she said there was still good fish in the sea.

We continued our frolic till near day, when we joined in some plays, calculated to amuse youngsters. I had not often spent a more agreeable night. In the morning, however, we all had to part; and I found my mind had become much better reconciled than it had been for a long time. I went home to the Quaker's, and made a bargain to work with his son for a low-priced horse. He was the first one I had ever owned, and I was to work six months for him. I had been engaged very closely five or six weeks, when this little girl run in my mind so, that I concluded I must go and see her, and find out what sort of people they were at home. I mounted my horse and away I went to where she lived, and when I got there I found her father a very clever old man, and the old woman as talkative as ever. She wanted badly to find out all about me, and as I thought to see how I would do for her girl. I had not yet seen her about, and I began to feel some anxiety to know where she was.

In a short time, however, my impatience was relieved, as she arrived at home from a meeting to which she had been. There was a young man with her, who I soon found was disposed to set up claim to her, as he was so attentive to her that I could hardly get to slip in a word edgeways. I began to think I was barking up the wrong tree again; but I was determined to stand up to my rack, fodder or no fodder. And so, to know her mind a little on the subject, I began to talk about starting, as I knowed she would then show some sign, from which I could understand which way the wind blowed. It was then near night, and my distance was fifteen miles home. At this my little girl soon began to indicate to the other gentleman that his room would be the better part of his company. At length she left him, and came to me, and insisted mighty hard that I should not go that evening; and, indeed, from all her actions and the attempts she made to get rid of him, I saw that she preferred me all holler. But it

wasn't long before I found trouble enough in another quarter. Her mother was deeply enlisted for my rival, and I had to fight against her influence as well as his. But the girl herself was the prize I was fighting for; and as she welcomed me, I was determined to lay siege to her, let what would happen I commenced a close courtship, having cornered her from her old beau; while he set off, looking on, like a poor man at a country frolic, and all the time almost gritting his teeth with pure disappointment. But he didn't dare to attempt anything more, for now I had gotten a start, and I looked at him every once in a while as fierce as a wild-cat. I stayed with her until Monday morning, and then I put out for home.

It was about two weeks after this that I was sent for to engage in a wolf hunt, where a great number of men were to meet, with their dogs and guns, and where the best sort of sport was expected. I went as large as life, but I had to hunt in strange woods, and in a part of the country which was very thinly inhabited. While I was out it clouded up, and I began to get scared; and in a little while I was so much so, that I didn't know which way home was, nor anything about it. I set out the way I thought it was, but it turned out with me, as it always does with a lost man, I was wrong, and took exactly the contrary direction from the right one. And for the information of young hunters, I will just say, in this place, that whenever a fellow gets bad lost, the way home is just the way he don't think it is. This rule will hit nine times out of ten. I went ahead, though, about six or seven miles, when I found night was coming on fast; but at this distressing time I saw a little woman streaking it along through the woods like all wrath, and so I cut on too, for I was determined I wouldn't lose sight of her that night any more. I run on till she saw me, and she stopped; for she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, as she was lost as well as me. When I came up to her, who should she be but my little girl, that I had been paying my respects to. She had been out hunting her father's horses, and had missed her way, and had no knowledge where she was, or how far it was to any house, or what way would take us there. She had been travelling all day, and was mighty tired; and I would have taken her up, and toted her, if it hadn't been that I wanted her just where I could see her all the time, for I thought she looked sweeter than sugar; and by this time I loved her almost well enough to eat her.

At last I came to a path, that I know'd must go somewhere,

and so we followed it, till we came to a house, at about dark. Here we stayed all night. I set up all night courting; and in the morning we parted. She went to her home, from which we were distant about seven miles, and I to mine, which was ten miles off.

I now turned in to work again; and it was about four weeks before I went back to see her. I continued to go occasionally, until I had worked long enough to pay for my horse, by putting in my gun with my work, to the man I had purchased from; and then I began to count whether I was to be deceived again or not. At our next meeting we set the day for our wedding; and I went to my father's and made arrangements for an infair, and returned to ask her parents for her. When I got there, the old lady appeared to be mighty wrathy; and when I broached the subject, she looked at me as savage as a meat axe. The old man appeared quite willing, and treated me very clever. But I hadn't been there long, before the old woman as good as ordered me out of her house. I thought I would put her in mind of old times, and see how that would go with her. I told her she had called me her son-in-law before I had attempted to call her my mother-in-law, and I thought she ought to cool off. But her Irish was up too high to do anything with her, and so I quit trying. All I cared for was, to have her daughter on my side, which I knowed was the case then; but how soon some other fellow might knock my nose out of joint again, I couldn't tell. I however felt rather insulted at the old lady, and I thought I wouldn't get married in her house. And so I told her girl, that I would come the next Thursday, and bring a horse, a bridle, and saddle for her, and she must be ready to go. Her mother declared I shouldn't have her; but I know'd I should, if somebody else didn't get her before Thursday. I then started, bidding them good day, and went by the house of a justice of the peace, who lived on the way to my father's, and made a bargain with him to marry me.

When Thursday came, all necessary arrangements were made at my father's to receive my wife; and so I took my eldest brother and his wife, and another brother, and a single sister that I had, and two other young men with me, and cut out to her father's house to get her. We went on, until we got within two miles of the place, where we met a large company that had heard of the wedding, and were waiting. Some of that company went on with my brother and sister, and the young man I had

picked out to wait on me. When they got there, they found the old lady as wrathy as ever. However the old man filled their bottle, and the young men returned in a hurry. I then went on with my company, and when I arrived I never pretended to dismount from my horse, but rode up to the door, and asked the girl if she was ready; and she said she was. I then told her to light on the horse I was leading; and she did so. Her father, though, had gone out to the gate, and when I started he commenced persuading me to stay and marry there; that he was entirely willing to the match, and that his wife, like most women, had entirely too much tongue; but that I oughtn't to mind her. I told him if she would ask me to stay and marry at her house, I would do so. With that he sent for her, and after they had talked for some time out by themselves, she came to me and looked at me mighty good, and asked my pardon for what she had said, and invited me stay. She said it was the first child she had ever had to marry; and she couldn't bear to see her go off in that way; that if I would light, she would do the best she could for us. I couldn't stand everything, and so I agreed, and we got down, and went in. I sent off then for my parson, and got married in a short time; for I was afraid to wait long, for fear of another defeat. The next day we cut out for my father's, where we met a large company of people, that had been waiting a day and a night for our arrival. We passed the time quite merrily, until the company broke up; and having gotten my wife, I thought I was completely made up, and needed nothing more in the whole world. But I soon found this was all a mistake—for now having a wife, I wanted everything else; and, worse than all, I had nothing to give for it.

I remained a few days at my father's, and then went back to my new father-in-law's; where, to my surprise, I found my old Irish mother in the finest humor in the world.

She gave us two likely cows and calves, which though it was a small marriage-portion, was still better than I had expected, and indeed, it was about all I ever got. I rented a small farm and cabin, and went to work; but I had much trouble to find out a plan to get anything to put in my house. At this time, my good friend the Quaker came forward to my assistance, and gave me an order to a store for fifteen dollars' worth of such things as my little wife might choose. With this, we fixed up pretty grand, as we thought, and allowed to get on very well. My wife had a good wheel, and knew exactly how to use it. She was also

a good weaver, as most of the Irish are, whether men or women; and being very industrious with her wheel, she had, in little or no time, a fine web of cloth, ready to make up; and she was good at that too, and at almost anything else that a woman could do.

We worked on for some years, renting ground, and paying high rent, until I found it wan't the thing it was cracked up to be; and that I couldn't make a fortune at it just at all. So I concluded to quit it, and cut out for some new country. In this time we had two sons, and I found I was better at increasing my family than my fortune. It was therefore the more necessary that I should hunt some better place to get along; and as I knowed I would have to move at some time, I thought it was better to do it before my family got too large, that I might have less to carry.

The Duck and Elk river country was just beginning to settle, and I determined to try that. I had now one old horse, and a couple of two year old colts. They were both broke to the halter, and my father-in-law proposed, that, if I went, he would go with me, and take one horse to help me move. So we all fixed up, and I packed my two colts with as many of my things as they could bear; and away we went across the mountains. We got on well enough, and arrived safely in Lincoln county, on the head of the Mulberry fork of Elk river. I found this a very rich country, and so new, that game, of different sorts, was very plenty. It was here that I began to distinguish myself as a hunter, and to lay the foundation for all my future greatness; but mighty little did I know of what sort it was going to be. Of deer and smaller game I killed an abundance; but the bear had been much hunted in those parts before, and were not so plenty as I could have wished. I lived here in the years 1809 and '10, to the best of my recollection, and then I moved to Franklin county, and settled on Bean creek, where I remained till after the close of the last war.

The Creek Indians had commenced their open hostilities by a most bloody butchery at Fort Mimms. There had been no war among us for so long, that but few, who were not too old to bear arms, knew anything about the business. I, for one, had often thought about war, and had often heard it described; and I did verily believe in my own mind, that I couldn't fight in that way at all; but my after experience convinced me that this was all a notion. For when I heard of the mischief which was done at the fort, I in-

stantly felt like going, and I had none of the dread of dying that I expected to feel. In a few days a general meeting of the militia was called for the purpose of raising volunteers; and when the day arrived for that meeting, my wife, who had heard me say I meant to go to the war, began to beg me not to turn out. She said she was a stranger in the parts where we lived, had no connections living near her, and that she and our little children would be left in a lonesome and unhappy situation if I went away. It was mighty hard to go against such arguments as these; but my countrymen had been murdered, and I knew that the next thing would be, that the Indians would be scalping the women and the children all about there, if we didn't put a stop to it. I reasoned the case with her as well as I could, and told her, that if every man would wait till his wife got willing for him to go to war, there would be no fighting done, until we would all be killed in our own houses; that I was able to go as any man in the world; and that I believed it was a duty I owed to my country. Whether she was satisfied with this reasoning or not, she did not tell me; but seeing I was bent on it, all she did was to cry a little, and turn about her work. The truth is, my dander was up, and nothing but war could bring it right again.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find examples of David Crockett's limited education. Did he have as much schooling as Abraham Lincoln?

2. Point out illustrations of Crockett's sense of humor. Compare his methods of arousing laughter with those used by Mark Twain.

3. What does the selection tell about frontier manners, customs, work, and amusements? In what ways was Crockett a true frontiersman? To what "future greatness" does Crockett refer in the last paragraph?

4. What are some of the peculiarities of the dialect used by Crockett?

5. This selection is from David Crockett's autobiography, a book relating enough adventures to satisfy any boy. Many so-called autobiographies of Crockett have been published under his name, but the authentic work is called *The Narrative of the Life of David Crockett of the State of Tennessee.* Constance Rourke has written an interesting and accurate life of the famous frontiersman.

B

PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST

1. A BOY IN MISSOURI

MARK TWAIN

Do boys today have as good a time as they had when Mark Twain was growing up in Missouri?

My uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children and fifteen or twenty Negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways, particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature once or twice. In *Huck Finn* and in *Tom Sawyer, Detective* I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble; it was not a very large farm—five hundred acres, perhaps—but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a state if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks, and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, par-

tridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is mere superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite so good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice—a drink which has a characterless taste and which we have but little acquaintance with.

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable, and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side

with high palings; against these stood the smoke-house; beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarters and the tobacco fields. The front yard was entered over a stile made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights: I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen lofty hickory trees and a dozen black walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables, and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines—a divine place for wading, and it had swimming pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upward of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion. She was superstitious, like the other negroes; also, like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer and employed it in all ordinary exigencies, but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally, and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head

was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as "Jim," carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon—and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more, and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind—and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery, they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the eastern shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, halfway across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, whooping, laughing—it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please shut him up. The tears came into her eyes and her lip trembled, and she said something like this:

"Poor thing, when he sings it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother

again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years and was capable with her tongue to the last —especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. I fitted her out with a dialect and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in *Tom Sawyer*. I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a "trundle" bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; "split"-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating—they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road, dusty in the summertime, and a good place for snakes—they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled "hoop" breed, we fled, without shame;

when they were "house snakes," or "garters," we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said, "There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats. The more experience she had, the more she could not change her views.

I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it—including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search party's lights winding about in the distance.

"Injun Joe," the half-breed, got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called *Tom Sawyer* I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. "General" Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I

knew him for years and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—twenty-five dollars for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for twenty-five dollars a year, but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do—he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault. Doctors were not called in cases of ordinary illness; the family grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the "Indian doctor"; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in

his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with a herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let anyone see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the "faith doctor," too, in those early days—a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say, "Believe!" and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

Doctor Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her eighty-eighth year—and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—"No—afraid you would."

The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods and would hold about twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets—corn dodger, buttermilk, and other good things—and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them.

It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snapshot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures scurrying through the grass—I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end feathers.

I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumachs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging among the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted, and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is, and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water, also what grudged experience it had of either of them.

I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made, also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound

it makes when the carving knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along the front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels: for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best.

I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the wintertime, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is notwithstanding. I know the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider, and doughnuts, make old people's old tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on the privileged nights, when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his book and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost story was reached—and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story of the evening and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and

the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening; and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor and make the place look chilly in the morning and curb the wild desire to get up—in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and how dismal was the hoo-hooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I can remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room, and there was a lightning rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumbling through briers and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare—I remember it all well, and the delight that everyone got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions and cover the trees and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks; guns were not necessary and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and prairie-chicken hunts, and wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in their

happiness they raced and scampered about, and knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare the life Mark Twain describes with that described by David Crockett. What memories of youth seem most delightful to Twain? In what part of the selection does he grow most eloquent?

2. Mark Twain was born in 1835. Tell about changes that have taken place in the pleasures of boyhood in the last century. Do boys have as much fun now as they did in Mark's boyhood?

3. Mention experiences of boyhood Mark Twain used in his books. What does this selection tell of the relations of slaves and their masters in Missouri?

4. Point out humorous touches in the selection. List words that are vivid, appealing to the senses.

5. Write your own recollections of your childhood experiences. Try to use a loose, rambling style such as is employed by Mark Twain.

6. If you have enjoyed "A Boy in Missouri," you will like Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and *Roughing It.*

7. What passages show the ways in which Mark Twain knew nature? List the trees he mentions in this account of his boyhood. List the wild and tame animals he knew. Can you point out passages that show that he also saw the beauty in his own country?

8. Mark Twain has much to say about eating and good food. Are all the delicacies he names familiar to you? Write an essay about the good things to eat in your community, especially the ones your relatives serve on Thanksgiving and other festive days.

2. JIM BLUDSO

JOHN HAY

No aspect of life in the West was more stirring, perhaps, than life on the flat-bottomed steamers that plied the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Many a daring deed was performed by the pilots that guided the steamboats through these treacherous rivers.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He warn't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
 To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
 A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
Thar was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Blusdo's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint,—but at jedgement
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. George Eliot (who was she?) spoke of "Jim Bludso" as "one of the finest poems in the English language." Once when she recited the poem to a group of friends the "tears were flowing from her eyes as she spoke the closing lines." Choose some one to read the poem aloud.

2. "Jim Bludso" is written in the dialect used also by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. How is this dialect picturesque and expressive?

3. What sorts of dialect are in use today in the United States? Examine, for example, the writings of Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Thomas A. Daly, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

4. Bring pictures of Mississippi River boats and accounts of them. Mark Twain, who served as a pilot on a river steamer, tells of the boats in his *Life on the Mississippi:* of especial interest are Chapter XV, "Racing Days"; Chapter XIX, "A Catastrophe"; Chapter XXVII, "The End of the 'Gold Dust'"; and Chapter XLIX, "Episodes in Pilot Life." Volunteers report on the foregoing chapters.

3. THE PASSING HERD

KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

The great cattle drives ended about 1885. The boy of this poem is seeing the end of an important era in history.

The wind was in the south that day,
A cool wind with the breath of green grass in it,
And the sunrise was full of the singing
Of the meadow lark and the wild green linnet.
Out of the creek bottom far away
Came the sound of ax strokes, rhythmic, ringing,
On the blue edge of the prairie land
Was a yellow dust cloud, like a man's hand,
Growing slowly and rising higher,
And the sunrise tipped it with rosy fire.
Softly and sweetly the south wind blew,
Slowly and slowly the dust cloud grew,
Till the dim shapes of the steers showed through,
And the long herd swung down the trail,
With riders at flank and point and swing,
Tall, lean men with wide-brimmed hats,
On quick-limbed ponies that stepped like cats;
Big-mustached men out of some old tale.
You could hear their deep-voiced "Hike-ho's" ring,
As they hazed the leaders across the flats.
And the long-horned steers with rolling eyes
Came swinging along with the steady clack
Of hooves. And their heads swung back
To ease the torture of swarming flies.
And the muffled roar of the cattle bawling
Drowned out the noise of the riders' calling.
So the long patient herd came up in the dawn,
And down the creek bank as the day drew on,
And the long-limbed riders waved their hands
To the boy on the gate by the new plowed lands,
Who dreamed how the next year, or the year after,
He would be a top hand and ride on the trail,
And sit by the campfire and hear the talk and laughter,
And listen to the telling of many a tall tale.
So he sat on the gate and watched the herd go

Into the wide creek bottom below
And over the sandhills that led to the river
And the Nations and the Northern Range. And they never
Came any more. But how was he to know
That the passing herd had passed forever?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In Kaufman's poem, list the sounds, sights, and feelings that build up his picture of the prairies.
2. Read Stewart Edward White's "The Cattle Drive" to explain the details of this poem. Find out the meaning for cattle men of: flank, point, swing, hazed, top hand.

4. THE WINDMILLS

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

The windmills, like great sunflowers of steel,
Lift themselves proudly over the straggling houses;
And at their feet the deep blue-green alfalfa
Cuts the desert like the stroke of a sword.

Yellow melon flowers
Crawl beneath the withered peach-trees;
A date-palm throws its heavy fronds of steel
Against the scoured metallic sky.

The houses, double-roofed for coolness,
Cower amid the manzanita scrub.
A man with jingling spurs
Walks heavily out of a vine-bowered doorway,
Mounts his pony, rides away.
The windmills stare at the sun.
The yellow earth cracks and blisters.
Everything is still.

In the afternoon
The wind takes dry waves of heat and tosses them,
Mingled with dust, up and down the streets,
Against the belfry with its green bells:
And, after sunset, when the sky
Becomes a green and orange fan,

The windmills, like great sunflowers on dried stalks,
Stare hard at the sun they cannot follow.

Turning, turning, forever turning
In the chill night-wind that sweeps over the valley,
With the shriek and the clank of the pumps groaning
beneath them,
And the choking gurgle of tepid water.

5. THE CATTLE DRIVE

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Much of the romance and adventure in the West centers in cowboys and cattle. In the old days described in this selection the cattle were allowed to roam the unfenced plains most of the year. Then, as winter approached, they were rounded up and driven to market.

A cry awakened me. It was still deep night. The moon sailed overhead, the stars shone unwavering like candles, and a chill breeze wandered in from the open spaces of the desert. I raised myself on my elbow, throwing aside the blankets and the canvas tarpaulin. Forty other indistinct, formless bundles on the ground all about me were sluggishly astir. Four figures passed and repassed between me and a red fire. I knew them for the two cooks and the horse wranglers. One of the latter was grumbling.

"Didn't git in till moon-up last night," he growled. "Might as well trade my bed for a lantern and be done with it."

Even as I stretched my arms and shivered a little, the two wranglers threw down their tin plates with a clatter, mounted horses, and rode away in the direction of the thousand acres or so known as the pasture.

I pulled on my clothes hastily, buckled in my buckskin shirt, and dove for the fire. A dozen others were before me. It was bitterly cold. In the east the sky had paled the least bit in the world, but the moon and stars shone on bravely and undiminished. A band of coyotes was shrieking desperate blasphemies against the new day, and the stray herd, awakening, was beginning to bawl and bellow.

Two crater-like Dutch ovens, filled with pieces of fried beef, stood near the fire; two galvanized water buckets, brimming with soda biscuits, flanked them; two tremendous coffee pots stood guard at either end. We picked us each a tin cup and a tin plate from the box at the rear of the chuck wagon; helped ourselves from a Dutch oven, a pail, and a coffee pot, and squatted on our heels as close to the fire as possible. Men who came too late borrowed the shovel, scooped up some coals, and so started little fires of their own, about which new groups formed.

While we ate, the eastern sky lightened. The mountains under the dawn looked like silhouettes cut from slate-colored paper; those in the west showed faintly luminous. Objects about us became dimly visible. We could make out the windmill, and the adobe of the ranch houses, and the corrals. The cowboys arose one by one, dropped their plates into the dishpan, and began to hunt out their ropes. Everything was obscure and mysterious in the faint gray light. I watched Windy Bill near his tarpaulin. He stooped to throw over the canvas. When he bent, it was before daylight; when he straightened his back, daylight had come. It was just like that, as though some one had reached out his hand to turn on the illumination of the world.

The eastern mountains were fragile; the plain was ethereal, like a sea of liquid gases. From the pasture we heard the shoutings of the wranglers, and made out a cloud of dust. In a moment the first of the remuda came into view, trotting forward with the free grace of the unburdened horse. Others followed in procession: those near, sharp and well defined; now appearing plainly, now fading like ghosts. The leader turned unhesitatingly into the corral. After him poured the stream of the remuda —two hundred and fifty saddle horses—with an unceasing thunder of hoofs.

Immediately the cook camp was deserted. The cowboys entered the corral. The horses began to circle around the edge of the enclosure as around the circumference of a circus ring. The men, grouped at the center, watched keenly, looking for the mounts they had already decided on. In no time each had recognized his choice and, his loop trailing, was walking toward that part of the revolving circumference where his pony dodged. Some few whirled the loop, but most cast it with a quick flip. It was really marvelous to observe the accuracy with which the noose would fly, past a dozen tossing heads and over a dozen

backs, to settle firmly about the neck of an animal perhaps in the very center of the group. But again, if the first throw failed, it was interesting to see how the selected pony would dodge, double back, twist, turn, and hide to escape a second cast. And it was equally interesting to observe how his companions would help him. They seemed to realize that they were not wanted, and would push themselves between the cowboy and his intended mount with the utmost boldness. In the thick dust that instantly arose, and with the bewildering thunder of galloping, the flashing change of grouping, the rush of the charging animals, recognition alone would seem almost impossible; yet in an incredibly short time each had his mount, and the others, under convoy of the wranglers, were meekly wending their way out over the plain. There, until time for a change of horses, they would graze in a loose and scattered band, requiring scarcely any supervision. Escape? Bless you, no, that thought was the last in their minds.

In the meantime the saddles and bridles were adjusted. Always in a cowboy's "string" of from six to ten animals the boss assigns him two or three broncos to break in to the cow business. Therefore, each morning we could observe a half dozen or so men gingerly leading wicked looking little animals out to the sand "to take the pitch out of them." One small black, belonging to a cowboy called the Judge, used more than to fulfill expectations of a good time.

"Go to him, Judge!" some one would always remark.

"If he ain't goin' to pitch, I ain't goin' to make him," the Judge would grin, as he swung aboard.

The black would trot off quite calmly and in a most matter-of-fact way, as though to shame all slanderers of his lamb-like character. Then, as the bystanders would turn away, he would utter a squeal, throw down his head, and go at it. He was a very hard bucker, and made some really spectacular jumps, but the trick on which he based his claims to originality consisted in standing on his hind legs at so perilous an approach to the perpendicular that his rider would conclude he was about to fall backwards, and then suddenly springing forward in a series of stiff-legged bucks. The first maneuver induced the rider to loosen his seat in order to be ready to jump from under, and the second threw him before he could regain his grip.

"And they say a horse don't think!" exclaimed an admirer.

But as these were broken horses—save the mark!—the show

was all over after each had had his little fling. We mounted and rode away, just as the mountain peaks to the west caught the rays of a sun we should not enjoy for a good half hour yet.

I had five horses in my string, and this morning rode "that C S horse, Brown Jug." Brown Jug was a powerful and well-built animal, about fourteen two in height,[1] and possessed of a vast enthusiasm for cow work. As the morning was frosty, he felt good.

At the gate of the water corral we separated into two groups. The smaller, under the direction of Jed Parker, was to drive the mesquite in the wide flats; the rest of us, under the command of Homer, the round-up captain, were to sweep the country even as far as the base of the foothills near Mount Graham. Accordingly we put our horses to the full gallop.

Mile after mile we thundered along at a brisk rate of speed. Sometimes we dodged in and out among the mesquite bushes, alternately separating and coming together again; sometimes we swept over grassy plains apparently of illimitable extent; sometimes we skipped and hopped and buck-jumped through and over little gullies, barrancas, and other sorts of malpais—but always without drawing rein. The men rode easily, with no thought to the way nor care for the footing. The air came back sharp against our faces. The warm blood, stirred by the rush, flowed more rapidly. We experienced a delightful glow. Of the morning cold only the very tips of our fingers and the ends of our noses retained a remnant. Already the sun was shining low and level across the plains. The shadows of the cañons modeled the hitherto flat surfaces of the mountains.

After a time we came to some low hills helmeted with the outcrop of a rock escarpment. Hitherto they had seemed a termination of Mount Graham, but now, when we rode around them, we discovered them to be separated from the range by a good five miles of slopping plain. Later we looked back and would have sworn them part of the Dos Cabezas system, had we not known them to be at least eight miles distant from that rocky rampart. It is always that way in Arizona. Spaces develop of whose existence you had not the slightest intimation. Hidden in apparently plane surfaces are valleys and prairies. At one sweep of the eye you embrace the entire area of an

[1] This phrase means that the horse was fourteen hands and two inches in height. A hand is four inches.

eastern state; but nevertheless the reality, as you explore it foot by foot, proves to be infinitely more than the vision has promised.

Beyond the hill we stopped. Here our party divided again, half to the right and half to the left. We had ridden, up to this time, directly away from camp; now we rode a circumference of which headquarters was the center. The country was pleasantly rolling and covered with grass. Here and there were clumps of soap weed. Far in a remote distance lay a slender dark line across the plain. This we knew to be mesquite; and, once entered, we knew it, too, would seem to spread out vastly. And then this grassy slope, on which we now rode, would show merely as an insignificant streak of yellow. It is always like that in Arizona. I have ridden in succession through grass land, brush land, flower land, desert. Each in turn seemed entirely to fill the space of the plains between the mountains.

From time to time Homer halted us and detached a man. The business of the latter was then to ride directly back to camp, driving all the cattle before him. Each was in sight of his right- and left-hand neighbor. Thus was constructed a dragnet whose meshes contracted as home was neared.

I was detached, when of our party only the Cattleman and Homer remained. They would take the outside. This was the post of honor and required the hardest riding, for as soon as the cattle should realize the fact of their pursuit, they would attempt to "break" past the end and up the valley. Brown Jug and I congratulated ourselves on an exciting morning in prospect.

Now, wild cattle know perfectly well what a drive means, and they do not intend to get into a round-up if they can help it. Were it not for the two facts, that they are afraid of a mounted man, and cannot run quite so fast as a horse, I do not know how the cattle business would be conducted. As soon as a band of them caught sight of any one of us, they curled their tails and away they went at a long, easy lope that a domestic cow would stare at in wonder. This was all very well; in fact, we yelled and shrieked and otherwise uttered cow-calls to keep them going, to "get the cattle started," as they say. But pretty soon a little band, of the many scurrying away before our thin line, began to bear farther and farther to the east. When in their judgment they should have gained an opening, they would turn directly back and make a dash for liberty. Accordingly

the nearest cowboy clapped spurs to his horse and pursued them.

It was a pretty race. The cattle ran easily enough, with long, springy jumps that carried them over the ground faster than appearances would lead one to believe. The cow pony, his nose stretched out, his ears slanted, his eyes snapping with joy of the chase, flew fairly "belly to earth." The rider sat slightly forward, with the cowboy's loose seat. A whirl of dust, strangely insignificant against the immensity of a desert morning, rose from the flying group. Now they disappeared in a ravine, only to scramble out again the next instant, pace undiminished. The rider merely rose slightly and threw up his elbows to relieve the jar of the rough gully. At first the cattle seemed to hold their own, but soon the horse began to gain. In a short time he had come abreast of the leading animal. The latter stopped short with a snort, dodged back, and set out at right angles to his former course. From a dead run the pony came to a stand in two fierce plunges, doubled like a shot, and was off on the other tack. An unaccustomed rider would here have lost his seat. The second dash was short. With a final shake of the head, the steers turned to the proper course in the direction of the ranch. The pony dropped unconcernedly to the shuffling job of habitual progression.

Far away stretched the arc of our cordon. The most distant rider was a speck, and the cattle ahead of him were like maggots endowed with a smooth, swift onward motion. As yet the herd had not taken form; it was still too widely scattered. Its units, in the shape of small bunches, momently grew in numbers. The distant plains were crawling and alive with minute creatures making toward a common tiny center.

Immediately in our front the cattle at first behaved very well. Then far down the long gentle slope I saw a break for the upper valley. The manikin that represented Homer at once became even smaller as it departed in pursuit. The cattleman moved down to cover Homer's territory until he should return, and I in turn edged farther to the right. Then another break from another bunch. The Cattleman rode at top speed to head it. Before long he disappeared in the distant mesquite. I found myself in sole charge of a front three miles long.

The nearest cattle were some distance ahead, and trotting along at a good gait. As they had not yet discovered the chance left open by unforseen circumstance, I descended and took in

on my cinch while yet there was time. Even as I mounted, an impatient movement on the part of experienced Brown Jug told me that the cattle had seen their opportunity.

I gathered the reins and spoke to the horse. He needed no further direction, but set off at a wide angle nicely calculated to intercept the truants. Brown Jug was a powerful beast. The spring of his leap was as whalebone. The yellow earth began to stream past like water. Always the pace increased with a growing thunder of hoofs. It seemed that nothing could turn us from the straight line, nothing check the headlong momentum of our rush. My eyes filled with tears from the wind of our going. Saddle strings streamed behind. Brown Jug's mane whipped my bridle hand. Dimly I was conscious of soap weed, saccaton, mesquite, as we passed them. They were abreast and gone before I could think of them or how they were to be dodged. Two antelope bounded away to the left; birds rose hastily from the grasses. A sudden *chirk, chirk, chirk,* rose all about me. We were in the very center of a prairie-dog town, but before I could formulate in my mind the probabilities of holes and broken legs, the *chirk, chirk, chirk*-ing had fallen astern. Brown Jug had skipped and dodged successfully.

We were approaching the cattle. They ran stubbornly and well, evidently unwilling to be turned until the latest possible moment. A great rage at their obstinacy took possession of us both. A broad, shallow wash crossed our way, but we plunged through its rocks and bowlders recklessly, angered at even the slight delay necessitated. The hard land on the other side we greeted with joy. Brown Jug extended himself with a snort.

Suddenly a jar seemed to shake my very head loose. I found myself staring over the horse's head directly down into a deep and precipitous gully, the edge of which was so cunningly concealed by the grasses as to have remained invisible to my blurred vision. Brown Jug, however, had caught sight of it at the last instant, and had executed one of the wonderful stops possible only to a cow pony.

But already the cattle had discovered a passage above, and were scrambling down and across. Brown Jug and I, at more sober pace, slid off the almost perpendicular bank, and out the other side.

A moment later we had headed them. They whirled, and without the necessity of any suggestion on my part, Brown Jug turned after them, and so quickly that my stirrup actually

brushed the ground. After that we were masters. We chased the cattle far enough to start them well in the proper direction, and then pulled down to a walk in order to get a breath of air.

But now we noticed another band, back on the ground over which we had just come, doubling through in the direction of Mount Graham. A hard run set them to rights. We turned. More had poured out from the hills. Bands were crossing everywhere, ahead and behind. Brown Jug and I set to work.

Being an indivisible unit, we could chase only one bunch at a time; and while we were after one, a half dozen others would be taking advantage of our preoccupation. We could not hold our own. Each run after an escaping bunch had to be on a longer diagonal. Gradually we were forced back, and back, and back; but still we managed to hold the line unbroken. Never shall I forget the dash and clatter of that morning. Neither Brown Jug nor I thought for a moment of sparing horseflesh or of picking a route. He made the shortest line, and paid little attention to anything that stood in the way. A very fever of resistance possessed us. It was like beating against a head wind, or fighting fire, or combating in any other way any of the great forces of nature. We were quite alone. The Cattleman and Homer had vanished. To our left the men were fully occupied in marshaling the compact brown herds that had gradually massed—for these antagonists of mine were merely the outlying remnants.

I suppose Brown Jug must have run nearly twenty miles with only one check. Then he chased a cow some distance and into the dry bed of a stream, where she whirled on us savagely. By luck her horn hit only the leather of my saddle skirts, so we left her; for when a cow has sense enough to "get on the peck," there is no driving her farther. We gained nothing, and had to give ground, but we succeeded in holding a semblance of order, so that the cattle did not break and scatter far and wide. The sun had by now well risen, and was beginning to shine hot. Brown Jug still ran gamely and displayed as much interest as ever, but he was evidently tiring. We were both glad to see Homer's gray showing in the fringe of the mesquite.

Together we soon succeeded in throwing the cows into the main herd. And, strangely enough, as soon as they had joined a compact band of their fellows, their wildness left them, and convoyed by outriders, they set themselves to plodding energetically toward the home ranch.

As my horse was somewhat winded, I joined the "drag" at the rear. Here by course of natural sifting soon accumulated all the lazy, gentle, and sickly cows, and the small calves. The difficulty now was to prevent them from lagging and dropping out. To that end we indulged in a great variety of the picturesque cow-calls peculiar to the cowboy. One found an old tin can which by the aid of a few pebbles he converted into a very effective rattle.

The dust rose in clouds and eddied in the sun. We slouched easily in our saddles. The cowboys compared notes as to the brands they had seen. Our ponies shuffled along, resting, but always ready for a dash in chase of an occasional bull calf or yearling with independent ideas of its own.

Thus we passed over the country, down the long gentle slope to the "sink" of the valley, whence another long gentle slope ran to the base of the other ranges. At greater or lesser distances we caught the dust, and made out dimly the masses of the other herds collected by our companions and by the party under Jed Parker. They went forward toward the common center with a slow, ruminative movement, and the dust they raised went with them.

Little by little they grew plainer to us, and the home ranch, hitherto merely a brown shimmer in the distance, began to take on definition as the group of buildings, windmills, and corrals we knew. Miniature horsemen could be seen galloping forward to the open white plain where the herd would be held. Then the mesquite enveloped us; and we knew little more, save the anxiety lest we overlook laggards in the brush, until we came out on the edge of that same white plain.

Here were more cattle, thousands of them, and billows of dust, and a great bellowing, and dim, mounted figures riding and shouting ahead of the herd. Soon they succeeded in turning the leaders back. These threw into confusion those that followed. In a few moments the cattle had stopped. A cordon of horsemen sat at equal distances holding them in.

"Pretty good haul," said the man next to me; "a good five thousand head."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain briefly the method of cattle driving followed in this selection. Use a diagram on the blackboard, if you find a diagram helpful. How long a time is covered by the selection?

2. What must a cowboy be able to do? Tell why he is so dependent upon

his horses. How many horses did each man have in his "string"? Why did he break in one or two new horses each drive?

3. Tell of the hardships of a cowboy's life. Why is such a life attractive to many men?

4. In what parts does the author make you feel that you are having an exhilarating horseback ride? Tell what would be gained or lost in a motion-picture version of "The Cattle Drive."

5. Write a paper developing any part of the following passage that you differ from or that you have found to be true:

> "Spaces develop of whose existence you had not the slightest intimation. Hidden in apparently plane surfaces are valleys and prairies. At one sweep of the eye you embrace the entire area of an eastern state; but nevertheless the reality, as you explore it foot by foot, proves to be infinitely more than the vision has promised."

6. This selection is from *Arizona Nights*. Other chapters providing interesting material for volunteer reports are those that describe "The Cattle Rustlers," "The Corral Branding," and "Buried Treasure." Interesting stories of horses are Will James's *Smoky the Cowhorse* and *Lone Cowboy* and Andy Adams's *Log of a Cowboy*.

6. A HOME ON THE RANGE

The authors and composers of the following songs are not known. These ballads sprang up in the cattle country and were first sung by the cowboys. Many of them have since been used in concert and radio work.

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

The red man was pressed from this part of the West,
He's likely no more to return
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever
Their flickering camp-fires burn.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

7. WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

As I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher all riding alone;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,[1]
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

[1] A dogie is a motherless calf.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them all along.

When the night comes on and we hold them on the bedground,
These little dogies that roll on so slow;
Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,
And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along little dogies
You're going to be beef steers by and by.

8. THE COWBOY'S DREAM

This may be sung to the tune of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."

Last night as I lay on the prairie,
And looked at the stars in the sky,
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,
Roll on, roll on;
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright, happy region
Is a dim, narrow trail, so they say;
But the broad one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment
Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy
Who'll be lost at the great, final sale,
When he might have gone in the green pastures
Had he known of the dim, narrow trail.

I wonder if ever a cowboy
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,
And could say to the Boss of the Riders,
"I'm ready, come drive me away."

For they, like the cows that are locoed,
Stampede at the sight of a hand,
Are dragged with a rope to the round-up,
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—
A maverick, unbranded on high,—
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties"
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner
Whose ne'er overstocked, so they say,
But who always makes room for the sinner
Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

They say he will never forget you,
That he knows every action and look;
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,
Have your name in the great Tally Book.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "Cowboy Ballads" are folk songs. To be appreciated they must be sung. "A Home on the Range" was said to be the most popular tune of the

first half of 1933. Sing "The Cowboy's Dream" to the tune of "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me." You will find the tune for "Git Along, Little Dogies" in *American Ballads and Folk Songs* by John and Alan Lomax. Many cowboy songs are available on Victor records by Jules Allen, the "Singing Cowboy," and others.

2. What pictures of the range does "A Home on the Range" give?

3. What rhymes are there in the stanzas of "A Home on the Range"?

4. Account for the meter of "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies."

5. What is the cowboy's idea of religion in "The Cowboy's Dream"? Explain the fifth stanza. Find colorful effective phrases.

6. Find other cowboy songs and other collections of cowboy songs, among them those by Badger Clark, N. Howard Thorp, Margaret Larkin, Charles Finger, and Carl Sandburg.

7. Read the play *Green Grow the Lilacs*, by Lynn Riggs. The author aimed to capture the mood and to reconstruct the spirit of the old folk songs and ballads. The play opens with "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies."

9. TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

BRET HARTE

The association of reckless and often lawless men in the California mining camps gave rise to bitter hatreds, strange friendships, and enduring loyalties. In this story Bret Harte tells of a friendship that endured all trials. As you read, note that the author emphasizes the loyalty of Tennessee's partner rather than the badness and disloyalty of Tennessee.

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon

his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and barrooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated —this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected

to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there? —I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express-office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were

even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I

thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a

suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social

lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim: and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played

a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funeral drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood an Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin

when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any offers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell how Bret Harte introduces the story. At what point does the story begin? Where does it end? Explain the purpose of the introduction. Does the close have the same purpose?

2. Draw or describe the trial scene. Compare the trial with other trials described in literature; for example, with the trial in Edward Eggleston's *The Graysons* or with Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*.

3. What crime had Tennessee committed? What right did the court have to try Tennessee? Did Tennessee's partner think he was doing right in offering the court $1700 to release Tennessee? Why was the money refused?

4. Where is nature introduced as a background for events? Why did the *Red Dog Clarion* not describe the weather in its account of the affair?

5. The three main elements of a short story are plot, character, and setting (background). Which of the three elements receives the chief emphasis in "Tennessee's Partner"? Which receives the least emphasis? Can this selection be described as a sentimental story?

C

WINNING THE SOUTHWEST

1. ESTEVAN THE MAGNIFICENT

FRANK G. APPLEGATE

This story of Estevan is one of the earliest recorded tales of the Southwest. It is partly historical and partly legendary. If you can imagine the colorful settings as you read it, it also seems like a plot from grand opera.

The story of Estevan, the Negro, is partly recorded in various old Spanish chronicles, as well as to be encountered in the old lore of the Indians of Zuñi pueblo in New Mexico. The incidents of this ancient story happened only a few years after the discovery of America. Estevan, or Steven, as we would call him in English, experienced a most adventurous career, in which his destiny finally led him to one of the renowned seven cities of Cíbola of the great Zuñi nation. Steven was the first African Negro to set foot among the pueblo Indians of the Southwest, and the story of his adventures is as interesting and remarkable as that of any Spanish explorer or conquistador who ever ventured his life for renown or gold in the then unknown new world.

Steven began his career by being born on the west coast of Morocco in Africa. When he grew up he became a slave of the Spaniards, and we next hear of him as being with a great Spanish expedition that was exploring the Gulf of Mexico. After shipwreck and many hardships, he was cast, together with the Spanish survivors of the expedition, on the wild and swampy coast of Louisiana, just west of the mouth of the Mississippi River. Here they suffered such privation that they all perished except Steven and three of the Spaniards.

These four, with Cabeza de Baca, one of the Spaniards, as their leader, now started out to try to reach the Spanish settlements in Mexico by traveling overland afoot, and to do this

they had to cross what is now Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and northern Mexico. This was in 1528, only thirty-six years after America was discovered, so that no white man had ever before traversed that part of the unknown country. It took them eight years to make the journey, suffering during that time innumerable hardships.

Most of this time they were captives of different tribes of the wild, roving Indians which they encountered one after the other. These Indians did not keep the four in captivity as slaves, but as great medicine men. Steven and the Spaniards always made the sign of the cross whenever they encountered Indians, to ward off harm to themselves. The sign of the cross to Indians is the symbol of the stars, so that when the sign of the cross was made, the Indians thought that the three white men and the black one meant to convey the information that they had come down from heaven. Hence the veneration in which they were held. Steven, as a great medicine man with divine powers, shared this veneration equally with the Spaniards and forever after was spoiled, as far as being a good slave was concerned.

When the foot-weary wanderers finally reached the Spanish settlements in Mexico, in 1536, they caused a great sensation, and Cabeza de Baca afterward wrote the history of their wanderings.

Now the time spent by Steven among the Indians, perfecting his technique as a powerful medicine man, was a valuable education for him in the greatest adventure of his career.

In 1539 the viceroy of western Mexico decided to send a Spanish priest, Friar Marcos, into the country of the north on an exploring expedition, to see if there were any truth in the stories told by wandering Indians of great cities up there, filled with gold and other treasure. Of the seven cities of Cíbola the viceroy wanted information especially, for he had heard over and over again of their fabulous wealth. Cíbola we now know as Zuñi.

The viceroy chose Steven as interpreter and helper for Friar Marcos; for Steven's fame as a medicine man and conjurer, and his ability to impress the Indians, had spread all over those parts.

The little expedition set out on its long journey with Mexican Indians as guides and bearers. After they had traveled a part of the way together, Friar Marcos sent Steven on ahead to find out what he could of the country and report back to him. Steven was instructed that if he heard good news, he should send back a cross as large as his hand; if he heard better news, he was to send a cross as large as two hands; and if he heard superlative

news he was to send back a still larger cross. A few days later a cross came to the priest, by an Indian carrier, as large as a man.

Receiving this cross of good omen, Friar Marcos set out to overtake Steven, who had been told to await him at the place from which he should send the cross; but Steven had other plans. All during the journey he had been practising his rôle as medicine man among the wild Indians he had encountered along the way, and he had met with the most astonishing success. Indians prostrated themselves before him and felt blessed when they were even allowed to touch his garments. They freely gave him everything they had, even to their most prized possessions, so that he was bedecked with all the finery he could wear. Soon he had hundreds of adoring followers. . . .

All this adoration and deference went to his head and produced in him a state of grand pompousness, a state to which, as is well known, members of his race are prone when conditions are favorable. He assumed an overbearing air of the greatest authority over his abject followers, and they adored him all the more greatly for it. In his grand exaltation he quite forgot his duty to the priest; and instead of waiting for him as he had been commanded, he advanced in his triumphal march toward Zuñi, hastened by the wild tales his followers told him of the great wealth to be had there for the taking; for these deluded believers in his divinity thought that he was irresistible, and that nothing could be denied him by any earthly power.

What could be more extravagant than the picture of this large, black, African Negro, with his thick lips, flashing white teeth, crinkly beard and curly hair, advancing among Indians who later were considered the most treacherous and bloodthirsty on American soil, the Apaches of New Mexico—Indians who, it is said, would commit a murder or torture a captive with the most ingenious fiendishness; and instead of harming him, they adored him. They vied with one another in humbling themselves before him and felt themselves amply rewarded if he but glanced in their direction. No god could command such reverence and subservience as they bestowed on him. No white man was ever so received by Indians. The only reason accounting for it is that Steven's recent emergence from savagery gave him an intuitive knowledge of the power which a personal assumption of supreme self-confidence, exhibiting itself in a condescending arrogance and coupled with a powerful personality, has on the primitive mind.

Whereas a civilized white man would have been disgusted and annoyed at many of these Indians' exuberant acts of adulation and worship, this amazing Negro encouraged them in their extravagances. The men cleared the way before him. They danced and leaped in front of him. They shouted to the skies that this was the greatest medicine man in the world. They yelled their adulation of him, and Steven found it all very good and satisfying to his vanity.

Finally the wild horde arrived at Zuñi. At the head of the mob was the pompous and grandiose Steven, who by now, on account of the great homage paid him, had come to believe in his own greatness.

As Steven stood before the entrance to Zuñi he was an impressive spectacle. On his head was a headdress of gorgeous parrot feathers; around his neck were hung innumerable strands of turquoise and wampum; from his shoulders hung a mantle woven of brilliantly colored bird feathers, and on his ankles and wrists were bright, tinkly bells of copper. In his hand he carried the symbol of the medicine man as he had come to know it, a large, hollow gourd rattle with a white and red feather tied to it, and on his face was an expression of arrogant self-confidence absolutely supreme.

Steven knocked at the gate of the pueblo and called loudly for admittance. The chief men of the pueblo and the cacique, or high priest, came to look Steven over and demanded of him what he wanted. Steven was not small in his demands. He drew himself up in his most haughty and overbearing manner and told the Zuñis that he wanted admittance to the pueblo immediately, and that he also wanted the best that the pueblo afforded for himself and followers. He also told the Zuñis, with no show of false modesty, that he was the greatest medicine man in the world and had unlimited powers as a conjurer.

Now these Zuñis were of a different caliber from any Indians that Steven had ever before encountered. They were civilized, intelligent, and canny, and were not in the habit of taking the word of a perfect stranger as to his worth. They scrutinized Steven deliberately and with care, and their expressions were those of unmistakable disapproval. They told Steven sourly that the gourd he carried was the symbol of the medicine men of the wild Indians, their enemies, and that the bells he wore were not in the style of a strictly high-class medicine man, and that as far as they could see he was just another Mexican Indian, though

somewhat blacker than the others. They also refused with definite finality to accept him or allow him in the pueblo.

Steven's self-assurance was somewhat abated at this. It was the first time that he had encountered Indians as civilized and incredulous as these. Nevertheless, backed by his followers, he tried to bluster his way into the pueblo and to bulldoze the Zuñis into accepting him at his own estimation.

The result of this was immediate battle. The Zuñi warriors fell on him and his gullible followers in a businesslike way and made quick work of them. Many of Steven's worshipers were slain by the Zuñis. Others, seeing the hopelessness of the situation, abandoned the battle and ran away. A few were captured, along with all the loot that Steven had brought.

As for Steven, the Zuñis carefully plucked him of all his gay feathers and gaudy finery and lodged him in a small, dark strong room where he was no longer "the greatest medicine man in the world," but just a plain, ordinary, scared to death Negro, without a friend in sight.

The Zuñis now proceeded to give the captives they had taken with Steven the third degree; and these captives, seeing that all his glory was departed from him and that Steven's medicine was powerless to help him in his present situation, shamelessly betrayed and abandoned their former god, and in order to gain favor with their captors falsely accused Steven of having killed women who displeased him. . . .

The Zuñis then proceeded to question Steven; and since they have always been past masters in applying the third degree, they were not long in wringing from the now thoroughly frightened Negro all there was to know. That finished, they proceeded to knock Steven on the head; and then threw his naked body over the wall. An escaping captive saw it there that night and carried word of the tragedy back to the Spanish priest.

Thus came to an end, at the pueblo of Zuñi, the career of the greatest tragic-comedy figure that ever came in contact with pueblo Indians of the Southwest.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Read the story of Cabeza de Baca (or Vaca) in H. E. Bolton's *Spanish Borderlands,* Chapter II, or in any reference.
2. Find Zuñi on the map of New Mexico. Find out what you can of the modern Zuñi Indians.
3. How do you account for Steven's power over the Indians?

4. If you have read O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones* or seen it on the screen, compare Steven with Jones. What are the most exciting dramatic scenes in Steven's story?

2. SONG OF THE FORERUNNERS

KARLE WILSON BAKER

The men who made Texas
Rode west with dazzled eyes
On the hot trail of the Future,
To take her by surprise:

They were dreamers on horseback,
Dreamers with strong hands,
Trailing the golden Lion
Who couches in far lands:

Old men and young men, little men and tall,
Bad men and good men—but strong men, all.

The women who bore Texas
Could see beyond the sun:
They sat on cabin doorsteps
When the long day was done,

And they crooned to lusty babies,
But their look was far away—
For they gazed straight through the sunset
To the unborn day.

Stern women, laughing women, women stout or small,
Bronzed women, broken women—brave women, all.

The men who made Texas
Laughed at fate and doom—
Dreamers on horseback,
Men who needed room;

And the women in young Texas,
Hanging homespun clothes to dry,
Loved a prairie for a dooryard,
For meeting-house, the sky—

Wide visions and wide spaces, man and land were large of lung:
Texas knew not cheap and easy, slack and small, when she was young!

But the men who made Texas
Left their work half-done—
For nothing stands full-finished
Beneath the spinning sun;

And the women who dreamed Texas
Had much work to do
When they lay down for their last sleep
In a land still new;

And a yet-unbuilded Texas, cloud-paved and glimmering,
Burns yet before the eyes of us, who toil and dream and sing.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Name some of the historical "forerunners" who founded Texas and the Southwestern states. Can you also name "forerunners" of other states?
2. What challenges to young people does the poet give in the last of this poem?

3. DEGUELO: THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

MARQUIS JAMES

In 1836 the Republic of Texas was in revolt against the government of Mexico. A small command of less than 200 Texans under Colonel William Barret Travis, a native of Virginia, occupied the Alamo, a mission church in San Antonio. They were besieged by General Santa Anna at the head of a force of Mexican soldiers.

On the morning of February 23, 1836, Travis posted a sentinel in the tower of San Fernando Church to keep a lookout to the west and, at first sight of anything resembling Mexican troops, to ring the bell. With this precaution the Texan army of occupation very leisurely went about the business of putting the Alamo in a state of defense. The soldiers preferred to lounge about the cantinas and mix with their friendly enemies among the native

population. They regretted the departure of so many comely señoritas. The town was dull enough as it was.

This boredom was relaxed, however, when shortly before noon on the twenty-third the population and garrison alike were startled by the furious clanging of the bell in the tower of the Church of San Fernando. An officer scrambled up the dark little stairway. What had the sentinel seen? He had seen Mexicans—cavalry on the heights of Alazan—their lances glittering through the mist of a fine rain. But where were they now? demanded the officer. Gone, said the sentinel—vanished at the first taps of the bell. The officer scanned the horizon. He saw nothing and the sentinel was accused of giving a false alarm. But Travis thought it prudent to investigate the soldier's story. Doctor John Sutherland and Scout John W. Smith had their horses saddled, and volunteered to reconnoiter.

.

Some other recruits, dressed in fringed buckskins, rode into town and, in the drawl of a southern mountaineer, their spokesman said they wanted to fight. This was Davy Crockett with his twelve Tennesseans. Davy had been a Tennessee congressman from a backwoods district. With a good head and an amusing way about him, he had become something of a national figure. Unfortunately, he committed the error of opposing Andrew Jackson and this had lost him his seat in Congress. Texas was in the public eye and Davy had come on looking for excitement.

A few other volunteers straggled in, bringing Travis's command to the neighborhood of one hundred and forty-five men who, on February twenty-third, awaited the return of Scouts Sutherland and Smith with an indifference born of a picturesque contempt for peril. They did not have long to wait. The two horsemen were seen returning at a dead run across the plain. Travis immediately gave orders to evacuate the Bexar and occupy the Alamo Mission beyond the eastern purlieus of the town. From the way his scouts were riding, Travis knew the Mexican army was coming. Travis now had one hundred and fifty men, having gathered up a few loyal native Mexicans in the town. His first —and last—impulse was to fight.

Sutherland and Smith found their comrades in a fever of preparation to defend the Alamo. The scouts said they had seen fifteen hundred troops drawn up in line of battle, with an officer riding up and down, flourishing a sword and exhorting his men

with oratory. Doctor Sutherland had injured his knee during the reconnaissance and could not walk without assistance. But he could ride and, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he sped through the Alamo gate with a message to the "Citizens of Gonzales," a little town fifty miles to the eastward. "The enemy in large force is in sight. We want men and provisions. Send them to us. We . . . are determined to defend the Alamo to the last. Give us assistance."

The message had not been long on its way when the Mexican troops filed into Bexar. A picket on the Alamo wall announced the approach of a horseman under a flag of truce. Travis suspected the object of his visit. He sent Major Morris and Captain Marten to meet the flag. These officers received Santa Anna's demand of surrender "at discretion." They gave Travis's answer. It was a refusal—which Travis rendered the more emphatic by sending a cannon ball into the town when the Mexican emissary had withdrawn. Santa Anna replied by raising the red flag of No Quarter over the tower of San Fernando and opening on the Texans with a mortar battery. The siege of the Alamo had begun.

The following day Travis spared another of his precious men to carry to the outside world a message that has been called the most heroic in American history.

"Commandancy of the Alamo, Bexar, Feby 24th, 1836.

"To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World——

"Fellow Citizens and Compatriots: I am besieged with a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, other wise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the wall. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his honor and that of his country. VICTORY or DEATH.

"William Barret Travis
"Lt. Col. Comdt."

"P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted

houses 80 to 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 to 30 head of Beeves."

The Alamo, which means the cottonwood tree, was a mission more than one hundred years old—a large and strong establishment with superior advantages of defense. Its size was an embarrassment, however. There was a stone church, partly unroofed in previous fighting, with walls four feet thick, and two stoutly walled enclosures adjoining. The smaller of these enclosures was the convent yard; the larger, more than two acres in extent, the general plaza of the mission. Built against the walls of these enclosures were several stone buildings—a convent, a hospital, barracks, a prison. The walls varied in height from five to twenty-two feet and to defend them Travis mounted eighteen guns. At intervals scaffolds were built for riflemen. The defensive arrangements were intelligently supervised by an engineer named Jameson, but neither scientific skill nor valor could make up for the lack of men. To garrison works so extensive required a thousand troops.

Travis knew that everything depended on reenforcements, and they must come soon. Battalion after battalion of Mexican troops showed themselves on the prairie, and began to encircle the Alamo beyond the range of its guns. Batteries were pushed up and the bombardment grew heavier. Parties of Texans sallied from the walls to gather fire-wood and to harass the Mexican artillery-men with rifle-fire.

.

Bonham came in at eleven o'clock in the morning. There was still a chance—a bare chance—of help from without. Three days before, March first, an attempt to reorganize the Texas civil government had been scheduled to be made at the town of Washington-on-the-Brazos, two hundred and twenty-five miles away. After talking to Bonham, Travis prepared appeals to the leaders at Washington, writing all afternoon amid a cannonade and constant interruptions by his lieutenants with more bad news: the ring of investing troops was drawing closer. The appeals of Travis embodied a temperate account of the action to date. . . .

When his official communications were finished, Travis wrote to a friend to "take care of my little boy."

Night came on. The Commandant handed his letters to Captain Albert Marten and wished him well. Marten stole through

the gate into the shadows. The last of Travis's soldiers had left the Alamo.

The next day the Mexicans kept up a heavy fire of artillery, the Texans replying occasionally. The day after that, Saturday, March fifth, the bombardment eased off in the afternoon and by ten o'clock at night it had stopped altogether. Travis suspected a ruse and posted all his men, who loaded their rifles and their guns and began their twelfth night of vigil. Since the siege had begun there had been no reliefs. The entire command had been continuously on duty. Beef and cornbread had been served on the walls. This was the sole ration. There was no coffee, which would have helped to keep the men awake, and sleep was an enemy more dreaded than the Mexicans. For days men had been dozing in snatches at their guns during the thunder of bombardment. Now the roar had ceased. A silence almost tangible, a starlit southern night: the defenders of the Alamo leaned against their guns—and slept.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Santa Anna called his commanding officers to headquarters in Bexar. He distributed copies of a general order. "The time has come to strike a decisive blow upon the enemy occupying the Fortress of the Alamo. . . . Tomorrow at 4 o'clock A.M., the columns of attack shall be stationed at musket shot distance from the first entrenchments, ready for the charge, which shall commence at a signal to be given with the bugle."

The attacking columns would be four in number—one to storm each side of the Alamo simultaneously. They would be composed of fourteen hundred infantry who had enjoyed three days' rest. "The first column will carry ten ladders, two crowbars and two axes; the second, ten ladders; the third, six ladders; and the fourth, two ladders. The men carrying the ladders will sling their guns on their shoulders, to be enabled to place the ladders wherever they may be required. The men will wear neither overcoats nor blankets, or anything that will impede the rapidity of their motions. The men will have the chin straps of their caps down. . . . The arms, principally the bayonets, should be in perfect order." Behind the attacking infantry and the infantry reserve, cavalry would prowl the country to see that no man in the Alamo escaped.

At four o'clock in the morning the moon had risen. A mild radiance softly outlined the irregular white walls of the fortress which betrayed not the slightest sign of life. Santa Anna's orders

had been carried out exactly. Noiselessly, each column of assault had taken its places to encircle the Alamo. The signal bugle sounded and the Mexican band struck up the savage air of *Deguelo,* or *Cutthroat.* The troops gave a cheer for Santa Anna and advanced at a run.

Not until the charging assailants were within easy rifle range did a sound come from the walls of the Alamo. Then a flash, a roar and a pungent curtain of smoke. The Texans had let loose their guns loaded with grape-shot and scrap iron. They followed with a deadly fire of musketry. Gaps were torn in the attackers' ranks, but the impetus of the charge carried it on.

The Texans defending the north wall sent up an exultant shout. The column of attack in front of them had recoiled and was in full retreat. East, west and south Travis's men took heart and increased their fire. The east column faltered and fell back. The west fell back. The panic spread to the south column, which had reached the walls; it broke and fled. The moonlit plain was dotted with the vague shapes of the fallen. Among the slain was Colonel Francisco Duque, commander of the north column, wounded and then trampled to death trying to stem the rout of his men.

The first assault on the Alamo had failed.

The confused masses were reformed into battalions. Battalions were regrouped for attack, commanding officers riding up and down, heartening their men. The eastern sky was growing gray and the stars were fading when the four columns again sprang forward over the pallid plain and the corpses of the dead. Once more the dim advancing lines were staggered by a broadside from the walls. The north column recoiled, the west column retired, the east column was routed. Colonel José Vincente Minon's sturdy south column tottered, but came on and applied its scaling ladders to the walls. The retreating east column veered to the right and the west column to the left. These spontaneous movements had the effect of reenforcing the flanks of the north column which, though stopped, held its ground. Officers grasped the situation and drove this combined force against the north wall in the face of a furious fire. The wall was reached, but the assailants had no will left to try to scale it. They broke and fled. On the south side the fighting was hand to hand. The Mexicans climbed their ladders, but the Texans beat them back with clubbed rifles and bowie knives.

The second assault had failed.

The break of day looked upon preparations within and without the Alamo for a renewal of the struggle. Travis and his band were in hard case. Their guns were hot and ammunition nearly gone. There had been few casualties but the men were very weary. Had the Mexicans launched their first attack as quietly as they had moved into position for it, that onslaught might have told the tale, as the Texans were sound asleep. The three pickets stationed outside the walls to observe the enemy must have been bayonetted for they gave no warning. The alarm was given by a captain on the walls. Travis was on his feet instantly. Snatching up a rifle and his sword he called to Joe, his Negro servant, and ran across the plaza to a cannon at the northwest corner of the wall. "Come on, boys, the Mexicans are here!" The cheer for Santa Anna and the notes of *Deguelo* helped to rouse the men. A clink of equipment, the pat-pat of running feet and the ghostly lines took shape in the moonlight.

After two repulses the Mexican officers had some difficulty getting their men in a mood for a third attack. But the ranks were reformed, the bugle sounded and the wave surged forward, officers beating the laggards with the flats of swords. Profiting by experience, the Mexicans varied their mode of assault. Having met with no success on the fronts assigned to them, the east and west columns swung over and joined the north column to storm that rampart. The consolidated force charged across the space swept by the Texans' cannon and reached the shadow of the wall where the cannon could not be trained to play upon them. "Nor could the defenders use their muskets with accuracy," wrote a Mexican general, "because the wall having no inner banquette, they had, in order to deliver their fire, to stand on top where they could not live for a second."

The wall was cleared and the scaling ladders flung up. Mexicans tumbled over "like sheep," according to Travis's Joe. The Commander of the Alamo fell with a ball through his head as he stood behind a useless cannon and made ready to fire his rifle. The Texans met the onrush with rifles, pistols, knives and their fists, but the Mexicans were too numerous. The defenders retreated across the plaza to the barracks that formed the east wall and to the church, also on the east side.

Meantime the southern column, which had always struck vigorous blows, breached the wall and came through. A desperate fight ensued. The Mexicans fell in heaps. The Texans took refuge in a barrack building forming the west wall of the plaza

and fought from room to room until not a man of their number remained alive.

On the east side of the plaza the fight went on in the barracks there. The Mexicans ended it when they dragged inside a howitzer filled with grape, which they fired through the length of the building. Fifteen Texans were found dead in front of the gun and forty Mexicans behind it. This building was used as a hospital and according to one account, Jim Bowie perished there propped up on his cot and defending himself with two pistols.

The last point taken was the church. With his rifle "Betsy," Davy Crockett and the twelve from Tennessee held the inner gate to the little churchyard, firing until they no longer had time to load. Then clubbing their rifles and drawing hunting knives from their belts, they dispatched twenty-five more of the enemy before the last backwoodsman fell. Inside the church there was a brief struggle. The most plausible account says that Bowie died there, whence he had been carried so that his sister-in-law might attend him. Both versions of Bowie's death declare that he fought from his bed to the last and that his body was pitched about on the bayonets of the soldiers.

It had been agreed that the last Texan soldier alive should blow up the powder magazine in the church. A Mexican shot down Major Robert Evans as he attempted to apply a match. This seemed to complete the conquest. Across the corpse-strewn floor in a far corner huddled a little knot of women and children and a few slaves. The soldiers began to fling them about roughly. Mrs. A. M. Dickinson, the wife of a lieutenant who had perished on the walls, held her fifteen-months-old baby girl at her breast. At the woman's side crouched young Asa Walker, a wounded gunner. Mrs. Dickinson pleaded for his life, but the Mexicans ran him through, tossing "his body on their bayonets as a farmer would handle a bundle of hay."

The slanting sunlight, driving through holes in the roof, made irregular islands on the bloodstained western wall. It was eight o'clock in the morning and the Alamo had fallen.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Bring to class pictures of the Alamo. What is the origin of the name?
2. Compare Crockett's heroic death with his youthful experiences.
3. What is the most famous statement in the letters of Travis?
4. It has been said of the defenders of the Alamo: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none." What does this mean?

5. Marquis James has also written *The Raven,* a thrilling life of Sam Houston. Read the chapters regarding the Battle of San Jacinto that followed on April 21, 1836.

6. The Alamo is now a historic shrine in which are preserved relics and records of its defenders. Thousands of visitors see it each year. If you have visited it, report to the class the most distinctive thing you saw.

4. WITHIN THE ALAMO

KARLE WILSON BAKER

He drew a straight line
Across the dirt floor:
Within, it was death-still—
Without, was a roar

And a scream of the trumpets:
Within, was a Word—
And a line drawn clean
By the sweep of a sword.

No help was coming, now—
That hope was done.
No more the free air,
No more the sun

Bright on the blue leagues
Of buffalo-clover.
Travis drew a line
And they all crossed over.

Travis had a wife at home,
Travis was young;
Travis had a little boy
Whose tight arms clung,

But Travis saw a far light
Shining before:
Travis drew a sword-cut
Across the dirt floor.

.

And now the old fort stands
Placid and dim,
Blinking and dreaming
Of them and of him;

And now past the Plaza
Other tides roar,
Since Travis wrote "Valor"
Across the sand floor,

And the guns they will rust,
And the captains will go,
And an end comes at last
To wars that we know,

But as long as there travails
A Spirit in man,
In a war that was ancient
Before Time began,

Here will the brave come
To read a high Word—
Cut clean in the dust
By the stroke of a sword.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The line drawn by Travis has become a symbol of courage. Try to express its meaning in your own words.

2. Note Karle Wilson Baker's choice of simple details that make the scene vivid.

3. If you want to read a discussion of whether this story is a fact or a legend, consult *In the Shadow of History*, Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, Vol. XV (1939). When you have finished, you may agree with those who say, "Well, we'll believe it whether it's true or not."

5. LIFE OF THE EARLY TEXAS RANGERS

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

The word "Ranger" occurs in Texas for the first time in 1823 when Stephen F. Austin employed ten men to defend the American settlers from the Indians. From the beginning of the Texas Revolu-

tion in 1835 there seems to have existed an irregular body of fighters called the Texas Rangers.

When Stephen F. Austin stated that he needed Rangers to give protection from the Indians in 1823, he evidently used the term as a common noun, certainly in a sense which the term Texas Ranger does not convey today. The word was almost synonymous with rover, a free lance who ranged over a wide area and who acted without very much supervision—a use of the term which continued for many years. The contemporary literature reveals that these early Indian fighters—for such they were in the beginning—did not speak of themselves as Rangers. The laws that created these early forces designated them as "mounted volunteers," "mounted gunmen," "spies," and "rangers." Occasionally the law stated that these forces were "to act as rangers" on a certain frontier, or were to "range" over a certain area. It is true that much later, men who had served with Hays or even before him wrote of their experiences as Rangers. It was not until the Mexican War that contemporary writers recognized the existence of an institution specifically known as Texas Rangers.

The character of the Ranger is to be found in his function, his method, his dress, and equipment. An examination of the laws creating these early forces of Indian fighters, and of the contemporary accounts of their activities, reveals clearly that these mounted volunteers, gunmen, spies, or Rangers, had well-defined and highly specialized duties. They were entirely distinct from the soldiers of the regular army, from the militia, and from the local police. The organization was simple, almost primitive, something like the band of Comanche braves who followed their chief, or the *posse comitatus* of the early Germans. The term of service was short, either three or six months. At first there was nothing like a *permanent force,* such as Hays had later at San Antonio. Another characteristic of these early organizations, and this applies to every force that has borne the name, was the absence of formal discipline. The simplicity of the organization and the small size of the force and the character of the work made military rule of the formal sort impossible. Furthermore, the very qualities necessary for a Texas Ranger made him impatient of discipline. The natural turbulence and independence of the frontiersman made obedience distasteful to him.

It follows that no man could lead or control these Indian and

Mexican fighters simply because some political authority had given him an appointment to do so. The leaders had to *emerge* from the group, and all that the state could do was to confirm and legalize a fact. Hays was made a Ranger captain after he had proved his leadership. The same sort of ability made McCulloch and Sam Walker, and many others, even the droll and whimsical Big Foot Wallace, officers. It is not too much to sav that a Ranger captain had to prove his leadership every day, in every battle, and in every campaign. The price of failure at any time was death to his prestige and supremacy. This demand for *real* leadership, for superiority of both physique and intelligence, became a tradition in the force and that tradition is as potent today as it was when Hays was captain.

To speak of courage among Texas Rangers is almost a superfluity. They all have it to a high degree, and the man who lacks it cannot long remain a private. A captain not only had courage, which may be a purely emotional thing, but he had what is better, a complete absence of fear. For him fear and courage are unknown; he is not conscious of either. This means that he is free, with every faculty about him, to act in complete accord with his intelligence.

The main requisite of the Ranger captain is intelligence. He is all mind, and his mind works, not only in emergencies, but ahead of them; he anticipates the contingency and prepares for it. As a part of this intelligence, he must have judgment, and it must be almost unerring. He must use it not only in handling the enemy, but in handling his own men. Many a man can succeed in a battle and fail completely in camp because he cannot judge the character of his men, does not know, almost by instinct, how to deal with them. It is this judgment that enabled the successful officer to associate with his men every day, sleep with them at night, suffer with them on campaigns, and yet retain their respect. The barrier separating the leader from the follower is one of quality and not of clothes, stripes, and chevrons. So far as the records show, no great Ranger captain has ever been loquacious. Hays has been described as having a sad, silent face, McCulloch was noted for his taciturnity, McNelly for his quietness, John B. Jones for his refined elegance, and John H. Rogers for his meditative religious nature bordering on mysticism.

A Ranger captain, to be successful, must combine boldness with judgment. Once he has decided to strike, having always only a small group, he must strike with such force as to devastate

or completely demoralize his enemy. It is not his size but his speed that gives him momentum.

Finally, a leader of Rangers, if we are to draw conclusions from cases, must have youth. Hays was a captain at twenty-three, a major at twenty-five, a colonel at thirty-one, and his services in the force ended at or before he was thirty-four. McCulloch was the same age as Hays; Sam Walker was thirty-two at the time of the Mier Expedition and was killed at thirty-five; McNelly was dead at thirty-three. The roll of the force would probably show that every important man from Jack Hays to Frank Hamer entered the service and made his name while young. One reason for this, perhaps, is that a leader of such men must have strength and endurance. He does not direct his men, but he *leads* them.

The story of the Rangers thus far shows that all of them were mounted. Horses were of the utmost importance to them, and when a man presented himself for enlistment, the captain not only examined him but his horse as well. It is said that Hays would not accept a man who did not have a horse worth a hundred dollars. Since the men were at war constantly with mounted Indians and mounted Mexicans, their horses had to be the best. Furthermore, the vast distances of Texas could not be covered rapidly or at all except on horseback. There is a saying among the Rangers, or was until the coming of the automobile, that a Ranger was no better than his horse. A Ranger wanted to be first in advance; he had no desire to be last in retreat. The Indians realized the importance of horses, and in practically every collision each side tried to stampede the *caballado* of the other. Many an expedition had to be abandoned because the horses were broken down and no others could be had. Up to the time of Hays it was not unusual for the Indians to set the Rangers afoot.

Since the warfare of the Texas border had to be conducted on horseback, it follows that the Rangers needed weapons suited to such warfare. Such weapons the Texans did not have until the time of Jack Hays. They were first equipped with the long rifle, the shotgun, and the single-barreled pistol which the Americans brought with them from the United States. These weapons were all developed for use on the ground and in the forests. The Americans, having never been in contact with mounted Indians, having never faced a mounted foe, had no weapons suited to horseback fighting. If the reader will review the early battles described thus far in this volume, he will see that there is no instance where the Texas Rangers fought either Mexicans or

Indians on horseback. They would dismount, leave a guard with the horses, and attack, or receive the attack, on foot. The Mexicans followed somewhat the same procedure, though they used lances to some effect on horseback. Not so with the Indians. They could ride and discharge their arrows with remarkable effect and with great rapidity. Their favorite game was to draw the fire of the Texans, and when the guns were empty they would charge the dismounted men before they could reload. The Texans met this situation by firing in platoons so that some of the men would have ready weapons at all times. The thing that saved the Texans from the Indians in these early days was that an Indian was extremely skittish of danger. He did not fancy an open charge where somebody was sure to be killed. It was not until the invention of the Colt revolver and its adoption by Hays that the Rangers, or any Texans, changed their old woodland tactics. The story of this revolution in border warfare, which took place in Hays's company, will be related in another place.

In the early days, when the Rangers made an expedition after the enemy, they were likely to carry any sort of equipment that struck their fancy, or that they possessed. After the force became somewhat perfected under Hays's leadership, the equipment, while not standardized, was more uniform, but in general it may be said that it consisted of the barest necessities. Caperton has described the equipment of the early day as follows:

"Each man was armed with a rifle, a pistol, and a knife, and with a Mexican blanket tied behind his saddle, and a small wallet in which he carried his salt and his ammunition, and perhaps a little *panoln* [*sic*], or parched corn, spiced and sweetened, a great allayer of thirst, and tobacco, [with these] he was equipped for months; and the little body of men, unencumbered by baggage wagons or pack trains, moved as lightly over the prairie as the Indians did, and lived as they did, without tents, with a saddle for a pillow at night, blankets over them, and their feet to the fire. Depending wholly upon wild game for food, they of course sometimes found a scarcity of it, and suffered the privations which are known to all hunters. Sometimes there was a necessity of killing a horse for food, when all else failed. The men were splendid riders, and used the Mexican saddle, improved somewhat by the Americans, and carried the Mexican *riata,* made of rawhide, and the lariat, used to rope horses with."

The Ranger's campaign method and technique have been described by one of the men as follows:

"He would put a layer of grass, or small brush, beneath his pallet, to avoid being chilled by the cold ground, and to prevent his blanket from becoming saturated in case of rain. His gum coat was placed over his saddle and rigging; his gun was by his side; his coat, boots and pistols were used as a pillow; his rations were fastened to his saddle; his head was to the north, and his feet to the fire, if he dared to have one. Generally he slept with most of his clothes on—ready to spring up and fight at a moment's notice. The least noise—of an unusual nature—would wake him, and in an instant he would be in fighting trim. In the warfare of those days it was victory or death. The Ranger would give quarter, but he never asked it. . . . It was a rule of the Rangers to camp on the south side of a thicket—in summer he had the advantage of the south breeze, and in winter it afforded protection against the 'northers.' Running streams were passed at once, to avoid the possibility of a sudden rise and consequent delay. When he reached a swollen stream he improvised a ferry in various ways; one was in the construction of a raft; another by tying stake-ropes together, stretching [it] from bank to bank, putting a stirrup on the line, attaching ropes thereto on either side. A 'rig' was made to hold whatever had to be crossed, and the loaded rig was suspended from the stirrup and drawn over the stream. A third [way] was by making a kind of sack of rawhide, in which the baggage was deposited, and pulled across by means of a rope; a log or two to which it was lashed would keep it from sinking.

"Rangers swam by the side of their horses, and guided them. No kind of weather precluded them from crossing rivers. They did so during 'northers,' and while snow and sleet were falling. The one idea ruled—make a rapid, noiseless march—strike the foe while he was not on the alert—punish him—crush him! With many there was a vengeful spirit to urge them on. Mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers, had been inhumanly butchered and scalped. Loved relatives had been captured, enslaved and outraged, and the memory of the cruel past rose up before the mind's eye, and goaded them into action. They fearlessly plunged into the thickest of the fight, and struck for vengeance. Braver men never pulled a trigger or wielded a blade."

On the frontier there were few roads, and these the Rangers often did not care to use in case they were spying. They traveled by course, by the stars, the sun, and the Texas streams. At night they rode by the north star, or by the procession of stars that rolled like a giant ferris wheel from east to west. Many of the

early leaders had engaged in surveying, were good woodsmen who found it easy enough to travel by the course of the streams. The men knew that all the rivers tended southeast. They usually traveled on the divides between two river basins, and could tell in this way about where they were, and which direction they were going. The contemporary writers spoke of settlements as being "on the Colorado," or "on the Brazos," or "on the Trinity." These river valley settlements were almost like independent states, and there was a close feeling of unity between the people in each river valley. Farther west, the rivers rose to higher and more arid land, and the distinction between different valleys disappeared in the monotonous level of the broad plains.

The men did not spend all of their time in the Indian chase. Occasionally they would go into San Antonio to recruit, rest their horses, and enjoy a little amusement. At that time San Antonio was inhabited almost wholly by Mexicans, and the Americans there had to be always on their guard. The favorite amusements were chicken fights which were held, Mexican style, on Sunday. Everybody participated, even the *padres*. "The priests, after celebrating mass, would go out and heel a chicken; the best heeler they had was the *padre*." The Rangers loved the *fandango* which was the great event, and it is said that the Rangers were constant attendants and that Hays himself might be seen whirling around with some fair *señorita*.

The Rangers always had good horses, and some of them had blooded race stock brought in from Kentucky or other states that love the royal animal and the sport of kings. Shortly before annexation a horse race was arranged in San Antonio near San Pedro Springs, in which Rangers, Mexicans, and Indians participated. This was long before the American cowboy was heard of, yet these Rangers, Mexican *caballeros,* and Comanche warriors performed about all the feats that are now seen in the standardized rodeos.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The Rangers described in this selection lived about a century ago. See W. P. Webb's *The Texas Rangers* (1935) for a full account of this organization to the present time.

2. Make a list of the qualities you would look for in an applicant for a place as a Ranger.

3. Many moving pictures deal with experiences like those of the Rangers. Do the screen heroes seem as interesting to you as these real Rangers?

Compare the pictures of the actual men in Webb's book with the actors who star in "westerns."

6. BIG-FOOT WALLACE

JOHN C. DUVAL

John C. Duval, the writer, and William A. ("Big-Foot") Wallace, the hunter and Ranger, were good friends from their youth. When they grew older, Duval would visit Big-Foot at Wallace's ranch on the Chacon near San Antonio, and talk over old times.

"Well, how was it, Big-Foot," I asked, "about that fight you had with the big Indian in the cañon?" "The fact is, sir," said he, "I caught a tremendous cold last night, and I'm so hoarse now I can hardly talk at all. I've got this cabin chinked entirely too tight (looking around at the cracks, through which the stars could be seen twinkling in every direction), and I shall have to knock out some more of the 'daubin.' Nothing like a tight room to give a man a cold. When I went on to the 'States,' five or six years ago, I had a cold constantly from sleeping in rooms that were as tight as a bottle. People want a supply of fresh air just as much as they do their regular meals, and occasionally something to clear the cobwebs out of their throats"; and as he said this, Big-Foot looked longingly toward the corner of the cabin in which the jug was deposited.

I took the hint, and handed over the "red-eye," when he glued the mouth of the jug affectionately to his lips, took observation of the stars through one of the chinks for about half a minute, and then setting it down with a long breath he wiped his lips on the cuff of his hunting-skirt, deliberately drew his butcher-knife from its sheath, cut a section from a plug of tobacco, crammed it into his mouth, and giving a preliminary squirt, to see if his spitting apparatus was all in good trim, he began his yarn of the "struggle for life."

In the fall of '42, the Indians were worse on the frontiers than they had ever been before, or since. You couldn't stake a horse out at night with any expectation of finding him the next morning, and a fellow's scalp wasn't safe on his head five minutes, outside of his own shanty. The people on the frontiers at last came to the conclusion that something had to be done, or else they would be compelled to fall back on the "settlements," which

you know would have been reversing the natural order of things. So we collected together by agreement at my ranch, organized a company of about forty men, and the next time the Indians came down from the mountains (and we hadn't long to wait for them) we took the trail, determined to follow it as long as our horses would hold out.

The trail led us up toward the headwaters of the Llano, and the third day out, I noticed a great many "signal smokes" rising up a long ways off in the direction we were traveling. These "signal smokes" are very curious things anyhow. You will see them rise up in a straight column, no matter how hard the wind may be blowing, and after reaching a great height they will spread out at the top like an umbrella, and then, in a minute or so, puff! they are all gone in the twinkling of an eye. How the Indians make them, I never could learn, and I have often asked old frontiersmen if they could tell me, but none of them could ever give me any information on the subject. Even the white men who have been captured by the Indians, and lived with them for years, never learned how these "signal smokes" were made.

Well, as I was saying, on the third day out, we found Indian "signs" as plentiful as pig-tracks around a corn crib, and I told the captain we would have to move very cautiously, or we would be apt to find ourselves, before long, in a hornet's nest. That night we camped at a "water-hole," and put out a double guard. Just before the sun went down, I had noticed a smoke, apparently about three miles to the northeast of us, and felt satisfied that there was a party of Indians encamped at that place. So I went to the captain and told him, if he would give me leave to do so, I would get up an hour or two before daylight and reconnoiter the position, and find out whether there were any Indians there or not, and if so, to what tribe they belonged, what was their number, etc. He was willing enough to let me go, and told the guards to pass me out whatever way I wanted to leave.

I whetted up "old butcher" a little, rammed two bullets down the throat of "sweet lips," and about two hours before daylight I left camp, and started off in the direction of the smoke I had seen the evening before. The chaparral, in some places, was as thick as the hair on a dog's back, but I "scuffled" through it in the dark, and after traveling perhaps a mile and a half, I came to a deep cañon, that seemed to head up in the direction I had seen the smoke. I scrambled down into it and waited until day

began to break, and then slowly and cautiously continued my course along the bottom of the cañon.

The cañon was very crooked, and in some places so narrow that there was hardly room enough in it for two men to travel abreast. At length I came to a place where it made a sudden bend to the left, and just as I turned the corner I came plump up against a big Indian, who was coming down the cañon, I suppose, with the intention of spying out our camp. We were both stooping down when we met, and our heads came together with considerable force, and the Indian rolled one way and I the other.

Both rose about the same time, and so unexpected was the encounter, that we stood for a moment uncertain what to do, and glaring upon each other like two catamounts, when they are about to dispute the carcass of a dead deer. The Indian had a gun as well as I, but we were too close to each other to shoot, and it seemed we both came to the same conclusion as to what was best to be done at the same instant, for we dropped our rifles and grappled each other without saying a word.

You see, boys, I am a pretty stout man yet, but in those days, without meaning to brag, I don't believe there was a white man west of the Colorado River that could stand up against me in a regular catamount, bear-hug, hand-to-hand fight. But the minute that I "hefted" that Indian I knew I had undertaken a job that would bring the sweat from me (and maybe so, I thought, a little blood too) before it was satisfactorily finished. He was nearly as tall as I am, say six feet one or two inches, and would weigh, I suppose, about one hundred and seventy-five pounds net, for he had no clothes on worth mentioning. I had the advantage of him in weight, but he was as wiry and active as a cat and as slick as an eel, and no wonder either, for he was greased from head to foot with bear's oil.

At it we went, in right down earnest, without a word being spoken by either of us, first up one side of the cañon, then down in the bottom, then up the other side, and the dust and gravel flew in such a way that if any one had been passing along the bank above, they would have supposed that a small whirlwind was raging below. I was a little the strongest of the two, however, and whenever we rose to our feet, I could throw the Indian easily enough, but the moment he touched the ground, the "varmint" would give himself a sort of a squirm, like a snake, and pop right up on top of me, and I couldn't hold him still a moment,

he was so slick with bear's grease. Each of us was trying to draw his butcher-knife from the sheath all the time, but we kept each other so busy, neither could get a chance to do it.

At last, I found that my breath began to fail me, and came to the conclusion, if something wasn't done pretty soon, I would "have my note taken" to a certainty, for the Indian was like a Lobos wolf, and was getting better the longer he fought. So, the next time we rose, I put out all the strength I had left in me, and gave him a "back-handed trip," that brought his head with great force against a sharp-pointed rock upon the ground. He was completely stunned by the shock for an instant, and before he fairly came to, I snatched my knife from the sheath, and drove it with all my strength up to the hilt in his body. The moment he felt the cold steel he threw me off of him as if I had been a ten-year-old, sprang upon me before I could rise, drew his own butcher-knife, and raised it above his head with the intention of plunging it into my breast.

I tell you what, boys, I often see that Indian now in my dreams, particularly after eating a hearty supper of bear's meat and honey, grappling me by the throat with his left hand, and the glittering butcher-knife lifted up above me in his right, and his two fierce black eyes gleaming like a panther's in the dark! Under such circumstances, it is astonishing how fast a man will think. He thinks faster than the words can fly over those "new-fangled" telegraph lines. I looked up to the blue sky, the sparkling waters, and the bright sun. Then I thought of my mother, as I remembered her when I was a little boy, the "old home," the apple orchard, the brook where I used to fish for minnows, and the "commons," where I used to ride every stray donkey and pony I could catch; and then I thought of Alice Ann, a blue-eyed, partridge-built young woman I had a "leaning to," who lived down in the Zumwalt Settlement. All these, and many more thoughts besides, flashed through my mind in the little time that knife was gleaming above my breast.

All at once the Indian gave a keen yell, and down came the knife with such force that it was buried to the hilt in the hard earth close to my side. The last time I had thrown the Indian, a deep gash had been cut in his forehead by the sharp-pointed rock, and the blood running down into his eyes from the wound blinded him, so that he missed his aim. I fully expected him to repeat his blow, but he lay still, and made no attempt to draw the knife from the ground. I looked at his eyes, and they were

closed hard and fast, but there was a devilish sort of grin still about his mouth, as if he had died under the belief that he had sent me before him into the "happy hunting grounds."

I threw him off of me, and he rolled to the bottom of the cañon "stone dead." My knife had gone directly to his heart. I looked at him some time, lying there so still, and stiffening fast in the cold morning air, and I said to myself, "Well, old fellow, you made a good fight of it anyhow, and if luck hadn't been against you, you would have 'taken my sign in,' too, to a certainty, and Alice Ann would have lost the best string she's got to her bow.'

"And now," said I to myself, "old fellow, I am going to do for you what I never did for an Indian before. I am going to give you a decent Christian burial." So I broke his gun into a dozen pieces and laid them beside him, according to the Indian custom, so it might be handy for him when he got to the "happy hunting grounds" (though if they haven't first-rate smiths there, I don't think it will be fit for use soon) and then I pulled up some pieces of rock from the sides of the cañon, and piled them around and over him until he was completely covered, and safe from the attacks of cayotes and other animals, and there, I have no doubt, his bones are to this day.

This is a true account of my fight with the big Indian in the cañon.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Big-Foot's name has been accounted for in various ways: that he had unusually big feet, and also that he killed an Indian named Big-Foot. Famous fighters of all kinds often have nicknames. Think of some examples, such as the hero of a Cooper novel. Do you nickname your school athletes?
2. What saved Wallace's life?
3. How does the narrator make Wallace seem brave without being boastful?
4. Read Duval's *Early Times in Texas* for the story of his own adventures as a boy at the massacre of Goliad during the Texas Revolution.

7. A PRAIRIE FIRE

GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL

The author, a successful newspaper man in New Orleans, came to Texas in 1841 to accompany a trading expedition of Texans to the town of Santa Fé. He was seeking adventure and material to write about. He got both—in full measure.

A tiresome ride of three or four miles now brought us to the river. On reaching its banks, nothing could restrain our nags from dashing headlong down. Equally thirsty ourselves, we had fondly hoped that the waters might prove fresh and sweet; but they were even more brackish than any we had yet tasted. Repulsive as it was, however, we swallowed enough to moisten our parched lips and throats, and ten minutes after were even more thirsty than before. Our horses, more fond of this water than any other, drank until apparently they could swallow no more.

While some of our party were digging into the sand at the edge of the stream, with the hope of finding water more fresh, and others were enjoying the cooling luxury of a bath, a loud report, as of a cannon, was heard in the direction of the camp, and a dark smoke was seen suddenly to arise.

"An Indian attack!" was the startling cry on all sides, and instantly we commenced huddling on our clothes and bridling our horses. One by one, as fast as we could get ready, we set off for what we supposed to be a scene of conflict. As we neared the camping-ground it became plainly evident that the prairie was on fire in all directions. When within a mile of the steep bluff, which cut off the prairie above from the valley, the bright flames were seen flashing among the dry cedars, and a dense volume of black smoke rising above all gave a painful sublimity to the scene.

On approaching nearer we were met by some of our companions, who were hurriedly seeking a passage up the steep. They had heard, from those on the prairie above, that the high grass had caught fire by accident, and that with such velocity had it spread that several of the wagons, and among them that of the commissioners, had been consumed. This wagon contained, in addition to a large number of cartridges, all the trunks and valuables of the mess to which I was attached, making me doubly anxious to gain the scene of destruction and learn the worst. It afterward proved that the explosion of the cartridges in the wagon was what we had mistaken for the report of our six-pounder.

With redoubled exertions we now pushed forward towards the camp, but before we could reach the base of the high and rugged bluff the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep, yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado. As the flames would strike the dry tops of the cedars, reports, resembling those of the musket,

would be heard; and in such quick succession did these reports follow each other, that I can compare them to nothing save the irregular discharge of infantry—a strange accompaniment to the wild roar of the devouring element.

The wind was blowing fresh from the west when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames, with a speed absolutely astounding, over the very ground on which we had traveled during the day. The wind lulled as the sun went down behind the mountains in the west, and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had descended was cut off by the fire, and night found our party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table-land above. Our situation was a dangerous one, too; for had the wind sprung up and veered into the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping, with such velocity did the flames extend.

If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth. The light from acres and acres, I might say miles and miles, of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noonday sun. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render still more haggard and toilsome his burned and blackened features.

I was fortunate enough, about nine o'clock, to meet one of our men, who directed me to a passage up the steep ascent. He had just left the bluff above, and gave me a piteous recital of our situation. He was endeavoring to find water, after several hours of unceasing toil, and I left him with slight hopes that his search would be rewarded. By this time I was alone, not one of the companions who had started with me from the river being in sight or hearing. One by one they had dropped off, each searching for some path by which he might climb to the table-land above.

The first person I met, after reaching the prairie, was Mr. Falconer, standing with the blackened remnant of a blanket in his hand, and watching lest the fire should break out on the western side of the camp; for in that direction the exertions of the men, aided by a strong westerly wind, had prevented the

devouring element from spreading. Mr. Falconer directed me to the spot where our mess was quartered. I found them sitting upon such articles as had been saved from the wagon, their gloomy countenances rendered more desponding by the reflection from the now distant fire. I was too much worn down by fatigue and deep anxiety to make many inquiries as to the extent of our loss; but hungry, and almost choked with thirst, I threw myself upon the blackened ground and sought forgetfulness in sleep. It was hours, however, before sleep visited my eyelids. From the spot on which I was lying, a broad sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width, the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard as it sped on as with the wings of lightning across the prairies, while in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display—the general combination forming a scene of grandeur and sublimity which the pen shrinks from describing, and to which the power of words is wholly unequal.

Daylight the next morning disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south, and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by the fire, and the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass but laid bare, in painful distinctness, the awful chasms and rents in the steep hillside before us, as well as the valley spreading far and wide below. Afar off, in the distance, a dense black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of the devastating element was still onward. Two of our wagons only had been entirely consumed, but nearly all had suffered. A part of the baggage in the commissioners' wagon had been saved by the extraordinary exertions of some of the men, and just as they had relinquished the work the explosion of cartridges, which had first alarmed the party in the valley, scattered the burning fragments of the wagon in every direction. My friend Falconer was so disfigured that I hardly knew him. His hair and eyebrows were scorched completely off, his face was in a perfect blister, his clothes burned from his back, and, without a hat, he seemed as though some insurance office had met with a heavy loss. Object of pity, however, as he appeared

to be, I still could not help smiling at the sad and wobegone figure he presented. Among the few trunks saved I fortunately found mine, containing nearly all my money, clothing, watch, and other valuables. The loss of a carpet-bag, which contained my boots and the rough articles I wore upon the road, was all I had to regret in the way of private property. Not so with the mess to which I was attached. The remnant of coffee we still had left was *burned* entirely too much; our pots, pans and kettles, knives and forks, were converted into old iron—everything was gone. We had nothing to eat, however, except half rations of miserably poor beef, and the necessity of falling back upon first principles, or, in other words, eating with our fingers, annoyed us but little.

The wagon of the commissioners contained, besides our private baggage, a quantity of jewelry, blankets, cartridges, rifles, muskets, etc. These were all destroyed. The other wagon which was consumed was loaded with goods, and from this nothing was saved. At one time the ammunition wagon, containing a large quantity of powder, was on fire, and only saved by the daring exertions of some of our men. It may appear singular to some of my readers that so much damage could be caused by the burning of grass alone, for on the spot where the wagons were drawn up there was nothing else; but it should be remembered that this grass was very high, had been killed by dry weather, and flashed up and spread almost with the rapidity of a train of powder on being ignited. It is very easy, when a fire upon the prairies is seen coming towards a party, to escape its dangers by kindling the grass immediately about and taking possession of the newly burned ground before the distant flames come up; but in this instance the fire commenced on the windward side, and with a frightful rapidity flashed directly along our line of wagons. The only wonder at the time was, how anything had been saved from the furious element that roared and crackled around.

We packed up and arranged our baggage as well as we could, hunted up and drove in our cattle, and late in the forenoon made a start.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write a five-minute talk for the radio on "Prairie and Forest Fires." Use some of Kendall's material.

2. How does Kendall's writing show that he was a good newspaper correspondent?

3. Compare the methods of cross-country travel as revealed in this account with those of today. Did travel a hundred years ago have any advantages over our present mode?

8. BOWIE'S SECRET

J. FRANK DOBIE

Legends are stories handed down orally among the common people, embodying their beliefs and superstitions and memories. Sometimes these tales are based on fact; sometimes they are impossible or supernatural. Every people preserves its legends, often elevating them into beautiful poems and operas and tales.

In the American Southwest the most widespread, typical legend is that of buried treasure. Not only are these tales of lost gold and silver still told, but they are still believed by some who dig for it in the hills and along riverbeds.

Although in a ruined condition, the great stone corral that nearly two hundred years ago protected the Spanish fort on the San Saba River of Texas still stands. It is out in a pasture near the little town of Menard, and deer and wild turkeys still run by it as they did when Spanish missionaries and soldiers and Indian converts made this spot the only permanent habitation for hundreds of miles around. Carved on one of the weathered rocks that mark the gateway into the corral, are these words:

BOWIE
MINE
1832

Whether James Bowie wrote there his own name and the date, no man can say. Bowie won fame at the Alamo, where he paid his life for the cause of Texas independence, and his name will always be associated with the Bowie knife—once as common on the frontier as the rifle and pistol; but to thousands of people he is remembered chiefly for his connection with a fabulous mine somewhere in the San Saba country.

Tradition has it that the Spaniards worked the mine and extracted unbelievable amounts of silver from it before they were driven away by the Comanches. Either they or Indians, who hated miners, are supposed to have concealed all traces of the mine. Certainly, as history records, the Spaniards prospected for

silver on the San Saba. Certainly, also, soon after he adventured into Texas, James Bowie began searching for the mine supposed to have been covered up by the Spaniards, and while on one expedition fought a desperate battle with the savages. Legend says that a friendly Lipan Indian showed him the secret entrance to the shaft. If Bowie really saw a mine, he was never able to work it, and the secret of its location died with him.

For a century almost it has been known as the Bowie Mine, though often it is called the Lost San Saba Mine. Men still look for it far and wide along the San Saba and Llano Rivers—a land that remains for the most part unplowed and owned by a sparse population of ranchers. As the stories go, the mine has been glimpsed many times, but always to be lost again. Sometimes it is supposed to be a gold mine as well as a silver mine. Now it is said to be in a cave, now under a river, now hidden in a thicket or down a ravine. The tales about it are without number, and of all the legendary mines in the vast territory of the United States once owned by Spain it is probably the most famous.

One of the earliest seekers for it was a man by the name of Dixon. Back in the years while Texas was still at war with Mexico, a lone Indian led Dixon into the San Saba hills to show him a cave in which, he said, was a vast storage of silver bullion left by the Spaniards. When they got into the hills, they learned that the Apaches and Comanches were on the warpath and turned back. Shortly thereafter the Indian died. Then Dixon went down into Mexico to search among ancient archives for some record that would lead him to the mine. He found nothing, but he appointed an agent; many years later this agent brought him a chart.

The chart gave directions for finding two thousand bars of silver that had been melted from San Saba ore and stored in a tunnel. Dixon began making preparations to secure it, but about this time the Civil War came on and the expedition had to be postponed. At last, however, more than thirty years after the lone Indian had led him into the San Saba hills, Dixon with a strong party of men reached the promised land, prepared to act.

The chart directed them to go three leagues (about nine miles) up the San Saba River from the old Spanish fort and then to go one league up Silver Creek. They had no trouble following directions. The chart now called for a mound of stones on a hillside. They found it. Under the stones should be half of a Mexican

metate (a stone used to grind corn on). They found half of a *metate.*

Now they were to measure off thirty varas due south and dig; there they should find a copper peg. They found it. Another thirty varas to the south should be another copper peg. It was there. Still another thirty varas they should go and then turn west. On this east-to-west line they should find three more copper pegs. They found them all. Next, going on west for an undetermined distance, they should come to two mesquite trees growing close together; in the ground between these two trees they should dig up another half of a *metate.*

As the men ran their lines and dug up copper peg after copper peg, their excitement was intense. They worked in a trot. Finding the two mesquites with the piece of *metate* at their roots proved to be a puzzling business. Finally, however, the stump of one tree was located, and, surely enough, excavation around it brought to light the second half of a *metate.* This half fitted exactly with the other. Across the gray surface of the rejoined halves the letters of one word showed plainly. The word was EXCAVAD. *Excavad* means *dig.* But dig where?

The chart now called for a tree with three prongs to the south of the last half of the *metate;* fixed between these three prongs should be a flint rock about the size of a turkey egg. Naturally all the trees in the land had grown a great deal since the Spaniards retreated so many years before, and many of them had decayed. It was only after a considerable number of trees had been chopped down and the branches cut out that the piece of flint was found. It was completely imbedded in the wood.

The next step was to sight from the tree with the flint in it to the mound of rocks at which they had started. The intersection of this line with the east-and-west line was the place to dig into the old shaft. Then, according to the directions, this shaft would have to be cleaned out for sixty feet straight down. It would lead off into a twisting tunnel, also full of debris, and the tunnel would enter into the "store room" with its two thousand bars of silver.

And now Dixon and his men began digging into what the chart said was the ancient Spanish shaft. They had not gone far before they were thoroughly convinced that instead of making a new hole they were actually taking the filling out of an old one. Certainly this was encouraging. However, before long they began to realize that in order to remove the rocks and dirt from

a wide shaft sixty feet deep and then from a long and complicated tunnel, they needed hoisting machinery and supplies to last many weeks. This was real labor.

"Who on earth," one of them mumbled, "would go to so much trouble to hide two thousand bars of silver?"

"If it's necessary to tunnel out this whole mountain to get the silver," said another, "somebody else can do the work."

"Yes," said a third, "and after the mountain has been torn down, who's to guarantee us even one bar of silver?"

Another man was afraid of Indians, and so, full of dissatisfaction and doubt, the party broke up and went back home. One of the men cemented the halves of the *metate* together and used it for a chicken trough. Dixon had become an old man; he gave up the search forever.

A traveler up Silver Creek may see today an enormous hole out of which hundreds of tons of rock and earth have been taken. He may see men working, trying to find their way to the fabulous storage room of silver bars. But this work belongs to a story that has not yet ended.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. James Bowie was one of the Texas heroes who died at the Alamo. His name is also associated with the origin of the famous "Bowie knife."
2. J. Frank Dobie has collected a great many treasure legends in *Coronado's Children* (1930) and *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver* (1938). Read several and make class reports on them.
3. Are there any legends of buried treasure in your community? Or any other folk legends? If so, try to write them down exactly as you hear them. Record the exact place and date as well as the full name of the person who tells you each legend.
4. Investigate the publications of your state folk-lore society.

9. OLIVER WIGGINS

STANLEY VESTAL

'Twas at the Cimarron Crossing
On the trail to Santy Fee,
Kit Carson met up with a caravan
That was a sight to see.

The teamsters were all greenhorns,
The wagon-master a coward;

Their wagon-wheels were warped and shrunk,
Their guns were all smooth-bored.

The only man in the outfit
That had a speck of gall
Was a boy named Oliver Wiggins—
Fifteen, and six foot tall.

He was a-herdin' the cavvy,[1]
Ridin' a sore-backed mule,
Totin' a pistol long as your arm—
A runaway from school!

The Kiowas come charging
To lift the teamsters' hair;
Kit and his men from the wagons then
Met the reds and stopped them there.

"Mount and after 'em, boys!" yelled Kit
As the redskins turned around;
At every bullet the trappers fired
Some Injun bit the ground.

The Carson men rode swift as the wind,
The Kiowas fled from harm;
In the front of the charge rode Oliver, poppin'
A pistol—long as your arm!

The wagon-master told the boy,
"You acted like a fool!
Them redskins might have took your hair,
And I'd ha' lost a mule!"

Oliver said, "I want my pay—
I'm through with the wagon-train;
I'm going to Taos with the Carson men—
I'll not work for *you* again!"

"No, ye don't!" says the wagon-master,
"You'll go on to Santy Fee;

[1]"A-herdin' the cavvy"—that is, driving the herd of spare animals at the rear of the column, the inevitable job of the greenhorn boy when crossing the plains.

I've told Kit's men to leave us now—
Tonight you sleep with me!"

Kit Carson made his camp that night
A mile from the wagon-park;
He sent Sol Silver to Oliver Wiggins
A little after dark.

"Would ye like to be one o' the Carson men
And travel along o' Kit?
He got his start on a mule like yourn
With a rope for bridle and bit.

"Wait till the greenhorns are all asleep
And you see Kit's camp-fire flare;
Then slip away from the wagon-train—
Come dawn, we'll be far from hyar."

The wolves were howling loud and long,
The wagon-master snored,
When Oliver Wiggins slipped away
To where Kit's camp-fire roared.

Said Kit, "My boy, I like your spunk;
I'll make a man of you;
I'll give you a rifle for that pop-gun,
And buckskins for your coat of blue.

"Shoot straight and tell the truth," Kit said,
"Shoot straight, fight hard to win;
The Carson men are all like that—
They die, but don't give in."

For twelve long years young Oliver
Served Carson true as steel;
The Indians caught the wagon-master
And burned him on a wagon-wheel.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Kit Carson was a famous "mountain man" or trapper in the Southwest a century ago. What qualities of leadership does he show?

2. Pick out the dialect and homely speech in this poem. What flavor do they give it?

3. If you like this episode, read Stanley Vestal's biography, *Kit Carson* (1928).

10. A SANTA FÉ TRADER

JOSIAH GREGG

From 1821 on, parties of American traders with wagon-loads of merchandise set out from Independence, Missouri, or thereabouts, toward Santa Fé, then a part of Mexico. It was a journey of nearly 800 miles, averaging anywhere from fifteen to eighteen miles a day in good weather. The various routes taken by the traders diverged at times, but came to be known as the Santa Fé Trail.

Considering ourselves at last out of danger of Indian hostilities (although still nearly a hundred and forty miles from Santa Fé); and not unwilling to give our "guard" as much trouble as possible, we abandoned the organization of our caravan a few miles beyond the Colorado; its members wending their way to the capital in almost as many detached parties as there were proprietors.

Some distance beyond the Colorado, a party of about a dozen (which I joined) left the wagons to go ahead to Santa Fé. Fifty miles beyond the main branch of this stream we passed the last of the Canadian waters, known to foreigners as the Mora. From thence to the Gallinas, the first of the Rio del Norte waters, the road stretches over an elevated plain, unobstructed by any mountainous ridge. At Gallinas creek, we found a large flock of sheep grazing upon the adjacent plain; while a little hovel at the foot of a cliff showed it to be a *rancho*. A swarthy *ranchero* soon made his appearance, from whom we procured a treat of goat's milk, with some dirty ewe's milk "curdle cheese" to supply the place of bread.

Some twenty miles from this place we entered San Miguel, the first settlement of any note upon our route. This consists of irregular clusters of mud-wall huts, and is situated in the fertile valley of Rio Pecos, a silvery little river which ripples from the snowy mountains of Santa Fé—from which city this frontier village is nearly fifty miles to the southeast. The road makes this great southern bend, to find a passway through the broken extremity of the spur of mountains, which from this point south

is cut up into detached ridges and table plains. This mountain section of the road, even in its present unimproved condition, presents but few difficult passes, and might, with little labor, be put in good order.

A few miles before reaching the city, the road again emerges into an open plain. Ascending a table ridge, we spied in an extended valley to the northwest, occasional groups of trees, skirted with verdant corn and wheat fields, with here and there a square blocklike protuberance reared in the midst. A little further, and just ahead of us to the north, irregular clusters of the same opened to our view. "Oh, we are approaching the suburbs!" thought I, on perceiving the corn fields, and what I supposed to be brick-kilns scattered in every direction. These and other observations of the same nature becoming audible, a friend at my elbow said, "It is true these are heaps of unburnt bricks, nevertheless they are houses—this is the city of Santa Fé."

Five or six days after our arrival, the caravan at last hove in sight, and wagon after wagon was seen pouring down the last declivity at about a mile's distance from the city. To judge from the clamorous rejoicings of the men, and the state of agreeable excitement which the muleteers seemed to be laboring under, the spectacle must have been as new to them as it had been to me. It was truly a scene for the artist's pencil to revel in. Even the animals seemed to participate in the humor of their riders, who grew more and more merry and obstreperous as they descended towards the city. I doubt, in short, whether the first sight of the walls of Jerusalem were beheld by the crusaders with much more tumultuous and soul-enrapturing joy.

The arrival produced a great deal of bustle and excitement among the natives. "*Los Americanos!*"—"*Los carros!*"—"*La entrada de las caravana!*" were to be heard in every direction; and crowds of women and boys flocked around to see the newcomers; while crowds of *léperos* hung about as usual to see what they could pilfer. The wagoners were by no means free from excitement on this occasion. Informed of the "ordeal" they had to pass, they had spent the previous morning in "rubbing up"; and now they were prepared, with clean faces, sleek combed hair, and their choicest Sunday suit, to meet the "fair eyes" of glistening black that were sure to stare at them as they passed. There was yet another preparation to be made in order to "show off" to advantage. Each wagoner must tie a brand new "cracker" to the lash of his whip; for, on driving through the streets and the *plaza*

publica, every one strives to outvie his comrades in the dexterity with which he flourishes this favorite and noisy badge of his authority.

Our wagons were soon discharged in the ware-rooms of the custom-house; and a few days' leisure being now at our disposal, we had time to take that recreation which a fatiguing journey of ten weeks had rendered so necessary. The wagoners, and many of the traders, particularly the novices, flocked to the numerous fandangos, which are regularly kept up after the arrival of a caravan. But the merchants generally were anxiously and actively engaged in their affairs—striving who should first get his goods out of the custom-house, and obtain a chance at the "hard chink" of the numerous country dealers, who annually resort to the capital on these occasions.

Now comes the harvest for those idle interpreters, who make a business of "passing goods," as they term it; for as but a small portion of the traders are able to write the Spanish language, they are obliged to employ these legal go-betweens, who pledge themselves, for a stipulated fee, to make the "arrangements," and translate the *manifiestos* (that is, bills of merchandise to be manifested at the custom-house), and to act the part of interpreters throughout.

The inspection ensues, but this is rarely carried on with rigid adherence to rules; for an "actuated sympathy" for the merchants, and a "specific desire" to promote the trade, cause the inspector to open a few of such packages only, as will exhibit the least discrepancy with the manifest. . . .

The arrival of a caravan at Santa Fé changes the aspect of the place at once. Instead of the idleness and stagnation which its streets exhibited before, one now sees everywhere the bustle, noise and activity of a lively market town. As the Mexicans very rarely speak English, the negotiations are mostly conducted in Spanish.

Taking the circuit of the stores, I found they usually contained general assortments, much like those to be met with in the retail variety stores of the West. The stocks of the inexperienced merchants are apt to abound in unsalable goods—*mulas,* as the Mexicans figuratively term them.

Although a fair variety of dry goods, silks, hardware, etc., is to be found in this market, domestic cottons, both bleached and brown, constitute the great staple, of which nearly equal quantities ought to enter into a "Santa Fé assortment."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What type of houses did Gregg observe in the Mexican settlements? Are modern houses ever built in this style of architecture?
2. Compare early travel over the Trail with Vachel Lindsay's poem on the modern Santa Fé Trail.

11. CATTLE

BERTA HART NANCE

Other states were carved or born,
Texas grew from hide and horn.

Other states are long or wide,
Texas is a shaggy hide,

Dripping blood and crumpled hair;
Some fat giant flung it there,

Laid the head where valleys drain,
Stretched its rump along the plain.

Other soil is full of stones,
Texans plow up cattle-bones.

Herds are buried on the trail,
Underneath the powdered shale;

Herds that stiffened like the snow,
Where the icy northers go.

Other states have built their halls,
Humming tunes along the walls.

Texans watched the mortar stirred,
While they kept the lowing herd.

Stamped on Texan wall and roof
Gleams the sharp and crescent hoof.

High above the hum and stir
Jingle bridle-rein and spur.

Other states were made or born,
Texas grew from hide and horn.

D

SEEKING NEW FRONTIERS

1. FOLLOWING THE FRONTIER

CHARLES MERZ

Here is the story of the Smith family that left Connecticut in 1791 and followed the frontier for more than a century. At the end of the long journey the frontier had vanished. Which direction will that family now turn?

This is a good life we lead. It has plenty of bath-tubs, open forums, good roads, laundries, high schools, and department stores, but by comparison with its own romantic past it is admittedly short on sheer adventure. There are no trails uncharted, no corners of the country unexplored, no valleys to be linked with highways. We have all that is best and biggest in grand opera, rapid transit, hospitals, wheat fields, skyscrapers, and extension courses, but this is not the country it used to be—not when all of us talk the same language, read the same news, and laugh at the same jokes in the same syndicated cartoons every morning. We have the fastest trains that run on tracks, but they take us through a series of Grand Union Stations. We are rich in ferries, but we have no boat-songs. We have the greatest highways in the world, but we have lost our frontiers.

John Smith stood on the steps of his farmhouse in the hills of Connecticut in 1791, and watched his son load a wife, two barrels of flour, a Bible, three muskets, a Governor Winthrop desk, six volumes of Jonathan Edwards, and a cask of rum into a wagon certain to break its axles, said the father, before it crossed the state line after some days' travel into far-away New York.

Washington was President, but a Cabinet of the best minds had failed to measure up to expectations and the country was plainly going to the dogs. Franklin had died the year before. Prices were high. Coal had been discovered in Pennsylvania, but as a dependable fuel could never take the place of wood, Whitney was toying with the cotton-gin. Another wave of crime had swept New York. Manners and morals weren't what they used to be. There was no telling what to expect of the younger generation. Here was John Smith, Jr., scorning the hard-won acres wrested by his father from a stony soil and proposing to turn his back on all that was safe and sane and respectable for a wilderness filled with Indians on the fresh-water lakes, and the impossible name, Ohio.

John Smith, Jr., slapped the reins on the backs of two willing horses which were never to see their journey's end. And into the West, not guessing the test of patience and courage and ingenuity that lay ahead of them, not guessing the breadth of valley or the height of hill, stopping at the end of an hour to wrap more carefully the pewter dishes destined to be melted into home-made bullets, rode two pioneers.

John Smith, Jr., had never been a reading man, and the pages of Jonathan Edwards were still uncut when John Smith, 3rd, took them west with him. This was 1822. Ohio had been a state for almost twenty years, and for half that time, said John Smith, 3rd, it was no place for an up-and-coming man. Iowa beckoned glowingly. What was the use of staying in Ohio, when it had plainly reached its saturation point, when farmhands wanted robbers' wages out of all proportion to their work and the best land had been gobbled up by profiteers who asked $7 to the acre?

John Smith, 3rd, went west in a prairie schooner six years after the first steamboat sailed the Lakes, and in the same year that gas-lights first lit Boston, back in the land of his grandsire. There was no Governor Winthrop desk to weight his wagon for him: his father had scorned the useless little drawers and the gadgets with brass knobs, and sawed the whole top off, one rainy afternoon, to make a carpenter's bench with which he could not bear to part, even to equip a well-loved son on a stubborn journey of adventure. The desk stayed home, to be done over in a brighter colour by a later generation. But John Smith, 3rd, had a Boston rocker with a Turkey-work seat of Perry's

victory and the latest thing in eight-day clocks. It was a Terry clock; and Terry had sold the patent rights for a thousand dollars cash, to launch America's first mass production.

Lafayette was coming back to the United States, and was suspected of wishing to profit from a lecture tour. Andrew Jackson had just been appointed Governor of Florida. Daniel Webster was denouncing blocs in Congress. Nobody could remember the second verse of the "Star-Spangled Banner." And in the spring of the year that James Monroe, indifferent to the just demands for adequate legislation to protect the interests of the farmer, promulgated a little-read doctrine concerning distant South America, John Smith, 3rd, lost his Terry clock crossing the swollen waters of the Mississippi.

John Smith, 4th, had no clock, no desk, and no Boston rocker when he left home for a land still closer to the setting sun. He had been down at the Buckboard Tavern, tippling—for John Smith, 4th, was a wayward son—when word came from a merry neighbour that gold had been struck near a town named Coloma, California.

John Smith, 4th, came home to tell his father he was going west that evening with two cheerful friends who were certain they could find their way to California. His father told him he was mad. The Smith family, said his father, had managed to amount to something in the world by keeping out of taverns, staying put and not jumping the fence at every wild idea.

John Smith, 4th, started west to California. He pushed his trunk to Council Bluffs in a wheelbarrow borrowed from a neighbour—for this John Smith had shaken his fist in his father's face and left home without a dowry—to join a wagon-caravan that was bound for El Dorado. A strange crew they were, twenty pious men and twenty rascals who quarrelled and swore and froze their way up the North Platte Valley till it lost itself in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming. John Smith, 4th, never saw the far side of those mountains and never won the fortune he had planned to flaunt in his father's face. A few miles east of the Great Divide, on a spot now marked by a Socony filling-station, this John Smith died of cholera.

Nevertheless, the family lived on. For a John Smith, 5th, remained. He had been a boy of ten when his father started west in 1849, and he had been left behind with a useless mother because there was nothing else to do with either one of them.

He had been twenty-two in '61. He had gone to the war and been shot once in the leg at Chickamauga and twice in the leg at Nashville, and gone back home in '65 to settle on the Iowa farm his grandfather had willed him.

Iowa land went up in value. Grant succeeded Johnson. Custer made war on Sitting Bull. Edison played "Turkey in the Straw" on a crazy little phonograph. Iowa land kept gaining value. The Union Pacific built a railway across the Wyoming hills, where the ashes of John Smith, 4th, lay mouldering in peace. Prosperity followed the hard times of '93. The whole world bought American wheat. And in 1910 Iowa land touched $180 to the acre.

John Smith, 5th, sold out in 1912, when he was seventy-three. He had no Governor Winthrop desk, no Terry clock, and no barrels of flour to take west with him. But he had a block of stock, a six-cylinder coupe, and a barrel of phonograph records for his daughters.

In 1912 the Smith family finished its trek across the country and found a home in Pasadena.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. On a map of the United States trace the wanderings of the Smith family. What was the general direction of their journeys? What attractions took the various Smiths on their journeys? Where can the Smith family go from Pasadena?

2. If possible trace the wanderings of your family for the last four or five generations. Do you live in the house your family occupied when you were born? Are the answers to the foregoing questions likely to be the same in different sections of the United States? Explain.

3. What is the purpose of the first paragraph of the selection? Could it have been used equally well as the last paragraph? Give reasons.

4. The author has condensed his narrative by illustrating periods with typical details. Enlarge on any one period by the use of incidents, inventions, books, pictures, amusements, fashions, and music.

5. There is probably no country in which there has been so much moving about as in ours. It would be interesting to tell of some of these migrations and their effect on the life of our people.

6. Volunteers report on chapters from Charles Merz's *The Great American Band Wagon,* from which this selection was taken. Especially enjoyable chapters are "Model T America," "The Lizzie on Olympus," and "Lincoln Highway."

2. THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL: A HUMORESQUE

VACHEL LINDSAY

Here is an impression of the Santa Fé Trail, the old highway of the pioneers from Kansas City to Santa Fé, New Mexico. This poem was written after the prairie schooner had given way to the automobile and the pioneer had been succeeded by the tourist. Imagine yourself sitting beside the old trail watching the noisy cars race by into the West.

There are two things always to remember about the poetry of Vachel Lindsay. You must read it with all the imagination that you can summon up, and you must read it aloud to get the best effect. Do not read this poem for literal descriptions. Pay no attention to the number of horns mentioned or to the locations of the various cities. Read "The Santa Fé Trail" as if it were a piece of music composed to give a certain impression.

I asked the old negro, "What is that bird that sings so well?" He answered, "That is the Rachel-Jane." "Hasn't it another name—lark, or thrush, or the like?" "No, jus' Rachel-Jane."

I

In which a Racing Auto comes from the East

To be sung delicately to an improvised tune

This is the order of the music of the morning:—
First, from the far East comes but a crooning;
The crooning turns to a sunrise singing.
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn;
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn. . .

To be sung or read with great speed

Hark to the pace-horn, chase-horn, race-horn!
And the holy veil of the dawn has gone,
Swiftly the brazen car comes on.
It burns in the East as the sunrise burns,
I see great flashes where the far trail turns.
Its eyes are lamps like the eyes of dragons.
It drinks gasoline from big red flagons.
Butting through the delicate mists of the morning,
It comes like lightning, goes past roaring.
It will hail all the wind-mills, taunting, ringing,
Dodge the cyclones,
Count the milestones,

On through the ranges the prairie-dog tills,
Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills. . . .
Ho for the tear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn,
Ho for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn.
Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
When houses choke us, and great books bore us:
Sunrise Kansas, harvester's Kansas,
A million men have found you before us.

To be read or sung in a rolling bass with some deliberation

II

In which Many Autos pass Westward

I want live things in their pride to remain.
I will not kill one grasshopper vain
Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.
I let him out, give him one chance more.
Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,
Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

In an even, deliberate, narrative manner

I am a tramp by the long trail's border,
Given to squalor, rags and disorder.
I nap and amble and yawn and look,
Write fool-thoughts in my grubby book,
Recite to the children, explore at my ease,
Work when I work, beg when I please,
Give crank drawings, that make folks stare,
To the half-grown boys in the sunset-glare;
And get me a place to sleep in the hay
At the end of a live-and-let-live day.

I find in the stubble of the new-cut weeds
A whisper and a feasting, all one needs:
The whisper of the strawberries, white and red,
Here where the new-cut weeds lie dead.
But I would not walk all alone till I die
Without some life-drunk horns going by.
Up round this apple-earth they come,
Blasting the whispers of the morning dumb:—
Cars in a plain realistic row.
And fair dreams fade
When the raw horns blow.

On each snapping pennant
A big black name—
The careering city
Whence each car came.
They tour from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,
Tallahassee and Texarkana.
They tour from St. Louis, Columbus, Manistee,
They tour from Peoria, Davenport, Kankakee.
Cars from Concord, Niagara, Boston,
Cars from Topeka, Emporia and Austin.
Cars from Chicago, Hannibal, Cairo,
Cars from Alton, Oswego, Toledo.
Cars from Buffalo, Kokomo, Delphi,
Cars from Lodi, Carmi, Loami.

Like a train caller in Union Depot

Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
When houses choke us, and great books bore us!
While I watch the highroad
And look at the sky,
While I watch the clouds in amazing grandeur
Roll their legions without rain
Over the blistering Kansas plain—
While I sit by the milestone
And watch the sky,
The United States
Goes by!

Listen to the iron horns, ripping, racking.
Listen to the quack horns, slack and clacking!
Way down the road, trilling like a toad,
Here come the dice-horn, here comes the vice-horn,
Here comes the snarl-horn, brawl-horn, lewd-horn,
Followed by the prude-horn, bleak and squeaking:—
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas).
Here comes the hod-horn, plod-horn, sod-horn,
Nevermore-to-roam-horn, loam-horn, home-horn,
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas).

To be given very harshly with a snapping explosiveness

Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns;
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and truth,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

To be read or sung well-nigh in a whisper

While smoke-black freights on the double-tracked railroad,
Driven as though by the foul-fiend's ox-goad,
Screaming to the west coast, screaming to the east,
Carry off a harvest, bring back a feast,
Harvesting machinery and harness for the beast.
The hand-cars whiz, and rattle on the rails:
The sunlight flashes on the tin dinner-pails.
And then, in an instant,
Ye modern men,
Behold the procession once again!
Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking!
Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-horn. . . .

Louder and louder, faster and faster

In a rolling bass with increasing deliberation

With a snapping explosiveness

Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and Truth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

To be sung or read well nigh in a whisper

The mufflers open on a score of cars
With wonderful thunder,
CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,
CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK,
CRACK-CRACK-CRACK, . . .
Listen to the gold-horn . . .
Old-horn . . .
Cold-horn . . .

To be brawled in the beginning with a snapping explosiveness ending in languorous chant

And all of the tunes, till the night comes down
On hay-stack, and ant-hill, and wind-bitten town.

Then far in the west, as in the beginning,
Dim in the distance, sweet in retreating,
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn,
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn. . . .

To be sung to exactly the same whispered tune as the first five lines

They are hunting the goals that they understand:—
San Francisco and the brown sea-sand.
My goal is the mystery the beggars win.
I am caught in the web the night-winds spin.
The edge of the wheat-ridge speaks to me;
I talk with the leaves of the mulberry tree.
And now I hear, as I sit all alone
In the dusk, by another big Santa Fé stone,
The souls of the tall corn gathering round,
And the gay little souls of the grass in the ground.
Listen to the tale the cotton-wood tells.
Listen to the wind-mills singing o'er the wells.
Listen to the whistling flutes without price
Of myriad prophets out of paradise . . .
Harken to the wonder that the night-air carries.
Listen . . . to . . . the . . . whisper . . .
Of . . . the . . . prairie . . . fairies
Singing over the fairy plain:
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Love and glory, stars and rain,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

This section beginning sonorously, ending in a languorous whisper

To the same whispered tune as the Rachel-Jane song—but very slowly

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is a humoresque? How is this poem a humoresque? What is the goal of those travelling the Sante Fé Trail?

2. What is the goal of Vachel Lindsay? How does he characterize himself? He spent some time tramping along the Santa Fé Trail; what reminders of his experiences do you find in the poem? Mention clear-cut pictures that remain with you.

3. Note that the song of the Rachel-Jane gives the mood of the old frontier. State this mood in your own words. Point out lines which indicate that the lure and charm of the old frontier are not gone.

4. What shows that Vachel Lindsay was much concerned with the sound

of the poem? Read aloud two stanzas that are marked contrasts in tempo, tone, and mood. Noting such differences, read aloud the entire poem, perhaps as a verse choir.

3. THE NEW PIONEERS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

A few years ago, President Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, during the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in that state. Look for the President's idea of the "new pioneers." Does our present-day society need the pioneer spirit? Does it allow this spirit? Has public relief during the Great Depression wrecked the self-reliance and personal independence which was encouraged by the old frontier?

We, pioneers of 1934, are come together today to honor the pioneers of a century and a half ago.

On my journey hither I have been reading once more of those thrilling days which saw the first peopling of these fair lands beyond the mountains and seized the perfect moment which destiny offered to our forebears to create these United States.

It has seemed to me in reading history that Harrodsburg can lay claim to having been the scene of more historical first things than any other spot I have ever known. And as you know, I am very much in favor of first things.

It seems not enough that this delightful and historic place was the first permanent settlement well beyond the mountains, that here were the earliest pioneer homes, that here came the first school teacher and the first doctor, that here was the first court in the West.

To this you may add many other firsts—the first corn raised in Kentucky, the first peach stones and apple seeds planted, the first wheat field, the first grist mill, and, perhaps, most important of all, the first spinning wheel.

That is why I am happy that, in addition to paying tribute to the memory of George Rogers Clark, who led his men from here to his great invasion and preservation of the inland empire to the United States, you are also honoring the men and women who made his expedition possible and who followed him with the permanency of home building.

It has come to be a generally accepted rule of civilized nations that mere discovery of new lands conveys no sovereignty, and, indeed, that mere conquest conveys but little better title. It is, after all, only peopling of the wilderness which gives permanency in the form of an ordered society.

There is a very definite analogy between those days and ours. Upon the pioneers of these great stretches of the Central West were forced new activities because of the circumstances of their surroundings.

They were compelled to hew out a new path—a path that was dependent not on the axe and the rifle alone, but upon their ability to govern themselves in new ways as well.

To most of the pioneers the necessities of the new life called for efforts and experiments to which they had not been accustomed in their earlier years in the more ordered civilization of the Atlantic seaboard. Survival itself demanded immediate and new action.

I have called us who are here today "Pioneers of 1934." I mean everything that the word "pioneer" implies. We, too, in these latter years throughout the length and breadth of our land, have come to a realization of the pregnant fact that the accustomed order of our formerly established lives does not suffice to meet the perils and the problems which we are compelled to face. Again, mere survival calls for new pioneering on our part.

Some portion of the blood of the colonists and the blood of the pioneers who worked their way, through the generations, across the mountains, until they came to the Pacific—that blood is present in very large part in the veins of millions of our people. More than that, the example and the spirit of these earlier Americans is present in the mind and the heart of all our populations.

The events which we here celebrate were so vital in the extension of the new nation that it has been thought proper for Congress to commemorate them not only in the spirit of gratitude but in the spirit of emulation as an example to guide us in the conquest of new frontiers of the spirit that are neither physical nor geographical.

We are carrying on, we shall carry on, the purposes of these men and women of Harrodsburg. They were hewing out a commonwealth—and I like that word "commonwealth." We, too, are hewing out a commonwealth—a commonwealth of the States which we hope will give to its people, more truly than any that has gone before, the fulfillment of security, of freedom, of oppor-

tunity and of happiness which America asks and is entitled to receive.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find out what you can about George Rogers Clark and tell what he did for the United States. How did the people of Harrodsburg contribute to his achievements? List the "Historical first things" that Harrodsburg claims.

2. In what sense are we all pioneers? Name several new frontiers faced by your generation. How do they differ from the old frontiers?

4. LOVE OF LIFE

JACK LONDON

Alaska, our last geographical frontier, has fully as great a lure as the older frontiers in American history. It, too, has its stories of hardship and adventure.

This out of all will remain—
They have lived and have tossed:
So much of the game will gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.

* * *

They limped painfully down the bank, and once the foremost of the two men staggered among the rough-strewn rocks. They were tired and weak, and their faces had the drawn expression of patience which comes of hardship long endured. They were heavily burdened with blanket packs which were strapped to their shoulders. Head-straps, passing across the forehead, helped support these packs. Each man carried a rifle. They walked in a stooped posture, the shoulders well forward, the head still farther forward, the eyes bent upon the ground.

"I wish we had just about two of them cartridges that's layin' in that cache of ourn," said the second man.

His voice was utterly and drearily expressionless. He spoke without enthusiasm; but the first man, limping into the milky stream that foamed over the rocks, vouchsafed no reply.

The other man followed at his heels. They did not remove their footgear, though the water was icy cold—so cold that their ankles ached and their feet went numb. In places the water dashed against their knees, and both men staggered for footing.

The man who followed slipped on a smooth boulder, nearly fell, but recovered himself with a violent effort, at the same time uttering a sharp exclamation of pain. He seemed faint and dizzy, and put out his free hand while he reeled, as though seeking support against the air. When he had steadied himself he stepped forward, but reeled again and nearly fell. Then he stood still and looked at the other man, who had never turned his head.

The man stood still for fully a minute, as though debating with himself. Then he called out:

"I say, Bill, I've sprained my ankle."

Bill staggered on through the milky water. He did not look around. The man watched him go, and though his face was expressionless as ever, his eyes were like the eyes of a wounded deer.

The other man limped up the farther bank and continued straight on without looking back. The man in the stream watched him. His lips trembled a little, so that the rough thatch of brown hair which covered them was visibly agitated. His tongue even strayed out to moisten them.

"Bill!" he cried out.

It was the pleading cry of a strong man in distress, but Bill's head did not turn. The man watched him go, limping grotesquely and lurching forward with stammering gait up the slow slope toward the soft sky-line of the low-lying hill. He watched him go till he passed over the crest and disappeared. Then he turned his gaze and slowly took in the circle of the world that remained to him now that Bill was gone.

Near the horizon the sun was smoldering dimly, almost obscured by formless mists and vapors, which gave an impression of mass and density without outline or tangibility. The man pulled out his watch, the while resting his weight on one leg. It was four o'clock, and as the season was near the last of July or first of August—he did not know the precise date within a week or two—he knew that the sun roughly marked the northwest. He looked to the south and knew that somewhere beyond those bleak hills lay the Great Bear Lake; also, he knew that in that direction the Arctic Circle cut its forbidding way across the Canadian Barrens. This stream in which he stood was a feeder to the Coppermine River, which in turn flowed north and emptied into Coronation Gulf and the Arctic Ocean. He had never been there, but he had seen it, once, on a Hudson Bay Company chart.

Again his gaze completed the circle of the world about him. It was not a heartening spectacle. Everywhere was soft sky-line. The hills were all low-lying. There were no trees, no shrubs, no grasses—naught but a tremendous and terrible desolation that sent fear swiftly dawning into his eyes.

"Bill!" he whispered, once and twice; "Bill!"

He cowered in the midst of the milky water, as though the vastness were pressing in upon him with overwhelming force, brutally crushing him with its complacent awfulness. He began to shake as with an ague-fit, till the gun fell from his hand with a splash. This served to rouse him. He fought with his fear and pulled himself together, groping in the water and recovering the weapon. He hitched his pack farther over on his left shoulder, so as to take a portion of its weight from off the injured ankle. Then he proceeded, slowly and carefully, wincing with pain, to the bank.

He did not stop. With a desperation that was madness, unmindful of the pain, he hurried up the slope to the crest of the hill over which his comrade had disappeared—more grotesque and comical by far than that limping, jerking comrade. But at the crest he saw a shallow valley, empty of life. He fought with his fear again, overcame it, hitched the pack still farther over on his left shoulder, and lurched on down the slope.

The bottom of the valley was soggy with water, which the thick moss held, sponge-like, close to the surface. This water squirted out from under his feet at every step, and each time he lifted a foot the action culminated in a sucking sound as the wet moss reluctantly released its grip. He picked his way from muskeg to muskeg, and followed the other man's footsteps along and across the rocky ledges which thrust like islets through the sea of moss.

Though alone he was not lost. Farther on he knew he would come to where dead spruce and fir, very small and weazened, bordered the shore of a little lake, the *tit-chin-nichilie*—in the tongue of the country, the "land of little sticks." And into that lake flowed a small stream, the water of which was not milky. There was rush-grass on that stream—this he remembered well—but no timber, and he would follow it till its first trickle ceased at a divide. He would cross this divide to the first trickle of another stream, flowing to the west, which he would follow until it emptied into the River Dease, and here he would find a cache under an upturned canoe and piled over with many rocks. And

in this cache would be ammunition for his empty gun, fish-hooks and lines, a small net—all the utilities for the killing and snaring of food. Also, he would find flour—not much—a piece of bacon and some beans.

Bill would be waiting for him there, and they would paddle away south down the Dease to the Great Bear Lake. And south across the lake they would go, ever south, till they gained the Mackenzie. And south, still south, they would go, while the winter raced vainly after them, and the ice formed in the eddies, and the days grew chill and crisp, south to some warm Hudson Bay Company post, where timber grew tall and generous and there was grub without end.

These were the thoughts of the man as he strove onward. But hard as he strove with his body, he strove equally hard with his mind, trying to think that Bill had not deserted him, that Bill would surely wait for him at the cache. He was compelled to think this thought, or else there would not be any use to strive, and he would have lain down and died. And as the dim ball of the sun sank slowly into the northwest he covered every inch, and many times, of his and Bill's flight south before the downcoming winter. And he conned the grub of the cache and the grub of the Hudson Bay Company post over and over again. He had not eaten for two days; for a far longer time he had not had all he wanted to eat. Often he stooped and picked pale muskeg berries, put them into his mouth and chewed and swallowed them. A muskeg berry is a bit of seed enclosed in a bit of water. In the mouth the water melts away and the seed chews sharp and bitter. The man knew there was no nourishment in the berries, but he chewed them patiently with a hope greater than knowledge and defying experience.

At nine o'clock he stubbed his toe on a rocky ledge, and from sheer weariness and weakness staggered and fell. He lay for some time, without movement, on his side. Then he slipped out of the pack-straps and clumsily dragged himself into a sitting posture. It was not yet dark, and in the lingering twilight he groped about among the rocks for shreds of dry moss. When he had gathered a heap he built a fire—a smoldering, smudgy fire—and put a tin pot of water on to boil.

He unwrapped his pack, and the first thing he did was to count his matches. There were sixty-seven. He counted them three times to make sure. He divided them into several portions, wrapping them in oil paper, disposing of one bunch in his empty

tobacco pouch, of another bunch in the inside band of his battered hat, of a third bunch under his shirt on the chest. This accomplished, a panic came upon him and he unwrapped them all and counted them again. There were still sixty-seven.

He dried his wet footgear by the fire. The moccasins were in soggy shreds. The blanket socks were worn through in places and his feet were raw and bleeding. His ankle was throbbing and he gave it an examination. It had swollen to the size of his knee. He tore a long strip from one of his two blankets and bound the ankle tightly. He tore other strips and bound them about his feet to serve for both moccasins and socks. Then he drank the pot of water, steaming hot, wound his watch, and crawled between his blankets.

He slept like a dead man. The brief darkness around midnight came and went. The sun arose in the northeast—at least the day dawned in that quarter, for the sun was hidden by gray clouds.

At six o'clock he awoke, quietly lying on his back. He gazed straight up into the gray sky and knew that he was hungry. As he rolled over on his elbow he was startled by a loud snort, and saw a bull caribou regarding him with alert curiosity. The animal was not more than fifty feet away, and instantly into the man's mind leaped the vision and the savor of a caribou steak sizzling and frying over a fire. Mechanically he reached for the empty gun, drew a bead, and pulled the trigger. The bull snorted and leaped away, his hoofs rattling and clattering as he fled across the ledges.

The man cursed and flung the empty gun from him. He groaned aloud as he started to drag himself to his feet. It was a slow and arduous task. His joints were like rusty hinges. They worked harshly in their sockets, with much friction, and each bending or unbending was accomplished only through a sheer exertion of will. When he finally gained his feet, another minute or so was consumed in straightening up, so that he could stand erect as a man should stand.

He crawled up a small knoll and surveyed the prospect. There were no trees, no bushes, nothing but a gray sea of moss scarcely diversified by gray rocks, gray-colored lakelets, and gray streamlets. The sky was gray. There was no sun or hint of sun. He had no idea of north, and he had forgotten the way he had come to this spot the night before. But he was not lost. He knew that. Soon he would come to the land of the little sticks. He felt

that it lay off to the left somewhere, not far—possibly just over the next low hill.

He went back to put his pack into shape for traveling. He assured himself of the existence of his three separate parcels of matches, though he did not stop to count them. But he did linger, debating, over a squat moose-hide sack. It was not large. He could hide it under his two hands. He knew that it weighed fifteen pounds—as much as all the rest of the pack—and it worried him. He finally set it to one side and proceeded to roll the pack. He paused to gaze at the squat moose-hide sack. He picked it up hastily with a defiant glance about him, as though the desolation were trying to rob him of it; and when he rose to his feet to stagger on into the day, it was included in the pack on his back.

He bore away to the left, stopping now and again to eat muskeg berries. His ankle had stiffened, his limp was more pronounced, but the pain of it was as nothing compared with the pain of his stomach. The hunger pangs were sharp. They gnawed and gnawed until he could not keep his mind steady on the course he must pursue to gain the land of little sticks. The muskeg berries did not allay this gnawing, while they made his tongue and the roof of his mouth sore with their irritating bite.

He came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the ledges and muskegs. *Ker—ker—ker* was the cry they made. He threw stones at them, but could not hit them. He placed his pack on the ground and stalked them as a cat stalks a sparrow. The sharp rocks cut through his pants' legs till his knees left a trail of blood; but the hurt was lost in the hurt of his hunger. He squirmed over the wet moss, saturating his clothes and chilling his body; but he was not aware of it, so great was his fever for food. And always the ptarmigan rose, whirring, before him, till their *ker—ker—ker* became a mock to him, and he cursed them and cried aloud at them with their own cry.

Once he crawled upon one that must have been asleep. He did not see it till it shot up in his face from its rocky nook. He made a clutch as startled as was the rise of the ptarmigan, and there remained in his hand three tail-feathers. As he watched its flight he hated it, as though it had done him some terrible wrong. Then he returned and shouldered his pack.

As the day wore along he came into valleys or swales where game was more plentiful. A band of caribou passed by, twenty

and odd animals, tantalizingly within rifle range. He felt a wild desire to run after them, a certitude that he could run them down. A black fox came toward him, carrying a ptarmigan in his mouth. The man shouted. It was a fearful cry, but the fox leaping away in fright did not drop the ptarmigan.

Late in the afternoon he followed a stream, milky with lime, which ran through sparse patches of rush-grass. Grasping these rushes firmly near the root, he pulled up what resembled a young onion-sprout no larger than a shingle-nail. It was tender and his teeth sank into it with a crunch that promised deliciously of food. But its fibers were tough. It was composed of stringy filaments saturated with water, like the berries, and devoid of nourishment. But he threw off his pack and went into the rush-grass on hands and knees, crunching and munching, like some bovine creature.

He was very weary and often wished to rest—to lie down and sleep; but he was continually driven on—not so much by his desire to gain the land of little sticks as by his hunger. He searched little ponds for frogs and dug up the earth with his nails for worms, though he knew in spite that neither frogs nor worms existed so far north.

He looked into every pool of water vainly, until, as the long twilight came on, he discovered a solitary fish, the size of a minnow, in such a pool. He plunged his arm in up to the shoulder, but it eluded him. He reached for it with both hands and stirred up the milky mud at the bottom. In his excitement he fell in, wetting himself to the waist. Then the water was too muddy to admit of his seeing the fish, and he was compelled to wait until the sediment had settled.

The pursuit was renewed, till the water was again muddied. But he could not wait. He unstrapped the tin bucket and began to bale the pool. He baled wildly at first, splashing himself and flinging the water so short a distance that it ran back into the pool. He worked more carefully, striving to be cool, though his heart was pounding against his chest and his hands were trembling. At the end of half an hour the pool was nearly dry. Not a cupful of water remained. And there was no fish. He found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day. Had he known of the crevice, he could have closed it with a rock at the beginning and the fish would have been his.

Thus he thought, and crumpled up and sank down upon the wet earth. At first he cried softly to himself, then he cried loudly to the pitiless desolation that ringed him around; and for a long time after he was shaken by great dry sobs.

He built a fire and warmed himself by drinking quarts of hot water, and made camp on a rocky ledge in the same fashion he had the night before. The last thing he did was to see that his matches were dry and to wind his watch. The blankets were wet and clammy. His ankle pulsed with pain. But he knew only that he was hungry, and through his restless sleep he dreamed of feasts and banquets and of food served and spread in all imaginable ways.

He awoke chilled and sick. There was no sun. The gray of earth and sky had become deeper, more profound. A raw wind was blowing, and the first flurries of snow were whitening the hill-tops. The air about him thickened and grew white while he made a fire and boiled more water. It was wet snow, half rain, and the flakes were large and soggy. At first they melted as soon as they came in contact with the earth, but ever more fell, covering the ground, putting out the fire, spoiling his supply of moss-fuel.

This was the signal for him to strap on his pack and stumble onward he know not where. He was not concerned with the land of little sticks, nor with Bill and the cache under the upturned canoe by the River Dease. He was mastered by the verb "to eat." He was hunger-mad. He took no heed of the course he pursued, so long as that course led him through the swale bottoms. He felt his way through the wet snow to the watery muskeg berries, and went by feel as he pulled up the rush-grass by the roots. But it was tasteless stuff and did not satisfy. He found a weed that tasted sour, and he ate all he could find of it, which was not much, for it was a creeping growth, easily hidden under the several inches of snow.

He had no fire that night nor hot water, and crawled under his blanket to sleep the broken hunger-sleep. The snow turned into a cold rain. He awakened many times to feel it falling on his upturned face. Day came—a gray day and no sun. It had ceased raining. The keenness of his hunger had departed. Sensibility, so far as concerned the yearning for food, had been exhausted. There was a dull, heavy ache in his stomach, but it did not bother him so much. He was more rational, and once more he was chiefly interested in the land of little sticks and the cache by the River Dease.

He ripped the remnant of one of his blankets into strips and bound his bleeding feet. Also, he recinched the injured ankle and prepared himself for a day of travel. When he came to his pack he paused long over the squat moose-hide sack, but in the end it went with him.

The snow had melted under the rain and only the hill-tops showed white. The sun came out, and he succeeded in locating the points of the compass, though he knew now that he was lost. Perhaps, in his previous days' wanderings, he had edged away too far to the left. He now bore off to the right to counteract the possible deviation from his true course.

Though the hunger pangs were no longer so exquisite, he realized that he was weak. He was compelled to pause for frequent rests when he attacked the muskeg berries and rush-grass patches. His tongue felt dry and large, as though covered with a fine hairy growth, and it tasted bitter in his mouth. His heart gave him a great deal of trouble. When he had traveled a few minutes it would begin a remorseless thump, thump, thump, and then leap up and away in a painful flutter of beats that choked him and made him go faint and dizzy.

In the middle of the day he found two minnows in a large pool. It was impossible to bale it, but he was calmer now and managed to catch them in his tin bucket. They were no longer than his little finger, but he was not particularly hungry. The dull ache in his stomach had been growing duller and fainter. It seemed almost that his stomach was dozing. He ate the fish raw, masticating with painstaking care, for the eating was an act of pure reason. While he had no desire to eat he knew that he must eat to live.

In the evening he caught three more minnows, eating two and saving the third for breakfast. The sun had dried stray shreds of moss, and he was able to warm himself with hot water. He had not covered more than ten miles that day, and the next day, traveling whenever his heart permitted him, he covered no more than five miles. But his stomach did not give him the slightest uneasiness. It had gone to sleep. He was in a strange country, too, and the caribou were growing more plentiful, also the wolves. Often their yelps drifted across the desolation, and once he saw three of them slinking away before his path.

Another night, and in the morning, being more rational, he untied the leather string that fastened the squat moose-hide sack. From its open mouth poured a yellow stream of coarse gold-dust

and nuggets. He roughly divided the gold in halves, caching one half on a prominent ledge, wrapped in a piece of blanket, and returning the other half to the sack. He also began to use strips of the one remaining blanket for his feet. He still clung to his gun, for there were cartridges in that cache by the River Dease.

This was a day of fog, and this day hunger awoke in him again. He was very weak and was afflicted with a giddiness which at times blinded him. It was no uncommon thing now for him to stumble and fall; and stumbling once, he fell squarely into a ptarmigan nest. There were four newly hatched chicks a day old—little specks of pulsating life no more than a mouthful; and he ate them ravenously, thrusting them alive into his mouth and crunching them like egg-shells between his teeth. The mother ptarmigan beat about him with great out-cry. He used his gun as a club with which to knock her over, but she dodged out of reach. He threw stones at her and with one chance shot broke a wing. Then she fluttered away, running, trailing the broken wing, with him in pursuit.

The little chicks had no more than whetted his appetite. He hopped and bobbed clumsily along on his injured ankle, throwing stones and screaming hoarsely at times; at other times hopping and bobbing silently along, picking himself up grimly and patiently when he fell, or rubbing his eyes with his hand when the giddiness threatened to overpower him.

The chase led him across swampy ground in the bottom of the valley, and he came upon footprints in the soggy moss. They were not his own—he could see that. They must be Bill's. But he could not stop, for the mother ptarmigan was running on. He would catch her first, then he would return and investigate.

He exhausted the mother ptarmigan; but he exhausted himself. She lay panting on her side. He lay panting on his side, a dozen feet away, unable to crawl to her. And as he recovered she recovered, fluttering out of reach as his hungry hand went out to her. The chase was resumed. Night settled down and she escaped. He stumbled from weakness and pitched head-foremost on his face, cutting his cheek, his pack upon his back. He did not move for a long while; then he rolled over on his side, wound his watch, and lay there until morning.

Another day of fog. Half of his last blanket had gone into foot-wrappings. He failed to pick up Bill's trail. It did not matter. His hunger was driving him too compellingly—only—only he wondered if Bill, too, were lost. By midday the irk of

his pack became too oppressive. Again he divided the gold, this time merely spilling half of it on the ground. In the afternoon he threw the rest of it away, there remaining to him only the half-blanket, the tin bucket, and the rifle.

An hallucination began to trouble him. He felt confident that one cartridge remained to him. It was in the chamber of the rifle and he had overlooked it. On the other hand, he knew all the time that the chamber was empty. But the hallucination persisted. He fought it off for hours, then threw his rifle open and was confronted with emptiness. The disappointment was as bitter as though he had really expected to find the cartridge.

He plodded on for half an hour, when the hallucination arose again. Again he fought it and still it persisted, till for very relief he opened his rifle to unconvince himself. At times his mind wandered farther afield, and he plodded on, a mere automaton, strange conceits and whimsicalities gnawing at his brain like worms. But these excursions out of the real were of brief duration, for ever the pangs of the hunger-bite called him back. He was jerked back abruptly once from such an excursion by a sight that caused him nearly to faint. He reeled and swayed, doddering like a drunken man to keep from falling. Before him stood a horse. A horse! He could not believe his eyes. A thick mist was in them, intershot with sparkling points of light. He rubbed his eyes savagely to clear his vision, and beheld not a horse, but a great brown bear. The animal was studying him with bellicose curiosity.

The man had brought his gun halfway to his shoulder before he realized. He lowered it and drew his hunting-knife from its beaded sheath at his hip. Before him was meat and life. He ran his thumb along the edge of his knife. It was sharp. The point was sharp. He would fling himself upon the bear and kill it. But his heart began its warning thump, thump, thump. Then followed the wild upward leap and tattoo of flutters, the pressing as of an iron band about his forehead, the creeping of the dizziness into his brain.

His desperate courage was evicted by a great surge of fear. In his weakness, what if the animal attacked him! He drew himself up to his most imposing stature, gripping the knife and staring hard at the bear. The bear advanced clumsily a couple of steps, reared up and gave vent to a tentative growl. If the man ran he would run after him; but the man did not run. He was animated now with the courage of fear. He, too, growled,

savagely, terribly, voicing the fear that is to life germane and that lies twisted about life's deepest roots.

The bear edged away to one side, growling menacingly, himself appalled by this mysterious creature that appeared upright and unafraid. But the man did not move. He stood like a statue till the danger was past, when he yielded to a fit of trembling and sank down into the wet moss.

He pulled himself together and went on, afraid now in a new way. It was not the fear that he should die passively from lack of food, but that he should be destroyed violently before starvation had exhausted the last particle of the endeavor in him that made toward surviving. There were the wolves. Back and forth across the desolation drifted their howls, weaving the very air into a fabric of menace that was so tangible that he found himself, arms in the air, pressing it back from him as it might be the walls of a wind-blown tent.

Now and again the wolves in packs of two and three crossed his path. But they sheered clear of him. They were not in sufficient numbers, and besides they were hunting the caribou which did not battle, while this strange creature that walked erect might scratch and bite.

In the late afternoon he came upon scattered bones where the wolves had made a kill. The débris had been a caribou calf an hour before, squawking and running and very much alive. He contemplated the bones, clean-picked and polished, pink with the cell-life in them which had not yet died. Could it possibly be that he might be that ere the day was done! Such was life, eh? A vain and fleeting thing. It was only life that pained. There was no hurt in death. To die was to sleep. It meant cessation, rest. Then why was he not content to die?

But he did not moralize long. He was squatting in the moss, a bone in his mouth, sucking at the shreds of life that still dyed it faintly pink. The sweet meaty taste, thin and elusive almost as a memory, maddened him. He closed his jaws on the bones and crunched. Sometimes it was the bone that broke, sometimes his teeth. Then he crushed the bones between rocks, pounded them to a pulp and swallowed them. He pounded his fingers, too, in his haste, and yet found a moment in which to feel surprise at the fact that his fingers did not hurt much when caught under the descending rock.

Came frightful days of snow and rain. He did not know when he made camp, when he broke camp. He traveled in the night as

much as in the day. He rested wherever he fell, crawled on whenever the dying life in him flickered up and burned less dimly. He as a man no longer strove. It was the life in him, unwilling to die, that drove him on. He did not suffer. His nerves had become blunted, numb, while his mind was filled with weird visions and delicious dreams.

But ever he sucked and chewed on the crushed bones of the caribou calf, the least remnants of which he had gathered up and carried with him. He crossed no more hills or divides, but automatically followed a large stream which flowed through a wide and shallow valley. He did not see this stream or this valley. He saw nothing save visions. Soul and body walked or crawled side by side, yet apart, so slender was the thread that bound them.

He awoke in his right mind, lying on his back on a rocky ledge. The sun was shining bright and warm. Afar off he heard the squawking of caribou calves. He was aware of vague memories of rain and wind and snow, but whether he had been beaten by the storm for two days or two weeks he did not know.

For some time he lay without movement, the genial sunshine pouring upon him and saturating his miserable body with its warmth. A fine day, he thought. Perhaps he could manage to locate himself. By a painful effort he rolled over on his side. Below him flowed a wide and sluggish river. Its unfamiliarity puzzled him. Slowly he followed it with his eyes, winding in wide sweeps among the bleak bare hills, bleaker and barer and lower-lying than any hills he had yet encountered. Slowly, deliberately, without excitement or more than the most casual interest, he followed the course of the strange stream toward the sky-line and saw it emptying into a bright and shining sea. He was still unexcited. Most unusual, he thought, a vision, or a mirage—more likely a vision, a trick of his disordered mind. He was confirmed in this by sight of a ship lying at anchor in the midst of the shining sea. He closed his eyes for a while, then opened them. Strange how the vision persisted! Yet not strange. He knew there were no seas or ships in the heart of the barren lands, just as he had known there was no cartridge in the empty rifle.

He heard a snuffle behind him—a half-choking gasp or cough. Very slowly, because of his exceeding weakness and stiffness, he rolled over on his other side. He could see nothing near at hand, but he waited patiently. Again came the snuffle and cough, and outlined between two jagged rocks not a score of feet away he

made out the gray head of a wolf. The sharp ears were not pricked so sharply as he had seen them on other wolves; the eyes were bleared and blood-shot, the head seemed to droop limply and forlornly. The animal blinked continually in the sunshine. It seemed sick. As he looked it snuffled and coughed again.

This, at least, was real, he thought, and turned on the other side so that he might see the reality of the world which had been veiled from him before by the vision. But the sea still shone in the distance and the ship's spars were plainly discernible. Was it reality after all? He closed his eyes for a long while and thought, and then it came to him. He had been making north by east, away from the Dease Divide and into the Coppermine Valley. This wide and sluggish river was the Coppermine. That shining sea was the Arctic Ocean. That ship was a whaler, strayed east, far east, from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and it was lying at anchor in Coronation Gulf. He remembered the Hudson Bay Company chart he had seen long ago, and it was all clear and reasonable to him.

He sat up and turned his attention to immediate affairs. He had worn through the blanket-wrappings, and his feet were like shapeless lumps of raw meat. His last blanket was gone. Rifle and knife were both missing. He had lost his hat somewhere, with the bunch of matches in the band, but the matches against his chest were safe and dry inside the tobacco pouch and oil-paper. He looked at his watch. It marked eleven o'clock and was still running. Evidently he had kept it wound.

He was calm and collected. Though extremely weak he had no sensation of pain. He was not hungry. The thought of food was not even pleasant to him, and whatever he did was done by his reason alone. He ripped off his pants' legs to the knees and bound them about his feet. Somehow he had succeeded in retaining the tin bucket. He would have some hot water before he began what he foresaw was to be a terrible journey to the ship.

His movements were slow. He shook as with a palsy. When he started to collect dry moss he found he could not rise to his feet. He tried again and again, then contented himself with crawling about on hands and knees. Once he crawled near to the sick wolf. The animal dragged itself reluctantly out of his way, licking its chops with a tongue which seemed hardly to have the strength to curl. The man noticed that the tongue was not the customary

healthful red. It was a yellowish brown and seemed coated with a rough and half-dry mucus.

After he had drunk a quart of hot water the man found he was able to stand, and even to walk as well as a dying man might be supposed to walk. Every minute or so he was compelled to rest. His steps were feeble and uncertain, just as the wolf's that trailed him were feeble and uncertain; and that night, when the shining sea was blotted out by blackness, he knew he was nearer to it by no more than four miles.

Throughout the night he heard the cough of the sick wolf, and now and then the squawking of the caribou calves. There was life all around him, but it was strong life, very much alive and well, and he knew the sick wolf clung to the sick man's trail in the hope that the man would die first. In the morning, on opening his eyes, he beheld it regarding him with a wistful and hungry stare. It stood crouched, with tail between its legs, like a miserable and woe-begone dog. It shivered in the chill morning wind, and grinned dispiritedly when the man spoke to it in a voice which achieved no more than a hoarse whisper.

The sun rose brightly, and all morning the man tottered and fell toward the ship on the shining sea. The weather was perfect. It was the brief Indian summer of the high latitudes. It might last a week. To-morrow or next day it might be gone.

In the afternoon the man came upon a trail. It was of another man, who did not walk, but who dragged himself on all fours. The man thought it might be Bill, but he thought in a dull, uninterested way. He had no curiosity. In fact sensation and emotion had left him. He was no longer susceptible to pain. Stomach and nerves had gone to sleep. Yet the life that was in him drove him on. He was very weary, but it refused to die. It was because it refused to die that he still ate muskeg berries and minnows, drank his hot water, and kept a wary eye on the sick wolf.

He followed the trail of the other man who dragged himself along, and soon came to the end of it—a few fresh-picked bones where the soggy moss was marked by the foot-pads of many wolves. He saw a squat moose-hide sack, mate to his own, which had been torn by sharp teeth. He picked it up, though its weight was almost too much for his feeble fingers. Bill had carried it to the last. Ha! ha! he would have the laugh on Bill. He would survive and carry it to the ship in the shining sea. His mirth was hoarse and ghastly, like a raven's croak, and the sick wolf joined him, howling lugubriously. The man ceased suddenly.

How could he have the laugh on Bill if that were Bill; if those bones, so pinky-white and clean, were Bill!

He turned away. Well, Bill had deserted him; but he would not take the gold, nor would he suck Bill's bones. Bill would have, though, had it been the other way around, he mused, as he staggered on.

He came to a pool of water. Stooping over in quest of minnows, he jerked his head back as though he had been stung. He had caught sight of his reflected face. So horrible was it that sensibility awoke long enough to be shocked. There were three minnows in the pool, which was too large to drain; and after several ineffectual attempts to catch them in the tin bucket he forbore. He was afraid, because of his great weakness, that he might fall in and drown. It was for this reason that he did not trust himself to the river astride one of the many drift-logs which lined its sand-spits.

That day he decreased the distance between him and the ship by three miles; the next day by two—for he was crawling now as Bill had crawled; and the end of the fifth day found the ship still seven miles away and him unable to make even a mile a day. Still the Indian summer held on, and he continued to crawl and faint, turn and turn about; and ever the sick wolf coughed and wheezed at his heels. His knees had become raw meat like his feet, and though he padded them with the shirt from his back it was a red track he left behind him on the moss and stones. Once glancing back he saw the wolf licking hungrily his bleeding trail, and he saw sharply what his own end might be—unless —unless he could get the wolf. Then began as grim a tragedy of existence as was ever played—a sick man that crawled, a sick wolf that limped, two creatures dragging their dying carcasses across the desolation and hunting each other's lives.

Had it been a well wolf, it would not have mattered so much to the man; but the thought of going to feed the maw of that loathsome and all but dead thing was repugnant to him. He was finicky. His mind had begun to wander again, and to be perplexed by hallucinations, while his lucid intervals grew rarer and shorter.

He was awakened once from a faint by a wheeze close in his ear. The wolf leaped lamely back, losing its footing and falling in its weakness. It was ludicrous, but he was not amused. Nor was he even afraid. He was too far gone for that. But his mind was for the moment clear, and he lay and considered. The ship

was no more than four miles away. He could see it quite distinctly when he rubbed the mists out of his eyes, and he could see the white sail of a small boat cutting the water of the shining sea. But he could never crawl those four miles. He knew that, and was very calm in the knowledge. He knew that he could not crawl half a mile. And yet he wanted to live. It was unreasonable that he should die after all he had undergone. Fate asked too much of him. And, dying, he declined to die. It was stark madness, perhaps, but in the very grip of Death he defied Death and refused to die.

He closed his eyes and composed himself with infinite precaution. He steeled himself to keep above the suffocating languor that lapped like a rising tide through all the wells of his being. It was very like a sea, this deadly languor, that rose and rose and drowned his consciousness bit by bit. Sometimes he was all but submerged, swimming through oblivion with a faltering stroke; and again, by some strange alchemy of soul, he would find another shred of will and strike out more strongly.

Without movement he lay on his back, and he could hear slowly drawing near and nearer the wheezing intake and output of the sick wolf's breath. It drew closer, ever closer, through an infinitude of time, and he did not move. It was at his ear. The harsh dry tongue grated like sandpaper against his cheek. His hands shot out—or at least he willed them to shoot out. The fingers were curved like talons, but they closed on empty air. Swiftness and certitude required strength, and the man had not this strength.

The patience of the wolf was terrible. The man's patience was no less terrible. For half a day he lay motionless, fighting off unconsciousness and waiting for the thing that was to feed upon him and upon which he wished to feed. Sometimes the languid sea rose over him and he dreamed long dreams; but ever through it all, waking and dreaming, he waited for the wheezing breath and the harsh caress of the tongue.

He did not hear the breath, and he slipped slowly from some dream to the feel of the tongue along his hand. He waited. The fangs pressed softly; the pressure increased: the wolf was exerting its last strength in an effort to sink teeth in the food for which it had waited so long. But the man had waited long, and the lacerated hand closed on the jaw. Slowly, while the wolf struggled feebly and the hand clutched feebly, the other hand crept across to a grip. Five minutes later the whole weight of

the man's body was on top of the wolf. The hands had not sufficient strength to choke the animal, but the face of the man was pressed close to the throat of the wolf and the mouth was full of hair. At the end of half an hour the man was aware of a warm trickle in his throat. It was not pleasant. It was like molten lead being forced into his stomach, but it was forced by his will alone. Later the man rolled over on his back and slept.

There were some members of a scientific expedition on the whaleship Bedford. From the deck they remarked a strange object on the shore. It was moving down the beach toward the water. They were unable to classify it, and, being scientific men, they climbed into the whaleboat alongside and went ashore to see. And they saw something that was alive, but that could hardly be called a man. It was blind, unconscious. It squirmed along the ground like some monstrous worm. Most of its efforts were ineffectual, but it was persistent, and it writhed and twisted and went ahead perhaps a score of feet an hour.

Three weeks afterward the man lay in a bunk on the whaleship Bedford, and with tears streaming down his wasted cheeks told who he was and what he had undergone. He also babbled incoherently of his mother, of sunny Southern California, and a home among the orange groves and flowers.

The days were not many after that when he sat at table with the scientific men and ship's officers. He gloated over the spectacle of so much food, watching it anxiously as it went into the mouths of others. With the disappearance of each mouthful an expression of deep regret came into his eyes. He was quite sane, yet he hated those men at meal-times because they ate so much food. He was haunted by a fear that it would not last. He inquired of the cook, the cabin-boy, the captain, concerning the food stores. They reassured him countless times; but he could not believe them, and pried cunningly about the lazarette to see with his own eyes.

It was noticed that the man was getting fat. He grew stouter with each day. The scientific men shook their heads and theorized. They limited the man at his meals, but still his girth increased and his body swelled prodigiously under his shirt.

The sailors grinned. They knew. And when the scientific men set a watch on the man, they knew too. They saw him slouch for'ard after breakfast, and like a mendicant, with outstretched

palm, accost a sailor. The sailor grinned and passed him a fragment of sea-biscuit. He clutched it avariciously, looked at it as a miser looks at gold, and thrust it into his shirt bosom. Similar were the donations from other grinning sailors.

The scientific men were discreet. They left him alone. But they privily examined his bunk. It was lined with hardtack; the mattress was stuffed with hardtack; every nook and cranny was filled with hardtack. Yet he was sane. He was taking precautions against another possible famine—that was all. He would recover from it, the scientific men said; and he did, ere the Bedford's anchor rumbled down in San Francisco Bay.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Upon what is the emphasis in "Love of Life"—character, plot or setting?
2. Describe the appearance of the country, including details given by Jack London. You will find chapters five to ten of Anne M. Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* of especial interest in connection with northern Canada and Alaska.
3. Mention the incidents that brought the man nearer and nearer to surrender and death. To what point is the reader kept in suspense? Why did the author shift the point of view six paragraphs from the end?
4. Does London use much conversation in this story? What takes the place of conversation?
5. If you enjoyed "Love of Life" you will like other stories in the collection from which this story comes—Jack London's *Love of Life and Other Stories*.
6. Converse or write about one of the following subjects:

Lost in the Mountains	Man's Dependence
Browning's *Ivàn Ivànovitch*	The Hudson Bay Company
Hiking on Poorly Marked Trails	A Scientific Expedition

WHERE TO READ MORE ABOUT HOW THE WEST WAS WON

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ADAMS, Andy: *Log of a Cowboy.*

The adventures of a cowboy in the West back in the days when a cowhand was a man of some little importance.

AUSTIN, Mary: *Land of Little Rain.*

The animals, birds, flowers, and men of the desert region. Mary Austin was intimately acquainted with the arid region of the Southwest.

AUSTIN, Mary: *Land of Journey's Ending.*

The land of journey's ending lies in the southwestern part of the United States between the Rio Grande and the Colorado Rivers. It includes one-half of New Mexico and all of Arizona.

BOYD, James: *The Long Hunt.**

A story of the trail breaker who helped to explore the country from North Carolina to the Mississippi River. The book contains exciting action and a strong "love interest."

BOYD, Thomas: *Simon Girty, the White Savage.*

The life of a white ruffian who forsook his people and became the bloodthirsty leader of the Ohio Indians in their wars on the settlers of Kentucky.

BURNS, Walter Noble: *Billy the Kid.*

Life of a Western "bad man" who terrorized southeastern New Mexico in the early 1880's.

BURNS, Walter Noble: *Tombstone.*

History of Tombstone, Arizona, a town at one time famous for its gun-fights The book contains enough excitement to satisfy the most exacting reader.

BURT, Struthers: *The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler.*

Autobiography of a Princeton teacher who became a cattle-rancher in Wyoming.

CATHER, Willa: *Death Comes for the Archbishop.**

A beautiful story of the life and work of Archbishop Latour of Santa Fé, New Mexico. Some of the finest chapters describe Indian life and customs.

CATHER, Willa: *My Antonia.**

Story of a Bohemian immigrant girl in Nebraska who gains happiness and self-respect in spite of great difficulties.

CATHER, Willa: *Neighbor Rosicky.**

This is the first story in Miss Cather's book called *Obscure Destinies.* It is a simple but moving account of an old Bohemian and his love for his Nebraska farm.

CATHER, Willa: *O Pioneers.**

Struggles of a Swedish girl on a Nebraska farm. Another very fine book that gives a memorable picture of early Nebraska.

CHURCHILL, Winston: *The Crossing.**

Many intelligent readers feel that this is our best historical novel. Certainly the first half of the book has never been surpassed by an American writer. It tells of the adventures of a boy, David Ritchie, on the

trail to Kentucky and the still more exciting life that he led after reaching the West.

CROCKETT, David: *Autobiography.*

Autobiography of a Western braggart who led a most interesting and busy life. His fragmentary education, his courtship, and his career as a politician are most vividly described.

CUSTER, Elizabeth: *Boots and Saddles.*

A book about Indian fighting. It was written by the widow of General George Custer.

CUSTER, George: *My Life on the Plains.*

General Custer was one of our picturesque frontier fighters. This book was written only two years before the author was killed in a battle with the Sioux Indians.

EGGLESTON, Edward: *The Circuit Rider.**

The story of a pioneer preacher in Indiana.

EGGLESTON, Edward: *The Graysons.**

Life in Illinois with the young Abraham Lincoln as one of the characters. A very good book.

EGGLESTON, Edward: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.**

The story of a teacher in Indiana. One of the famous novels in American literature.

FERBER, Edna: *Cimarron.**

An exciting story of Oklahoma in 1889 when the settlers engaged in the famous "land-rush."

GARLAND, Hamlin: *Boy Life on the Prairie.*

The author's life during pioneer days in the Middle West.

GARLAND, Hamlin: *Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop.**

Romantic story of life in the West.

GARLAND, Hamlin: *Main-Travelled Roads.**

Some of the finest and most truthful stories of farm life ever written.

GARLAND, Hamlin: *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.**

A novel of farm life in the Middle West. This book is more remarkable for its truth than for the "prettiness" of the pictures presented.

GARLAND, Hamlin: *A Son of the Middle Border.*

The story of Mr. Garland's life from his first recollections down to the beginning of his distinguished career as a writer. This is one of the notable autobiographies of our literature.

GEROULD, Katherine Fullerton: *The Aristocratic West.*

To Mrs. Gerould the "aristocratic West" is the Far West. The Middle West is democratic.

GREENWOOD, Annie Pike: *We Sagebrush Folks.*

Homesteaders go into the semi-arid region of southern Idaho. This book tells us of their hopes, their struggles, their tragedies and disappointments, and finally of their modest triumph.

HARTE, Bret: *The Luck of Roaring Camp.**

When a little baby is thrown upon the mercies of a California mining camp, the rough miners adopt it. One of our most famous short stories.

HOUGH, Emerson: *The Covered Wagon.**

Across the plains to Oregon. A rather highly colored novel.

HOUGH, Emerson: *The Magnificent Adventure.**

A story of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

HULBERT, Archer: *The Forty-Niners.*

A day by day account of a trip across the Plains. While the connected story does not apply to any particular party, every item is taken from the actual narrative of some person who went overland to California during the gold-rush.

IRVING, Washington: *Astoria.*

This book gives a thrilling account of the adventures of the fur-traders who crossed the continent from St. Louis to the Pacific and founded the settlement of Astoria in the Oregon territory. One of Irving's best works. Unfortunately it is neglected by many readers.

IRVING, Washington: *A Tour of the Prairies.*

A description of a trip that Irving took over the Great Plains looking for buffalo and colorful adventures. He found both.

JAMES, Will: *Lone Cowboy.*

Autobiography of a cowboy who became both an artist and an author.

JAMES, Will: *Smoky.**

The story of a Western cow-pony and his rider. Distinctly worth reading.

JAMES, Will: *Sun Up.**

A group of short stories written in the breezy and expressive speech of the cowboy.

MARK Twain: *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.**

Boy life in a Missouri village before the Civil War. Every American owes it to himself to read this immortal masterpiece of humor and keen observation.

MARK Twain: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.**

Many good judges place this book above *Tom Sawyer.* The principal characters are found in both books.

MARK Twain: *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.**
This humorous short story started the reputation of Mark Twain.

MARK Twain: *Life on the Mississippi.*
The author's experiences as a pilot on the Mississippi River. The first twenty chapters are as good as anything Mark Twain ever wrote, and that is to say that they are as good as anything ever written.

MARK Twain: *Roughing It.*
Mark Twain in Nevada and California. The first half of the book is great, but the second half is not so good.

NEIHARDT, John G.: *The Song of the Indian Wars.*
A poem that tells of some exciting Indian fights.

NEIHARDT, John G.: *The Song of Hugh Glass.*
A long poem of the adventures of Hugh Glass, a very early Western trapper and hunter.

PARKMAN, Francis: *The Oregon Trail.*
An early account of travel in the West, but Parkman never went beyond Fort Laramie, Wyoming. The narrative reveals that the author had utterly no appreciation of the significance of the Western immigrant.

QUICK, Herbert: *Vandemark's Folly.**
A story of the settlement of Iowa, told in the words of the pioneer when he was an old man. An excellent book.

REPPLIER, Agnes: *Père Marquette, Priest, Pioneer, and Adventurer.*
Account of the exploration of the Mississippi Valley by Joliet and Marquette.

ROBERTS, Elizabeth Madox: *The Great Meadow.**
Two young people, Diony and Berk Jarvis, build a home in Kentucky in the days of Daniel Boone and the Indian Wars

RÖLVAAG: *Giants in the Earth.**
The homesickness of the Norwegian settlers in Minnesota and the Dakotas and the successful struggle to make homes on the raw prairie.

ROURKE, Constance: *Davy Crockett.*
A recent biography of the backwoods politician, hunter, and story-teller.

SINGMASTER, Elsie: *The Long Journey.**
Tale of pioneer life in the Mohawk Valley of central New York.

STEWART, Elinor P.: *Letters of a Woman Homesteader.*
Excellent sketches of life in Wyoming wirtten by a woman who went to that state to live on a homestead. She found there many interesting experiences and happiness.

THOMPSON, Maurice: *Alice of Old Vincennes.**

A story of Vincennes, Indiana, and its capture by George Rogers Clark during the Revolution.

THWAITES, Reuben G.: *Daniel Boone.*

The most accurate life of the noted pioneer.

VESTAL, Stanley: *'Dobe Walls.*

Stories centering around Kit Carson, the famed scout and trail breaker of the Southwest.

WHITE, Stewart Edward: *Arizona Nights.**

Stories and sketches of the Southwest.

WHITE, Stewart Edward: *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout.*

Popular biography of the trail breaker.

WHITE, Stewart Edward: *Gold.**

Adventures of a group of young men in the California mining districts during the roaring days of '49.

WHITE, Stewart Edward: *The Gray Dawn.**

Life in San Francisco when the gold-rush was at its height.

WISTER, Owen: *The Virginian.**

A romance of Wyoming in the days of the cowboy. Probably the best of our numerous western novels.

III

HOW AMERICANS HAVE MADE A LIVING

III

HOW AMERICANS HAVE MADE A LIVING

AMERICANS have always written about the things that have interested them, and they have always been interested in making a living and "getting on in the world." Benjamin Franklin stands as one of the typical Americans of all time and one of our representative writers. Like all authors, he wrote about the things that interested him, and consequently part of his autobiography is devoted to his business ventures and his highly merited financial success.

Even novelists have written about money-making. William Dean Howells in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* tells about the career of a businessman in Boston. William Allen White in *A Certain Rich Man* describes the rise of a poor boy to dizzy heights of fame and financial success, while Sinclair Lewis wrote *Babbitt* as a humorous criticism of the community "booster."

It is not at all surprising that our novelists have written of business affairs. For many years the road to business success was considered the road to romance. A man could start at the bottom, where our self-made men traditionally began their labors, and make his way rapidly and surely toward the top. So great were the possibilities in our new and rapidly growing country that a poor boy could attain the most amazing success. The only limits to a man's achievements were those imposed by lack of intelligence, energy, or ambition. Other nations might have their Cinderella stories telling of the magical rise from poverty to riches, but in this country thousands of our poor boys were actually winning greater wealth than individuals ever before possessed outside of fairy tales.

For Americans to show an interest in making a living and accumulating wealth was perfectly natural. In fact, it was unavoidable. Frequently we hear that our ancestors came to these shores seeking refuge from political or religious or social oppression. It is true that many came for such reasons, but a

more powerful incentive to immigration was the belief that the New World would allow a man to better his economic condition and give him a better chance of accumulating property. Millions of immigrants were attracted by the prospect of getting cheap land or of obtaining high wages or of entering into business as the owner of a small establishment. When the newcomers arrived, they found the wealth of a continent awaiting their efforts. Farming, trading with the Indians, ocean shipping, and merchandising offered rewards, and sometimes the rewards were very large. The getting of wealth seemed to be so easy that the majority fell to work with enthusiasm. Of course, some failed, and some were easily satisfied, but the more ambitious found many things to whet their appetites. As a people we became immensely interested in business. Making money was the chief topic of conversation. The greatest triumph of everyday life was the accomplishment of a profitable deal, and the brightest hope of the future was centered in business prosperity. So dominated were we with business affairs that amazed European visitors wondered if we thought of anything else. Millions had come to this country to make better and easier livings. Many had succeeded, and they wanted to talk about their success, for success has always been the favorite topic of the successful man.

Edward Bok is a fair example of the successful and satisfied immigrant. After coming to this country from Holland, Bok quickly lost his Old World qualities and took on American characteristics. Ultimately he became one of our richest and most successful editors. Bok was justly proud of his career, yet in his autobiography there is occasionally a jarring note. The successful editor seems to have been a worshipper of success. A spiritual victory that carried with it no material success was apparently beyond his comprehension. He admired efficiency, progress, and profits, and he liked to associate with eminent and influential men.

Yet there are other pictures of successful immigrants that are very inspiring. In *Giants in the Earth* Ole Rölvaag has told an unforgettable story of immigrants lost and lonely in that immensity of prairie and sky which the new-comers found awaiting them in the Middle West. Yet in spite of the strangeness, in spite of bitter home-sickness for familiar scenes and friendly faces, the immigrants persevered. Financial success was slight, but a spiritual triumph was not denied. Willa Cather's *Song of the Lark* tells of a girl of immigrant stock who won great

acclaim by her singing, and through her voice realized the deepest satisfactions in life.

But it should not be forgotten that Americans, native and foreign-born, have been tempted to place a supremely high valuation upon business success in both life and literature. Until after the Civil War there were few desperately poor people in this country and very little unemployment. On the frontier almost no one had great wealth, but all could have work. In the cities when unemployment threatened a man, he could go to the frontier and without tremendous difficulty become an independent farmer. If he had no capital, he went to work for some more fortunate pioneer farmer. When he established himself on his own farm, he might have to get along with a very small income, but at least he could be independent and he could make a living for himself and his family.

An excellent picture of pioneering life can be found in Herbert Quick's novel, *Vandermark's Folly*. The hero was a boy born in the state of New York. He went West by way of the Erie Canal and finally settled in Iowa where he achieved some little success and great satisfaction in living the life of a pioneer. Vandermark was independent, resourceful, and utterly self-reliant. In short, he was the product of his time and locality.

Hamlin Garland knew the frontier—the Middle Border, as he called it—about twenty-five years after Vandermark arrived. In the quarter of a century a great change had taken place in the West. The population of the country was increasing very rapidly, immigrants were pouring into the upper Mississippi Valley, and desirable land was rapidly disappearing. Making a satisfactory living was becoming hard. Farm life on the Middle Border under such conditions is admirably described in Garland's *Main Travelled Roads,* a group of somewhat unpleasant but truthful stories of farm life on the old frontier after the disappearance of the free land.

While the free land was becoming scarcer and scarcer, the cities were steadily becoming more numerous and populous. During the Revolution not more than one person in forty lived in cities of more than 8,000 inhabitants. In 1860 the proportion had risen to one in six, and in 1930 almost one-half of our people lived in cities of more than 8,000 inhabitants. The rapid shift from the country to the city changed the whole character of American life and literature.

Our early literature was almost wholly of the country and

country life. Typical productions of this early period are Emerson's essay on *Nature,* Thoreau's account of his life beside Walden Pond, Irving's narrative of his buffalo hunt on the prairies of the West, Longfellow's *Hiawatha,* Whittier's *Snow-Bound,* Bryant's *Thanatopsis,* Poe's *Gold Bug,* and Cooper's *Deerslayer.* One might read all these works and never be aware that an American city existed. It was Walt Whitman who first recognized that the city was part of the American scene. He chanted vigorously of both the country and the thronged streets of New York. Since his time other writers have followed the trend of American life, and in the last thirty years more important books have been written about the city and city problems than have been written about the country.

One does not have to search long for examples of city literature. Theodore Dreiser is famous as the novelist of the American city. Ernest Poole's *The Harbor* portrays our economic life as exhibited in a great sea port. O. Henry made his reputation with stories of New York life. Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* never could have been written had not Chicago or a similar city existed. The great novelist Henry James was thoroughly of the city, and his friend, William Dean Howells, though born in a small town, laid the scenes of his most important books in Boston and New York. Poetry still tends to cling to rural ways. Aside from Carl Sandburg and a few others, the important poets of our generation seem to find country life quite congenial.

The reasons for the growth of the cities are too complex to be discussed here. Suffice to say that one of the reasons was the development of manufacturing and the increasing use of complicated and expensive machinery. Factories were built to shelter this machinery, and the workers' houses naturally sprang up near the factories. This process repeated again and again in many places greatly assisted the growth of the cities.

Now the factory is operated on the wage system, and when people live in cities on a daily wage, they meet grave problems that they are not so apt to meet in the country. The independent farmer or craftsman has been largely displaced by wage-earners who are wholly dependent upon employment for a livelihood. To many wage-earners poverty is an ever-present threat, for when men are thrown out of work they can no longer support themselves on the products of the soil. More people have gone to the cities than have been able to find steady work, and consequently unemployment has come to be a serious social problem. But un-

employment is not the only question that has been raised by the city. Good housing, public health, recreation, amusement, and police and fire protection all become acute problems when large numbers of people flock into cities. It is hardly too much to say that the city has changed the whole character of our people. A man who lives in a small apartment or tenement closely surrounded by hundreds and thousands of other people living in similar quarters, who works at a machine in a factory that he does not own and never hopes to own, who subsists on a wage that may be stopped by forces over which he can have no control, who finds his recreation and amusements in company with multitudes of his fellows—such a man surely will not live and think as the early country-dwelling Americans lived and thought.

Another question that arises out of our cities and our industrial life is that of the effect of the use of machinery upon the man who uses it. In the old days a man who made shoes, for instance, performed every operation in the manufacture of his product. Today the workman has become a specialist. His whole duty is to do only a small bit of work on each shoe. The result is that the shoe passes through the hands of many workmen before it is completed. It becomes the product of a number of highly specialized workers rather than the product of one craftsman. A century ago a wagon maker could make virtually every portion of a wagon and assemble the parts. Today the whole task of many workers in an automobile factory is to tighten only one bolt in each motor car. Naturally the laborer becomes very efficient, but it is a grave question if he can take the same personal pride in the automobile that the older worker took in his wagon. This situation has created a serious problem, for when men cease to take pride in their products, they do not long remain satisfied with their work, and a man dissatisfied with his work is apt to be dissatisfied with his life.

Our writers have been mindful of the questions raised by the growing use of machinery in this country. Silas Bent is the author of *Machine Made Man,* a discussion of the changes wrought by machinery on the lives of men. Mr. Bent admits that the machine will bring more leisure, but he thinks that leisure unwisely spent is as bad as no leisure at all. Stuart Chase in his *Men and Machines* discusses a similar problem. Sherwood Anderson's *Puzzled America* is a description of our attitude toward present conditions. It is a significant contribution to the literature of the Great Depression.

During all our history American writers have always recognized that making a living is of great importance to us as individuals and as a nation. From the easy agricultural life of our early days, through the growing industrialization of the country to the depression that began in 1929, our literature has reflected our concern with making a living and "getting on in the world." The subjects are familiar and homely, but they are of everlasting interest. The writer has never had to seek far to find a theme. "Will you seek afar off?" asks Walt Whitman:

Will you seek afar off? you surely come back at last,
In things best known to you finding the best, or as good as the best,
In folks nearest to you finding the sweetest, strongest, lovingest,
Happiness, knowledge, not in another place but this place, not for another hour but this hour.



The first subdivision of this section tells of some of the ways in which Americans have carried on their ordinary work. Walter Noble Burns tells how Tombstone, Arizona, got its name. Archer Gilfillan takes us through a day with a sheepherder. The second subdivision is devoted to sea-faring, an occupation that was once more important in America than it is today. Richard Henry Dana describes life on a windjammer. Herman Melville and Eugene O'Neill write of whaling, one of the adventurous and picturesque ways of making a living.

The next subdivision has to do with business, a subject of everlasting interest to Americans. Benjamin Franklin, the first of our self-made men, recounts the incidents of his lowly start of his brilliant career. Edward Bok and Andrew Carnegie touch the same theme in their accounts of poor boys who started themselves on the road to success with no advantages of money, family influence, or educational opportunities.

The last subdivision shows how science and invention have become part of our lives and of our ways of making a living. One selection gives a close-up of a process in the motion picture industry. Douglass reveals how scientific research is solving some of the mysteries of the past and future.

R. B.



A

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

1. HILLS OF SILVER

WALTER NOBLE BURNS

Some extraordinarily rich mines have been found near Tombstone, Arizona. This dramatic story tells how Ed Schieffelin discovered the first mine. Geronimo, who is mentioned in the opening conversation, was the feared leader of the war-like Apache Indians.

At the old Brunckow mine, Al Sieber riding up with a party of scouts found Schieffelin sitting on a pile of rock on guard with his rifle across his lap.

"What're you doin', Ed?" asked Sieber.

"Prospecting, mostly," Schieffelin drawled.

"Whar?"

"Over yonder." Schieffelin waved his hand eastward toward the hills.

"Them hills?" scoffed Sieber. "Thar ain't nothin' thar."

"I've picked up some mighty nice-looking stones."

"All you'll ever find in them hills'll be your tombstone," warned the scout. "Geronimo'll git you ef you don't watch out, and leave your bones fer the buzzards to pick."

"I'll take a chance," Schieffelin replied.

His life against a million dollars. That was his chance.

From the yellow, shadowy ramparts of the Dragoons nine

miles across the mesquite mesa, a tall slender column of smoke, shimmering darkly in the sun, rose straight into the sky. It broke from its base and drawing slowly upward into space melted from view. A quick, ball-like puff of smoke shot upward like a bursting bomb. Again a slim spiral shorter than the first. Another explosive puff. Another. Once more a brief pillar. Dash. . . . Dot. . . . Dash. . . . Two dots. . . . Dash. Up there somewhere on the mountain wall a half-naked Apache, manipulating a deerskin over a brush fire, was telegraphing a code message to some war party in the valley. A queer little smile twisted the corner of Schieffelin's mouth. What was that fellow saying? Humph! He tightened a bit his grip on his rifle and went on looking for stones. Find his tombstone? Well, maybe.

He turned a corner of the wash. His mule halted abruptly, ears pricked, forelegs stiffly braced. What was that that gleamed so snowy white among the clumps of bear grass? An outcropping of white rock, perhaps. Or the mouldering skull of some long-dead, crow-bait pony. But no. Schieffelin dismounted. A step forward and there before him lay a human skeleton. Just beyond it another. The sparse grass had laid green tendrils across the glistening shanks. Weeds articulated the spinal columns. The disjointed bones, bleached to ghastly whiteness by the suns and rains of years, were only slightly out of place here and there, and the two dead men seemed to have lain undisturbed since the moment of sudden tragedy that had overwhelmed them.

The skeletons lay at full length, breast downward, head to head, with the finger bones of the long out-reaching arms almost touching. Between them stood a pile of silver ore perhaps a foot high, the dissevered arm bones almost enclosing it in a glimmering, broken circle. One skull lay turned on its side; the other was firmly imbedded upon its base in the earth, but the dark, hollow eye-sockets of both were trained, as if with conscious intensity, on the little heap of stones that suggested some idol's shrine before which these ghastly spectres bowed to the ground in unending worship. High above them, on a single stem, a yucca lifted a great cluster of drooping lily-white blossoms that swayed gently in the breeze like a swung censer.

The story of the tragedy that had left these bones to bleach on the desert was as clear as if the skeletons themselves suddenly had sat upright and unfolded every vivid detail. Picture two prospectors beside their camp fire. Rugged men they are, bearded, clear-eyed, ruddy with health. Luck has been with them. They

have located a rich ledge of silver during their day's wanderings. They pour their specimens of ore on the ground. In the red glow of the firelight they gloat over their treasure. Wonderful ore. What will it run? Twenty thousand to the ton? These questions can wait. The assay in Tucson will tell. They pick up the stones, scrutinize them, weigh them in their palms. They are like misers threading fingers joyously through gold. They laugh exultant laughter. But it is growing late. They roll themselves in their blankets and go to sleep under the stars to dream of riches.

But out in the darkness, a devil's ring has closed around them. While they are slumbering peacefully, fierce eyes keep them all night under baleful surveillance. Apache gods forbid a night attack; the night is sacred to ancestral ghosts. Rosy dawn is a choice time for murder. When morning breaks in rose and gold over the Dragoons, the two men tumble out of bed. For a happy moment they stand facing each other above their pile of ore. They stretch out comradely hands. "Put her there, pardner." Their fortune's made. Good-bye to desert hardships. They have struck it rich at last. . . . Apache rifles spit fire. Snaky wisps of blue powder smoke wriggle off across the mesquite. . . .

Schieffelin climbed down off his mule, and stepping gingerly among the bones, examined the pieces of ore one by one. Quick certainty flashed upon him like sunlight. This ore had come from the same source as the float he had found while scouting with Sieber. He was near the treasure for which he had hunted so long. Possibly this spot of dreams was now within the sweep of his vision. But where? He replaced the rocks as he had found them in the half-formed circle between the skeleton arms and rode away, leaving the dead at their eternal salaam before the tiny altar on which they had poured the oblation of their life blood.

At sunset, Schieffelin, several miles farther up the wash, prepared to camp. He picketed his mule in good grass in a secluded hollow and threw down his blankets on top of a hill a mile away. This was good strategy; a man will lie silent at night in Indian country, but a mule may burst into song at any moment. The conical hill on which he made camp extended out into the wash promontory wise and was thickly strewn with broken, gigantic fragments of rock. Just east of it was a fine spring in a clump of cottonwoods.

It was twilight when Schieffelin started for the spring to fill

his canteen. As he turned a point of rock, he saw on the brow of the hill scarcely twenty yards from him an Apache warrior standing in fine, bold silhouette against the golden pallor of the sky, every detail delicately outlined . . . the dingy white turban, the single eagle's feather in the hair, the necklace of bear's claws, loincloth, high boot-moccasins. A rifle rested in the crook of the Indian's arm; beneath his cupped palm, he was peering into the shadows beginning to veil the mesa. A noble picture, but appealing to Schieffelin more poignantly as a noble target. He dropped abruptly behind a rock and drew a careful bead.

As he was about to pull the trigger, a second savage, emerging noiselessly from behind the hilltop, seemed to float up against the sky like a manikin manipulated against a lighted screen by strings. Well! A third mysteriously materialized. The tragic situation was achieving a certain comic relief. Two more Indians rose ghostlike against the sky from the nether shadows. Five! It began to look as if Sieber's prophecy might come true, after all. A tombstone for the cornered prospector loomed just then as a not improbably tailpiece for his adventure. Schieffelin lowered his rifle. This thing was being overdone. He had had enough. Threading his way among the towering rocks, bent on stealthy flight in the gathering dusk, he espied from the verge of the crest twenty more Indians down by the spring.

But they were mounting their ponies. Schieffelin realized with a surge of relief that they were making ready to go away. The five that had floated up against the sky floated down again. Digging their heels into their ponies' sides, the band got under way. Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo! Their chanted grunting came to Schieffelin's ears in jolting rhythms as they rode off in the thickening darkness. But there was still danger. They were heading in the direction of Schieffelin's mule. Would that fool beast have sense enough to stick to cropping grass or, under sudden lyric urge, would it intone a hymn to the evening star? An aria at this crisis would be fatal. Or would those desert bloodhounds pick up Schieffelin's own trail in the wash and come back to lift his hair? Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo! The muffled cadence was growing fainter. With straining eyes, Schieffelin watched the huddle of jostling forms dwindle in the distance. It faded into a formless blur, winked out at last in blank darkness. They were gone. Still from far off the rhythmic whisper throbbed through the night. Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah-hoo!

Sweet music to Schieffelin's ears after a night of sleepless

vigilance was the hee-haw of his mule uplifted in joyous salute to the morning. When the sun again shone serenely over the familiar landscape, exorcising the lurking terrors of darkness, he felt the happy elation of one who has awakened in the nick of time to escape the hobgoblins of a nightmare. Three miles beyond him rose the hills that had so long intrigued and baffled him. He had had his first glimpse of them in April; this was the middle of August. Before him the wash led upward to the sunlit heights. Once more astride his mule he set off on the day's adventures.

Float was plentiful. The fragments scattered along the sides of the wash were like markers left to guide him. He entered the vestibule of the hills; the wash divided. Which branch should he take? One possibly led to poverty; the other to wealth. While he paused in momentary quandary, a cottontail rabbit darted from a covert, scurried across the wash from the left, and disappeared up the right-hand gulch, leaving a trail of tiny footprints in the sand. It seemed an augury. Schieffelin staked his mule in the brush and on foot followed the cottontail. Destiny at the crossroads was determined by a trifle.

He worked up the draw to its head far back in the range. The barren hills swept down in flowing curves that flattened into tables and dipped into hollows and saddles and were cut deeply by innumerable ravines. Far up toward the summit he spied an irregular ledge of grayish rock marbled with black and reddish-yellow splotches; he estimated its length at fifty feet and its width at six or eight inches. There were other ledges in plain view striping the hills. But this ledge stretching its undulant length along the dark slant of mountain stirred him like a battle flag. Toward it, as if drawn by a magnet, he laid his course, never swerving or turning aside as, laboring upward, he stumbled across arroyos and crashed through thickets of cat-claw and pear.

Breathless, wet with sweat, his heart pounding, he stood before the ledge at last. He sank his prospector's pick into the rock; it came crumbling down in a heap of brittle lumps. In a hand that trembled as with an ague, he picked up a fragment; he examined it with feverish eyes. It was streaked and veined and stained with silver. His brain reeled with the richness of it.

No one was there to see the climax of this one-man drama staged on the bleak hillside. No one but Schieffelin knew the

thrill and romance of it. He was alone with his mountain, alone with his dreams come true, alone with his achievement, alone in the glory of it. For this he had wandered in poverty for years through mountains and deserts, starved, suffered, braved death. Here was the goal of his life, his ultimate destination. This desolate spot was the end of the rainbow.

He fished from his pants pocket a silver twenty-five-cent piece and pressed it against a slab of ore. In the soft, rich, metal content of the rock, the coin left an imprint so clearly defined that in it Schieffelin was able to decipher the national motto. Beneath his feet was a hill crammed as full of silver as was ever pirate treasure chest with doubloons and pieces-of-eight, but this quarter of a dollar was all the money he had in the world. With it, later on, he bought a plug of tobacco in Globe.

As Schieffelin leaned on his pick and in a brief moment of reverie gazed over the San Pedro Valley shimmering under a blazing sun, Al Sieber's warning at the old Brunckow house came back to him: "All you'll ever find in them hills'll be your tombstone." It flashed upon him now that, as a prophet, old Sieber was a great Indian fighter. Schieffelin grinned at the merry conceit. Instead of a tombstone, he had discovered a silver mine —a million-dollar silver mine, perhaps. But if those Indians had caught him last night. . . . After all, he had missed a tombstone—or death, at least—only by an inch or two. Tombstone. Not such a bad name for his mine considering his close squeak and Sieber's fool prediction. Well, what was the matter with that name, anyway? Why not? The mine might be his tombstone some day—or his monument. So he made his decision. His mine was the Tombstone . . . now . . . for all time. That was settled on the spot. The name was coloured with a little irony, a little cynicism, a little drama, a little romance, a little fun, a little seriousness. Unconsciously, with an unuttered word, Schieffelin had christened not only the mine but the hills, a whole silver field, and an unborn town whose story was to develop into one of the most picturesque and dramatic chronicles of the Southwest.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What methods did the author use to describe Schieffelin so that we could have a clear picture of him?

2. Explain the difference between a prospector and a miner. Why did

Schieffelin use a mule rather than a horse? Why did he not shoot the first Apache Indian he saw?

3. How many times did Schieffelin's success turn on matters beyond his control? Point out the climax of this "one-man drama."

4. Would "Hills of Silver" make a better motion picture than a play? Why? If you were preparing a scenario, what use would you make of a tombstone?

5. Books by Walter N. Burns:

a. *The Saga of Billy the Kid*

b. *Tombstone, an Iliad of the Southwest*

2. THE SHEEPHERDER CALLS IT A DAY

ARCHER B. GILFILLAN

What titles would you give to each of the three parts into which this selection falls?

I

Picture to yourself the old Conestoga wagon or prairie schooner, shorten it somewhat, widen it to extend out over the wheels, pull the canvas taut and smooth so that there is no ribbed appearance, put a small window in the back and a door in the front—and there you have the herder's happy home. There is a short length of stove-pipe sticking up through the canvas on one side near the front. You will notice that the door is not placed squarely in the middle, but toward the opposite side from the stove-pipe. The door itself is unusual. It is built in two halves, one above, one below; and each half swings independently on its own hinges. In the upper half are three small window-panes in a vertical line. How much light they admit depends upon how recently they have been installed, because of course the herder is a herder and not a window washer by profession.

The usual explanation for the divided door is that it permits the wagon to be ventilated without cooling off the stove. But I think that is only part of it. It is really the most convenient thing imaginable. You may want to keep the dog in or out without keeping the door shut, so you close the lower half. Also, if you open the full door, the effect is somewhat like opening one entire side of a house. But by keeping the bottom half closed you prevent floor drafts, while the top half, being fastened with

a chain, may be kept open at any angle desired, thus affording a perfect means of ventilation. The window at the rear is hinged at the top and may be raised or lowered by a rope passing over a pulley and fastened inside within easy reach. Thus the window also may be held open at any point desired, making the sheep wagon one of the most easily and perfectly ventilated abodes of man.

You get into the wagon by the simple process of stepping on the wagon tongue, grasping the sides of the door, and hoisting yourself in. Some herders use a box or a pair of steps. As you stand in the doorway you have the stove on one hand, with the dish cupboard behind it, and on the other side a bench running from the door to the bed. The latter, built crosswise of the wagon, takes up the last four or five feet of space. Opposite the long bench is a shorter one running from the bed to the dish cupboard. These benches are directly over the wheels. If you examine them closely, you will see a trapdoor in the center of each, and these lead into the grub boxes. As may be seen from the outside, the grub boxes are suspended in the space between the rear and front wheels, thus carrying out that economy of space which is the keynote of the sheep wagon.

To return to the inside: hinged to the bed and jutting forward between the two benches is the table. Its forward edge is supported either by a gate leg beneath or by a chain dropped from the framework of the top. In either case the table may be let down and out of the way when not in use. Sometimes it is arranged to slide in and out beneath the bed. There is also quite a space beneath the bed, where the dogs may be out from underfoot and where bulky articles may be kept.

The bed itself is a built-in bunk with sides a foot or more high. Sometimes it has a set of springs resting on its hard board bottom, but more often only a mattress. Sometimes the herder furnishes the bedding, sometimes the boss. Customs vary in different regions. Just above the bed is a small window, mentioned before, through which the herder may look out over his sheep at night without getting up. Over the bed is a shelf or two, where the herder keeps his clothes, books, and papers.

Such, in brief, is 'the wagon,' and for the purposes for which it was designed it would seem hard to improve on it. The keynote of it, as said before, is economy of space. The door and window both open out. The top is high enough so that a tall man may stand upright. For one man there is plenty of room;

two crowd it; three are unbearable. But it was intended and designed for one.

We hear so much of the number of steps a woman has to take in pursuit of her work. Someone has even computed the number of miles she is compelled to walk daily—that is, around the house and excluding trips to the movies and the barber. Think of this household marathon and then think of being able to stand in one spot to get an entire meal, to take two steps to sit down and eat it, and then to rise in place and wash the dishes. If the efficiency experts once get a good look at a sheep wagon, they will shortly have all the women under canvas. The herder has no upstairs work to do. He sweeps his wagon whenever it needs it, usually twice a day, and he does the scrubbing and dusting every time the Republicans sweep the solid South.

It is a wonder that there are so few women sharing their husbands' lives in a wagon. Think of a woman's being able to get her housework for the day done in fifteen or twenty minutes. That is all the time the herder spends on it. And yet I am not sure it would work out that way. I have known many a woman homesteader to spend the whole day keeping house in a ten-by-twelve shack, and be busy all the time. What she did or could find to do for that length of time must take its place with the great number of other feminine mysteries. I have heard women say that it is harder to keep house in a small place than a large one. On the other hand, we have all heard of 'the burden of a large house.' That is a woman every time. She gets you going and coming.

Of course there are some problems connected with housekeeping even in a wagon. For instance, I am in the habit of putting the coffee pot down into the stove to encourage early boiling. Naturally the pot collects a thick coat of soot. The boss claims that a mixture of soap and elbow grease would cause this soot to disappear. I claim that it wouldn't. The question has not yet been settled. Then there is another problem arising from the fact that the water pail stands directly beneath the mirror, which causes complications. However, there must be some way out of the difficulty, and doubtless in time I shall discover it.

An observant visitor in a wagon would notice that each of the shelves of the dish cupboard has a three-inch strip of wood hinged to its front edge, the strip being equipped with hooks so that the shelf may be converted into an open box at will. He might also notice that the dishes, both cups and plates, are of

tin. These little details point significantly to the herder's secret sorrow, to the fly in the amber of his peaceful existence—that is, moving day. An old proverb says that three removes are as bad as a fire. That being so, how would you like, once every month, to pile all your belongings on the bed, have an unsympathetic earthquake attached to the front of the house, and have the aforesaid house dragged over several miles of rough country? Yet this is just what happens to the herder. At the end of the journey he may find that the mirror has again been cracked across, or that the kerosene can has been upset on the bed, inducing dreams of oil-stock swindles, or that the syrup pail has tipped over and has spread its contents in a thin veneer over all adjacent objects. All these accidents can and do happen, but a merciful providence usually sees to it that they do not all happen at once. The condition of things at the end of the journey depends largely on the skill and carefulness of the camp tender, whose business it is to move the wagon. But a person will always take better care of his own stuff than another will, and some of the camp tenders are stronger in the back than they are north of the ears. The herder can sometimes do his own packing, if he knows with certainty the day on which he is to be moved, but he can never do the driving, as he has to tend to the sheep.

It would surprise the average person to know how comfortable a sheep wagon is, summer and winter. Almost everyone knows that the average tent is unbearable on a hot day. He might think that the sheep wagon, being a tent on wheels, would be the same way. But such is not the case. The canvas top is usually of several thicknesses, which renders it impervious to the sun's rays; with the door open in front and the window open in the rear, whatever breeze there is comes through; and unless the stove is going the wagon is cool compared with the outside. In like manner in winter the many layers of canvas above and the double matched-board floor beneath keep in a surprising amount of heat. Likewise the fact that there is such a comparatively small air space to heat makes it possible to keep the wagon at a very comfortable temperature. Many herders are out in their wagons all winter, and this in a country which sees forty below every year and in which zero weather frequently extends over long periods.

And yet, with all its attractions, the wagon seems to make a very limited appeal to women. It is the very great exception, even where the herder is married, that his wife lives with him

in the wagon. To be sure, there is really room for only one, but then man and wife are supposed to be one, so that shouldn't make any difficulty. Of course, there would be no room for temperament. But whether the reason is prudence on the part of the man or disdain on the part of the woman, the fact is that a wagon with a woman in it is as rare as a tearoom without one, and it seems likely that the wagon will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, the refuge of the married man and the hiding place of the bachelor.

II

"A sheepman ain't got no friends" is the customary complaint of the flock owner. To this the classic retort is: "A sheepman don't want no friends." In other words, the farther away a sheepman's neighbors are, the more grass he has for his stock. Besides, it is often easier to be on good terms with someone at a distance whose interests do not in any way conflict with yours than it is with your neighbor, whose lands may join yours for miles. If distance alone is enough to make friends, we all ought to be friendly in this part of the country, where the population is less than two to the square mile and where, in spite of the one crop that never fails, there are fewer people than there were ten years ago. The ranch on which I work, one of average size, comprises about nineteen square miles, which would seem to give plenty of elbowroom. Size, however, is only relative. Several years ago the boss was talking with the representative of a sheep company out in Montana. This man said that they had been dried out the previous year and had run short of range, and so had had to lease six additional townships. A township is thirty-six square miles.

A herder's neighbors fall into two distinct classes. First, there are those whose land borders his employer's range. It is the herder's business to see that the sheep do not cross the line separating the ranges, and the diligence with which he does this is in direct proportion to the irascibility of the said neighbors. The herder is brought into direct contact with each of these neighbors in turn during the course of a year, and these contacts are varying pleasantness. The following, however, may almost be considered axiomatic: if the herder can convince the neighbors that he is trying to do the right thing, they, being human themselves, will overlook his occasional lapses from his one hundred per cent ambitions. Besides this, they know that no herder can

get the grass on his side up to the line without some of the sheep getting across; and if the neighbors themselves have stock running loose, as most of them do, they more than get that grass back again. Loose stock of any kind has very hazy ideas about boundary lines, but quite a clear conception of where the best feed is.

Sometimes a herder's difficulties are the fault of the sheepman. A new herder, beginning work on a certain ranch, asked his boss where the lines were. "Oh," said the sheepman, making large and expansive gestures, "herd anywhere you like. It's all my range." The trustful herder set out with the sheep, but every time he crossed a boundary line someone popped up, and if he wasn't the owner, then the land belonged to his brother or his aunt or his grandmother, and he had been especially commissioned to keep any and all sheep off it. That night the new herder tendered his resignation, to take effect at once.

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. A certain sheepman, hiring a herder with a reputation for quarrelsomeness, warned him before he went out to the wagon to begin work: "You can get into all the fights you want to, and you can get out of them yourself."

The other class of neighbors with whom the herder has to do is comprised of people passing through the country on their various errands, or riders from other ranches looking for stock, or friends of the herder from a distance. The herder's relations with this class are uniformly pleasant. They break the monotony of the herding day, and, in a land without telephone or telegraph, they bring the latest news, and the herder is often able to reciprocate with news from other sources. In fact, my boss used to say that the herder out on the prairie heard more news than he did at the ranch. Scarcely a day passes that the herder does not see someone. The longest period I ever passed without seeing a human being was six days. At the end of that time I was ready to marry or swear eternal brotherhood to the next person I met, according to sex. The absence of human companionship likewise has a tendency to make the tongue wag when the opportunity does come, for conversation with the sheep, however lively and vigorous it may be, is too one-sided to be interesting.

Yet, strange as it may seem, the herder sometimes has too much company and finds himself in the position of being the unpaid proprietor of a short-order stand. Friends from a distance are always welcome, as their motives are above suspicion.

But when a near neighbor makes a practice of dropping in just at mealtime a faint suspicion is apt to arise in the mind of the herder that his visitor is not so much attracted by the charm of the host's conversation as repelled by the thought of having to cook his own dinner at home.

But it stands the herder in good stead not to antagonize his neighbors, whether near or far, because he never knows when they may be in a position to do him a most substantial favor. Once in a while a few sheep may slip away without the herder's knowledge, and a neighbor who will bring them back to the herder, or tell him where they are, confers a benefit worth many meals to the herder, and incidentally to the boss, who pays for the food.

The transient rider going through the country and stopping at the wagon in the absence of the herder presents another problem. I have heard other herders say, and I take the same position myself, that if a man passing through is really in need of a meal he is welcome to go into the wagon, cook himself a meal, wash his dishes, and go on, leaving the wagon in as good order as he found it. But that is just what the transient is unwilling to do. He will take liberties in a sheep wagon that he would never dream of taking in a private house, unless he had a friend along to pick the buckshot out of him. He will eat up whatever food is cooked, especially any delicacies, drain the coffee pot, and be on his way rejoicing before the herder returns.

In earlier times herders were often left alone for long periods; in fact, one herder said that if his boss visited him oftener than once in three weeks he would begin to think his work wasn't satisfactory. But it is doubtful whether such conditions exist to-day.

There is one peculiar result of the herder's isolation. Suppose the boss comes out to the wagon and says something the herder doesn't like. The boss goes home and promptly forgets it in the numerous contacts he has with others, but the herder does not forget. He mulls it over in his mind, because he has no other immediate contacts to obliterate the memory of this unpleasant one. So he broods over it, and often it curdles the milk of his otherwise sunny disposition. But this is not the fault of the herder; it is merely the result of the conditions of his job.

There is an ever-recurrent story that the laws in certain states compel a sheepman to keep two men with the bunch all the time, one to herd the sheep and the other to keep the herder from

going crazy. What would happen if the ovine influence should *upset the mental equilibrium of both of them at the same time is a matter for conjecture. Speaking merely for myself, the sight* of someone watching me from day to day for signs of incipient madness would be the surest and quickest way to call to life the germs of that disease which is supposed to lie latent in the herder's calling. And if, in addition, I had to do all the work, while the other fellow confined his labors to his optic nerve, there would inevitably steal into my consciousness the thought that insanity is a valid as well as popular excuse for several of the major crimes.

There is also the fable of another law compelling a sheepman to visit his wagon every so often. This is probably as apocryphal as the other. If this law were amended so as to compel the sheepman to visit his wagon on certain days and on no others, it would receive the strong and hearty support of most herders. As it is, the boss is likely to drop in unannounced almost any time, and this is frequently a cause of embarrassment and deep mortification to the herder, all of which could be avoided by the simple passage of this law.

The fact that labor trouble is practically unknown in the relations between sheepman and herder may be due to various reasons. For one thing, herders are unorganized. The fact that one herder would have to walk several miles at night in order to organize with the next one may have something to do with that. Also, being hired for twenty-four hours a day, there is no time for them to attend meetings when their twenty-four-hour shift is over. Besides this, the extent of ground necessary for running a band of sheep is so large, and the wagons consequently so far apart, that it would take a day and a half to get together enough herders for a good poker game, let alone enough to serve as an audience for inflammatory speeches.

I have still another theory about the herders' lack of an organization, and that is that the nature of his work tends to make him independent. He prefers to do his own thinking rather than to pay some one else to do it for him, and he would be very much opposed to supporting some other herder in idleness for this purpose.

But I think that the real reason for the absence of labor troubles is that sheep raising is still carried on along the old patriarchal lines, and the old man-to-man relation still exists, as it formerly did in almost every occupation. Once in a while a

sheepman may suddenly send his herder to join the ranks of the unemployed, or an occasional herder may tell his boss where to shove his sheep, but these individual cases are to be settled each on its own merits. And to counterbalance these melancholy incidents there are many cases where herders have worked for the same man as long as Jacob did for Laban, even without Jacob's incentive. When a herder has put in ten years working for one man, as I have, it looks as if the boss must be a pretty good fellow after all. Modesty forbids the reversal of the formula.

III

At first sight it might seem that the herder, consorting with a notably harmless animal, living for the most part aloof from his fellow man, with no temptations other than those afforded by the mail-order catalogues, ought to lead a life singularly free from hazards of all sorts. But my belief is and my experience has been that he runs all the risks that other people do, with a few peculiar to his own profession thrown in for good measure.

A few years ago I was sitting in the wagon one sultry Sunday afternoon in midsummer writing letters. It was about half past three, and the sheep were leaving water, but had not yet gone far enough to need attention. Going to the door of the wagon to make sure they were all right, I found myself staring directly at an immense black bowl-shaped cloud, from the bottom of which a black snaky trunk sought the earth, the tip of it licking the dust from a ridge not half a mile away. I had seen such a sight once before, from the distance of three miles, but if I had never seen one I could not have mistaken it for any but the deadly thing that it was.

The wagon, as always in summer, stood on the top of a hill. It occurred to me that a hilltop was about the poorest place imaginable in which to entertain a visit from a tornado. To be more accurate, I should say that this occurred to me as I was actively engaged in leaving. I know that I broke several records getting down that hill, but since there was no one there with a stop watch I don't know just which ones they were. I reached the bottom and took out across the flat with every intention of runnin out of the path of the advancing column. But, as I kept track of it over my shoulder, it seemed to me that I was running directly into that path. So I turned and started back. Then I happened to remember that there was an old homestead well at the foot of the hill on which the wagon stood, one of those shallow

wells into which the homesteader would pour a barrel of water on the day he proved up, and then go to town and swear himself black in the face that he had a well with water in it. Into this five-foot well I let myself, and from this favored spot watched the proceedings.

I had been subconsciously aware all this time of a great roaring in the air, but had put it down to thunder. Now I noticed that it was unvarying and continuous, like the roar of great express trains going by on either side. I saw the column still advancing, and was amazed at its comparatively slow progress, since I knew that within that whirling pillar the air was traveling at immeasurable velocity. As I watched the advancing column, I saw it break in two, one part dropping toward the earth, the other withdrawing toward the overhanging cloud; then the parts joined again; then the lower end drew up and let down quickly several times, as if it were rubber bouncing on the earth. Higher and higher were the bounces and shorter became the trunk, until finally it dissolved altogether into the gray cloud above it, and its all-pervading roar became merged into the new roar of an advancing hailstorm.

Late that afternoon, when the boss and his family came out to see how everything was, I learned that the tornado had struck a house about four miles west of where the wagon stood. In the house at the time were a young mother and four little girls. By the merest chance the mother happened to glance out of the window as the advancing column invaded the yard. She had just time to throw the children on the bed and fling a thick quilt over them, when the tornado struck. The walls seemed to press in and then fell outward, the roof disappeared, and in an instant the mother found herself flying through the air. As she was carried along the wind sucked her baby out of her arms, carried it aloft, and then restored it to her; a board kept gently tapping the back of her head; all she could think of was broken bones, broken bones; then quite suddenly she was on the ground with her children around her, with broken and twisted farm machinery scattered all about them; and, on the very verge of collapse, she sent the eldest girl after one of the little ones, who, stripped of every shred of clothing, was chasing the flying column down the field, sobbing as she ran.

Like all other mortals since the time man first cooked his meat instead of bolting it raw, the herder is subject to the hazards of fire. One day last spring at the beginning of lambing, I cooked

breakfast for the other lamber and myself over a wood fire. I remarked to him that I would not use any coal, because we should not be in again till noon. We left the wagon about seven o'clock, and after I was outside I stepped back in again to make sure that I had closed the front draft. The wind was blowing a gale. Two hours later I saw the other lamber going toward the wagon with his horse on the run, but I merely thought that he was going back after some tobacco. I was talking at the time with one of the neighbors and had my back to our wagon, when all of a sudden the neighbor straightened in the saddle and shouted, "Look! Look!" I turned around and saw the wagon one mass of flames. I was a mile from where it stood, and afoot, so I could play only the part of a spectator, but the language in which I mourned the loss of my books, my clothing, and my typewriter started a prairie fire where I was standing.

The lamber first tried to get his tarp bed out from under the table, but was firmly wedged there with his two suitcases behind it. Not knowing what else to do, and not wishing to remain idle, he threw out in rapid succession the ink bottle, the saltcellar, and the sugar bowl. Just then his hair and his moustache caught fire, and he decided to leave. It is barely possible he left before he fully decided. The man I had been talking to had in the meantime raced his horse to the wagon, and by a mixture of brain and muscle he succeeded in tipping off the burning upper portion, and thereby saved the running gears. We found that the bottom of the stove had rusted through just beneath the stovepipe. A spark must have dropped through on to the wood piled beneath, and there it smouldered for two hours before bursting into flame.

But the greatest danger that the herder has to face, in my opinion, is from lightning. He is peculiarly exposed to it. On the treeless plains of the West a man or a "critter" forms a natural target for the lightning bolt. Numbers of cattle and still greater numbers of horses are killed in this way every year. Most human beings naturally seek shelter at the approach of a storm, but the herder must remain somewhere in the vicinity of his sheep.

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. However that may be, it is a safe bet that it never strikes the same herder twice, if it gets a fair shot at him the first time. I knew a herder who was knocked unconscious for some time when lightning struck a bunch of sheep that he was driving into a corral. Several of the sheep were killed, and, strange to say, the others

started to pile up on top of them. Another time a herder, who was taking my place while I was on vacation, had gravel thrown into his coat collar as he sat on his horse, when lightning struck a pebbly stretch of river shore just behind him. He too was rendered unconscious for some moments, and when he came to he was grasping the saddle horn to keep from falling.

My own closest call with lightning came several years ago. The wagon was perched on top of the highest hill in the neighborhood. A storm came up during the night, and as it drew nearer I sat up in bed and watched the sheep through the window in the back of the wagon. When the rain struck them they broke up into little groups, but did not go far because it was midsummer and the rain was warm. The lightning kept getting nearer and nearer, till suddenly there was a bolt and an almost simultaneous crash apparently right on top of the wagon. The thought flashed through my mind, "I might as well die lying down as sitting up," so I lay back on the bed and waited for the end of a perfect day. To my infinite relief the next crash sounded farther off. At daylight, not thirty paces from the wagon, I found four sheep dead, grouped closely, and already bloated, as is characteristic of lightning victims. Why the bolt should struck such a comparatively low target as a sheep and should have ignored the wagon and its stovepipe, close by and on higher ground, is a question that must be answered by someone more intimately acquainted with lightning than I am.

Not all herders are so lucky, however. In our own community several years ago there was the case of Andy Swanson. He had intended to quit herding and go to California as soon as shearing was over. The last time his boss saw him alive, Andy said, "Well, Louie, I'm singing my last tune, and pretty soon I'll be going around them for the last time." That afternoon a summer shower passed over—a mere sprinkle of rain, a few lightning flashes, and it was gone. The next day Andy's horse came to the ranch with the saddle on, but nobody thought anything of it, as it is no uncommon thing for a herder's horse to get away from him. But that evening was the time set for Andy to bring the sheep in to the ranch for shearing, and when he did not show up his boss went out to see what was the matter. He found sheep scattered all about, but no herder. Thoroughly alarmed, he summoned his neighbors, and all that night they hunted with lanterns and shouted, thinking Andy might have fallen off a bank and broken a leg. At ten o'clock the next morning on a high rocky

ledge they found him. Andy had passed into the keeping of the Good Shepherd, who, if He disregardeth not the sparrow's fall, had surely in His infinite mercy already enfolded the soul of this poor herder who lay face downward upon the earth. He who at eventide counts His sheep one by one into the fold will at the last not leave the lowly herder standing outside.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare and discuss the titles proposed for each of the three parts of the selection.
2. The prairies and plains of the West were usually occupied, first, by deer, antelope, and buffalo; second, by cattle; third, by sheep; fourth, in some sections, by farmers. Account for the order of development and the changes in the occupations of the inhabitants. Where are sheepherders to be found today?
3. Find an explanation for this quotation: "Herders have worked for the same man as long as Jacob did for Laban, even without Jacob's incentive." Tell how you found the explanation.
4. Point out details in the selection that make it real.
5. Explain these words: irascibility, apocryphal, patriarchal. Notice how they are used in the selection.
6. Write on one of these subjects:
 a. Keeping House in a Trailer
 b. Life in a Houseboat
 c. Camp and Trails
 d. Tenting on an Automobile Trip
 e. Automobile Camps I Have Known

3. THE SHEEPHERDER

LEW SARETT

Loneliness has caused many a Western sheepherder to lose his mind. The teller of the story is a fire-guard or forest ranger in Jackson's Hole, a wild region in Wyoming south of Yellowstone National Park.

Loping along the day's patrol,
I came on a herder in Jackson's Hole;
Furtive of manner, blazing of eye,
He never looked up when I rode by;
But counting his fingers, fiercely intent,
Around and around his herd he went:

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four . . .
Twenty and thirty . . . forty more;
Strayed—nine ewes; killed—ten rams;
Seven and seventy lost little lambs.

He was the only soul I could see
On the lonely range for company—
Save one lean wolf and a prairie-dog,
And a myriad of ants at the foot of a log;
So I sat the herder down on a clod—
But his eyes went counting the ants in the sod:

One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four . . .
Fifty and sixty . . . seventy more;
There's not in this flock a good bell-wether!
Then how can a herder hold it together!

Seeking to cheer him in his plight,
I flung my blankets down for the night;
But he wouldn't talk as he sat by the fire—
Corralling sheep was his sole desire;
With fingers that pointed near and far,
Mumbling, he herded star by star:

One sheep, two sheep, three—as before!
Eighty and ninety . . . a thousand more!
My lost little lambs—one thousand seven!—
Are wandering over the hills of Heaven.

4. FISH CRIER

CARL SANDBURG

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street, with a voice like a north wind blowing over corn stubble in January.

He dangles herring before prospective customers evincing a joy identical with that of Pavlova dancing.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

B

AMERICANS GO TO SEA

1. DAILY LIFE ON A SAILING VESSEL

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

In the early nineteenth century many of the adventurous sons of the best American families went to sea in their youth. Boys who lived along the Atlantic Coast, especially in New England, were likely to sign up on whalers or trading vessels. They were good sailors, and the ships they manned flew the American flag on the Seven Seas.

While Dana was a student in Harvard, his eyes gave him so much trouble that he was forced to take a long vacation from his studies. To pass the time he shipped on a sailing vessel that was to make the voyage from Boston to California by way of Cape Horn. He was away from home almost exactly two years. One of the results of the trip was *Two Years Before the Mast*, one of the best books of the sea ever written.

As we had now a long "spell" of fine weather, without any incident to break the monotony of our lives, there can be no better place to describe the duties, regulations, and customs of an American merchantman, of which ours was a fair specimen.

The captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, and is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without a question, even from his chief officer. He has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them and make them do duty as sailors in the forecastle. Where there are no passengers and no supercargo, as in our vessel, he had no companion but his own dignity, and no pleasures, unless he differs from most of his kind, but the consciousness of possessing supreme power, and occasionally, the exercise of it.

The prime minister, the official organ, and the active and superintending officer, is the chief mate. He is first lieutenant, *boatswain, sailing-master, and quarter-master. The captain tells him what he wishes to have done, and leaves to him the care of* overseeing, of allotting the work, and also the responsibility of its being well done. *The* mate (as he is always called, *par excellence*) also keeps the log-book, for which he is responsible to the owners and insurers, and has the charge of the stowage, safe keeping, and delivery of the cargo. He is also, ex-officio, the wit of the crew; for the captain does not condescend to joke with the men, and the second mate no one cares for; so that when "the mate" thinks fit to entertain "the people" with a coarse joke or a little practical wit, every one feels bound to laugh.

The second mate's is proverbially a dog's berth. He is neither officer nor man. The men do not respect him as an officer, and he is obliged to go aloft to reef and furl the top-sails, and to put his hands into the tar and slush, with the rest. The crew call him the "sailors' waiter," as he has to furnish them with spun-yarn, marline, and all other stuffs that they need in their work, and has charge of the boatswain's locker, which includes serving-boards, marlin-spikes, etc., etc. He is expected by the captain to maintain his dignity and to enforce obedience, and still is kept at a great distance from the mate, and obliged to work with the crew. He is one to whom little is given and of whom much is required. His wages are usually double those of a common sailor, and he eats and sleeps in the cabin; but he is obliged to be on deck nearly all his time, and eats at the second table, that is, makes a meal out of what the captain and chief mate leave.

The steward is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which every one, even the mate himself, is excluded. These distinctions usually find him an enemy in the mate, who does not like to have any one on board who is not entirely under his control; the crew do not consider him as one of their number, so he is left to the mercy of the captain.

The cook is the patron of the crew, and those who are in his favor can get their wet mittens and stockings dried, or light their pipes at the galley on the night watch. These two worthies, together with the carpenter and sailmaker, if there is one, stand no watch, but, being employed all day, are allowed to "sleep in" at night, unless all hands are called.

The crew are divided into two divisions, as equally as may be, called the watches. Of these the chief mate commands the

larboard, and the second mate the starboard. They divide the time between them, being on and off duty, or, as it is called, on deck and below, every other four hours. If, for instance, the chief mate with the larboard watch have the first night-watch from eight to twelve; at the end of the four hours, the starboard watch is called, and the second mate takes the deck, while the larboard watch and the first mate go below until four in the morning, when they come on deck again and remain until eight; having what is called the morning watch. As they will have been on deck eight hours out of twelve, while those who had the middle watch—from twelve to four, will only have been up four hours, they have what is called a "forenoon watch below," that is, from eight, A.M., till twelve, M. In a man-of-war, and in some merchantmen, this alternation of watches is kept up throughout the twenty-four hours; but our ship, like most merchantmen, had "all hands" from twelve o'clock till dark, except in bad weather, when we had "watch and watch."

An explanation of the "dog watches" may, perhaps, be of use to one who has never been at sea. They are to shift the watches each night, so that the same watch need not be on deck at the same hours. In order to effect this, the watch from *four* to *eight*, P.M., is divided into two half, or dog watches, one from four to six, and the other from six to eight. By this means they divide the twenty-four hours into *seven* watches instead of *six*, and thus shift the hours every night. As the dog watches come during twilight, after the day's work is done, and before the night watch is set, they are the watches in which everybody is on deck. The captain is up, walking on the weather side of the quarter-deck, the chief mate on the leeside, and the second mate about the weather gangway. The steward has finished his work in the cabin, and has come up to smoke his pipe with the cook in the galley. The crew are sitting on the windlass or lying on the fore-castle, smoking, singing, or telling long yarns. At eight o'clock, eight bells are struck, the log is hove, the watch set, the wheel relieved, the galley shut up, and the other watch goes below.

The morning commences with the watch on deck's "turning-to" at day-break and washing down, scrubbing and swabbing the decks. This, together with filling the "scuttle butt" with fresh water, and coiling up the rigging, usually occupies the time until seven bells (half after seven), when all hands get breakfast. At eight, the day's work begins, and lasts until sundown, with the exception of an hour for dinner.

Before I end my explanations, it may be well to define a *day's work*, and to correct a mistake prevalent among landsmen about a sailor's life. Nothing is more common than to hear people say—"Are not sailors very idle at sea?—what can they find to do?" This is a very natural mistake, and being very frequently made, it is one which every sailor feels interest in having corrected. In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon *something* when he is on deck, except at night and on Sundays. Except at these times, you will never see a man, on board a well-ordered vessel, standing idle on deck, sitting down or leaning over the side. It is the officers' duty to keep every one at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work, and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty, and though they frequently do talk when aloft, or when near one another, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh.

With regard to the work upon which the men are put, it is a matter which probably would not be understood by one who has not been at sea. When I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it would soon be over, and we should have nothing to do but to sail the ship; but I found that it continued so for two years, and at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has often been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail gear is to be rove, all the running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use to be got down, and new rigging rove in its place: then the standing rigging is to be overhauled, replaced, and repaired, in a thousand different ways; and wherever any of the numberless ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, there "chafing gear," as it is called, must be put on. This chafing gear consists of worming, parcelling, rounding, battens, and service of all kinds—both rope-yarns, spun-yarn, marline and seizing-stuffs. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear alone, upon a vessel would find constant employment for two or three men, during working hours, for a whole voyage.

The next point to be considered is, that all the "small stuffs" which are used on board a ship—such as spun-yarn, marline, seizing-stuff, etc., etc.—are made on board. The owners of a

vessel buy up incredible quantities of "old junk," which the sailors unlay, after drawing out the yarns, knot them together, and roll them up in balls. These "rope-yarns" are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun-yarn. For this purpose every vessel is furnished with a "spun-yard winch"; which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly going on deck in pleasant weather; and we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands in drawing and knotting yarns, and making spun-yarn.

Another method of employing the crew is "setting up" rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack (which is continually happening), the seizings and coverings must be taken off, tackles got up, and after the rigging is bowsed well taught, the seizings and coverings replaced; which is a very nice piece of work. There is also such a connection between different parts of a vessel, that one rope can seldom be touched without altering another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back stays, without slacking up the head stays, etc., etc. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing which is required in the course of a long voyage, and also remember this is all to be done in *addition to* watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, "What can a sailor find to do at sea?"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain in detail the organization of a ship's crew on an old sailing vessel. Find out, if you can, the ways the organization has been changed in a modern ship. Why should the captain have such absolute power? What is meant by "dog watch"?

2. Tell about the duties of a sailor in the days of sailing ships. Mention important changes in the work of the crew on present-day ocean liners.

3. Volunteers secure a copy of *Two Years before the Mast,* from which this selection was taken, and report on chapters to the class.

4. What impresses you as the most interesting feature in a sailor's life in the old days? Name what you regard as the most unpleasant aspect of his life.

5. Read other books of the sea by American and English writers: Joseph Conrad: *Youth* and *Typhoon;* James Fenimore Cooper: *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover;* Rudyard Kipling: *Captains Courageous;* John Masefield: *Sard Harker;* Herman Melville: *Redburn* and *White Jacket;* Lowell Thomas: *Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.*

2. KILLING A WHALE

HERMAN MELVILLE

This selection is taken from Melville's *Moby Dick,* a book that describes a long and disastrous whaling voyage. In the story the ship is under the command of Captain Ahab, who was fired by the one desire of having revenge on a white whale that had crippled him on a previous voyage. "Killing a Whale" is an episode in the long pursuit of *Moby Dick,* the White Whale.

The next day was exceedingly still and sultry, and with nothing special to engage them, the *Pequod's* crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalemen call a lively ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters, than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the in-shore ground of Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremast-head; and with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen mast-heads were already drowsy. So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded their indolent crests; and across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vises my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet, the whale

looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness; and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three noises from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along, the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flitted his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunderclaps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy—start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy, easy—only start her like grim

death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war-whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard—"Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead; so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harp-string, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and,

at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman! and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish, at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that phrensied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out

into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frighted air; and falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. If you were an artist, which moment in the story would you choose as the subject of a picture? For examples of pictures of whales and the whaling industry see a copy of *Moby Dick* which has been elaborately illustrated by Rockwell Kent.

2. What atmosphere is created by the first three paragraphs? Point out the transition to action. Tell in detail what happened after "The harpoon was hurled."

3. Mention touches of humor in the narrative. What is especially effective in the final paragraph?

4. The part which whaling has played in American life is given in Ralph D. Paine's *The Old Merchant Marine;* the names of the crew are explained in *Moby Dick;* the place of New England in the whaling industry is described in William O. Stevens' *Nantucket;* adventures in whaling are related in Elizabeth C. Forrest's "Whale!" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1936.

5. It is interesting to look up the life of Melville. Perhaps you can find something about the lack of popularity of this story, whose merit has been recognized only in recent years.

6. Other books telling of hunting and fishing are:

Carl Akeley: *Adventures in the African Jungle.*
Roy Chapman Andrews: *Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera.*
Frank T. Bullen: *The Cruise of the "Cachalot."*
Robert Ferguson: *Harpooner: A Four-Year Voyage on the Barque "Kathleen," 1880-1884.*
Martin Elmer Johnson: *Safari.*
John Henry Patterson: *The Man-Eating Lions of Tsavo.*
Vilhjalmur Stefansson: *The Friendly Arctic.*

3. ILE

EUGENE O'NEILL

Captain Keeney, the central character in Eugene O'Neill's play, *Ile,* is a monomaniac. His mad refusal to run back toward his home port before his ship has a cargo of whale oil brings tragedy into his life.

A drama is meant to be acted on a stage. Read this play to get the story and then study the parts of the captain and Mrs. Keeney until you understand the characters and personalities of the two. Finally a group may read the play aloud, putting in the action according to the stage directions.

"Ile" is a common mispronunciation of "oil."

CHARACTERS

BEN, *the cabin boy;* THE STEWARD; CAPTAIN KEENEY; SLOCUM, *second mate;* MRS. KEENEY; JOE, *a harpooner; members of the crew of the steam whaler "Atlantic Queen."*

SCENE. CAPTAIN KEENEY'S *cabin on board the steam whaling ship "Atlantic Queen"—a small, square compartment about eight feet high with a skylight in the center looking out on the poop deck. On the left (the stern of the ship) a long bench with rough cushions is built in against the wall. In front of the bench, a table. Over the bench, several curtained portholes.*

In the rear, left, a door leading to the CAPTAIN'S *sleeping quarters. To the right of the door a small organ, looking as if it were brand new, is placed against the wall.*

On the right, to the rear, a marble-topped sideboard. On the sideboard, a woman's sewing basket. Farther forward, a doorway leading to the companionway, and past the officer's quarters to the main deck.

In the center of the room, a stove. From the middle of the ceiling a hanging lamp is suspended. The walls of the cabin are painted white.

There is no rolling of the ship, and the light which comes through the skylight is sickly and faint, indicating one of those gray days of calm when ocean and sky are alike dead. The silence is unbroken except for the measured tread of some one walking up and down on the poop deck overhead.

It is nearing two bells—one o'clock—in the afternoon of a day in the year 1895.

At the rise of the curtain there is a moment of intense silence. Then the STEWARD *enters and commences to clear the table of the few dishes which still remain on it after the* CAPTAIN'S *dinner.*

He is an old, grizzled man dressed in dungaree pants, a sweater, and a woolen cap with ear flaps. His manner is sullen and angry. He stops stacking up the plates and casts a quick glance upward at the skylight; then tiptoes over to the closed door in rear and listens with his ear pressed to the crack. What he hears makes his face darken and he mutters a furious curse. There is a noise from the doorway on the right, and he darts back to the table.

BEN *enters. He is an overgrown, gawky boy with a long, pinched face. He is dressed in sweater, fur cap, etc. His teeth are chattering with the cold, and he hurries to the stove, where he stands for a moment shivering, blowing on his hands, slapping them against his sides, on the verge of crying.*

THE STEWARD (*in relieved tones—seeing who it is*). Oh, 'tis you, is it? What're ye shiverin' 'bout? Stay by the stove where ye belong and ye'll find no need of chatterin'.

BEN. It's c-c-old. (*Trying to control his chattering teeth—derisively.*) Who d'ye think it were—the Old Man?

THE STEWARD. (*Makes a threatening move*—BEN *shrinks away*). None o' your lip, young un, or I'll learn ye. (*More kindly.*) Where was it ye've been all o' the time—the fo'c's'tle?

BEN. Yes.

THE STEWARD. Let the Old Man see ye up for'ard monkey-shinin' with the hands and ye'll get a hidin' ye'll not forget in a hurry.

BEN. Aw, he don't see nothin'. (*A trace of awe in his tones—he glances upward.*) He just walks up and down like he didn't notice nobody—and stares at the ice to the no'the'ard.

THE STEWARD. (*The same tone of awe creeping into his voice.*) He's always starin' at the ice. (*In a sudden rage, shaking his fist at the skylight.*) Ice, ice, ice! Damn him and damn the ice! Holdin' us in for nigh on a year—nothin' to see but ice—stuck in it like a fly in molasses!

BEN (*apprehensively*). Ssshh! He'll hear ye.

THE STEWARD (*raging*). Aye, damn him, and damn the Arctic seas, and damn this stinkin' whalin' ship of his, and damn me for a fool to ever ship on it! (*Subsiding as if realizing the uselessness of this outburst—shaking his head—slowly, with deep conviction.*) He's a hard man—as hard a man as ever sailed the seas.

BEN (*solemnly*). Aye.

THE STEWARD. The two years we all signed up for are done this day. Blessed Christ! Two years o' this dog's life, and no luck in the fishin', and the hands half-starved with the food

runnin' low, rotten as it is; and not a sign of him turnin' back for home! (*Bitterly.*) Home! I begin to doubt if ever I'll set foot on land again. (*Excitedly.*) What is it he thinks he' goin' to do? Keep us all up here after our time is worked out till the last man of us is starved to death or frozen? We've grub enough hardly to last out the voyage back if we started now. What are the men goin' to do 'bout it? Did ye hear any talk in the fo'c's'tle?

BEN (*going over to him—in a half whisper*). They said if he don't put back south for home today they're goin' to mutiny.

THE STEWARD (*with grim satisfaction*). Mutiny? Aye, 'tis the only thing they can do; and serve him right after the manner he's treated them—'s if they weren't no better nor dogs.

BEN. The ice is all broke up to s'uth'ard. They's clear water 's far 's you can see. He ain't got no excuse for not turnin' back for home, the men says.

THE STEWARD (*bitterly*). He won't look nowhere but no'the'ard where they's only the ice to see. He don't want to see no clear water. All he thinks on is gittin' the ile—'s if it was our fault he ain't had good luck with the whales. (*Shaking his head.*) I think the man's nigh losin' his senses.

BEN (*awed*). D'you really think he's crazy?

THE STEWARD. Aye, it's the punishment o' God on him. Did ye ever hear of a man who wasn't crazy do the things he does? (*Pointing to the door in rear.*) Who but a man that's mad would take his woman—and as sweet a woman as ever was—on a stinkin' whalin' ship to the Arctic seas to be locked in by rotten ice for nigh a year, and maybe lose her senses forever—for it's sure she'll never be the same again.

BEN (*sadly*). She useter be awful nice to me before—(*his eyes grow wide and frightened*) she got—like she is.

THE STEWARD. Aye, she was good to all of us. 'Twould have been hell on board without her; for he's a hard man—a hard, hard man—a driver if there ever was one. (*With a grim laugh.*) I hope he's satisfied now—drivin' her on till she's near lost her mind. And who could blame her? 'Tis a God's wonder we're not a ship full of crazed people—with the damned ice all the time, and the quiet so thick you're afraid to hear your own voice.

BEN (*with a frightened glance toward the door on right*). She don't never speak to me no more—jest looks at me 's if she didn't know me.

THE STEWARD. She don't know no one—but him. She talks to him—when she does talk—right enough.

BEN. She does nothin' all day long now but sit and sew—and then she cries to herself without makin' no noise. I've seen her.

THE STEWARD. Aye, I could hear her through the door a while back.

BEN (*tiptoes over to the door and listens*). She's cryin' now.

THE STEWARD (*furiously—shaking his fist*). God send his soul to hell for the devil he is!

(*There is the noise of some one coming slowly down the companionway stairs. The* STEWARD *hurries to his stacked-up dishes. He is so nervous from fright that he knocks off the top one, which falls and breaks on the floor. He stands aghast, trembling with dread.* BEN *is violently rubbing off the organ with a piece of cloth which he has snatched from his pocket.* CAPTAIN KEENEY *appears in the doorway on right and comes into the cabin, removing his fur cap as he does so. He is a man of about forty, around five-ten in height but looking much shorter on account of the enormous proportions of his shoulders and chest. His face is massive and deeply lined, with gray-blue eyes of a bleak hardness, and a tightly clenched, thin-lipped mouth. His thick hair is long and gray. He is dressed in a heavy blue jacket and blue pants stuffed into his seaboots.*

(*He is followed into the cabin by the* SECOND MATE, *a rangy six-footer with a lean weather-beaten face. The* MATE *is dressed about the same as the* CAPTAIN. *He is a man of thirty or so.*)

KEENEY. (*Comes toward the* STEWARD—*with a stern look on his face. The* STEWARD *is visibly frightened and the stack of dishes rattles in his trembling hands.* KEENEY *draws back his fist and the* STEWARD *shrinks away. The fist is gradually lowered and* KEENEY *speaks slowly.*) 'Twould be like hitting a worm. It is nigh on two bells, Mr. Steward, and this truck not cleared yet.

THE STEWARD (*stammering*). Y-y-yes, sir.

KEENEY. Instead of doin' your rightful work ye've been below here gossipin' old woman's talk with that boy. (*To* BEN, *fiercely.*) Get out o' this, you! Clean up the chart room. (BEN *darts past the* MATE *to the open doorway.*) Pick up that dish, Mr. Steward!

THE STEWARD (*doing so with difficulty*). Yes, sir.

KEENEY. The next dish you break, Mr. Steward, you take a bath in the Bering Sea at the end of a rope.

THE STEWARD (*trembling*). Yes, sir. (*He hurries out. The* SECOND MATE *walks slowly over to the Captain.*)

MATE. I warn't 'specially anxious the man at the wheel should catch what I wanted to say to you, sir. That's why I asked you to come below.

KEENEY (*impatiently*). Speak your say, Mr. Slocum.

MATE (*unconsciously lowering his voice*). I'm afeard there'll be trouble with the hands by the looks o' things. They'll likely turn ugly, every blessed one o' them, if you don't put back. Their two years they signed up for is up today.

KEENEY. And d'you think you're tellin' me somethin' new, Mr. Slocum? I've felt it in the air this long time past. D'you think I've not seen their ugly looks and the grudgin' way they worked?

(*The door in rear is opened and* MRS. KEENEY *stands in the doorway. She is a slight, sweet-faced little woman primly dressed in black. Her eyes are red from weeping and her face drawn and pale. She takes in the cabin with a frightened glance and stands as if fixed to the spot by some nameless dread, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. The two men turn and look at her.*)

KEENEY (*with rough tenderness*). Well, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*as if awakening from a dream*). David, I—(*She is silent. The* MATE *starts for the doorway.*)

KEENEY (*turning to him—sharply*). Wait!

MATE. Yes, sir.

KEENEY. D'you want anything, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*after a pause, during which she seems to be endeavoring to collect her thoughts*). I thought maybe I'd go up on deck, David, to get a breath of fresh air. (*She stands humbly awaiting his permission. He and the* MATE *exchange a significant glance.*)

KEENEY. It's too cold, Annie. You'd best stay below today. There's nothing to look at on deck—but ice.

MRS. KEENEY (*monotonously*). I know—ice, ice, ice! But there's nothing to see down here but these walls. (*She makes a gesture of loathing.*)

KEENEY. You can play the organ, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*). I hate the organ. It puts me in mind of home.

KEENEY (*a touch of resentment in his voice*). I got it jest for you.

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*). I know. (*She turns away from them and walks slowly to the bench on left. She lifts up one of the curtains and looks through a porthole; then utters an exclamation of joy.*)

Ah, water! Clear water! As far as I can see! How good it looks after all these months of ice! (*She turns round to them, her face transfigured with joy.*) Ah, now I must go up on deck and look at it, David.

KEENEY (*frowning*). Best not today, Annie. Best wait for a day when the sun shines.

MRS. KEENEY (*desperately*). But the sun never shines in this terrible place.

KEENEY (*a tone of command in his voice*). Best not today, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*crumbling before his command—abjectly*). Very well, David. (*She stands there staring straight before her as if in a daze. The two men look at her uneasily.*)

KEENEY (*sharply*). Annie!

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*). Yes, David.

KEENEY. Me and Mr. Slocum has business to talk about—ship's business.

MRS. KEENEY. Very well, David. (*She goes slowly out, rear, and leaves the door three-quarters shut behind her.*)

KEENEY. Best not have her on deck if they's goin' to be any trouble.

MATE. Yes, sir.

KEENEY. And trouble they's goin' to be. I feel it in my bones. (*Takes a revolver from the pocket of his coat and examines it.*) Got your'n?

MATE. Yes, sir.

KEENEY. Not that we'll have to use 'em—not if I know their breed of dog—jest to frighten 'em up a bit. (*Grimly.*) I ain't never been forced to use one yit; and trouble I've had by land and sea 's long as I kin remember, and will have till my dyin' day, I reckon.

MATE (*hesitatingly*). Then you ain't goin'—to turn back?

KEENEY. Turn back! Mr. Slocum, did you hear o' me pointin' s'uth for home with only a measly four hundred barrel of ile in the hold?

MATE (*hastily*). No, sir—but the grub's gittin' low.

KEENEY. They's enough to last a long time yit, if they're careful with it; and they's plenty o' water.

MATE. They say it's not fit to eat—what's left; and the two years they signed on fur is up today. They might make trouble for you in the courts when we git home.

KEENEY. To hell with 'em! Let them make what law trouble

they kin. I don't give a damn 'bout the money. I've got to git the ile! (*Glancing sharply at the* MATE.) You ain't turnin' no damned sea lawyer, be you, Mr. Slocum?

MATE (*flushing*). Not by a hell of a sight, sir.

KEENEY. What do the fools want to go home fur now? Their share o' the four hundred barrel wouldn't keep 'em in chewin' terbacco.

MATE (*slowly*). They wants to git back to their folks an' things, I s'pose.

KEENEY (*looking at him searchingly*). An you want to turn back, too. (*The* MATE *looks down confusedly before his sharp gaze.*) Don't lie, Mr. Slocum. It's writ down plain in your eyes. (*With grim sarcasm.*) I hope, Mr. Slocum, you ain't agoin' to jine the men agin me.

MATE (*indignantly*). That ain't fair, sir, to say sich things.

KEENEY (*with satisfaction*). I warn't much afeard o' that, Tom. You been with me nigh on ten year and I've learned ye whalin'. No man kin say I ain't a good master, if I be a hard one.

MATE. I warn't thinkin' of myself, sir—'bout turnin' home, I mean. (*Desperately.*) But Mrs. Keeney, sir—seems like she ain't jest satisfied up here, ailin' like—what with the cold an' bad luck an' the ice an' all.

KEENEY (*his face clouding—rebukingly but not severely*). That's my business, Mr. Slocum. I'll thank you to steer a clear course o' that. (*A pause.*) The ice'll break up soon to no'th'ard. I could see it startin' today. And when it goes an' we git some sun Annie'll perk up. (*Another pause—then he bursts forth.*) It ain't the damned money what's keepin' me up in the northern seas, Tom. But I can't go back to Homeport with a measly four hundred barrel of ile. I'd die fust. I ain't never come back home in all my days without a full ship. Ain't that truth?

MATE. Yes, sir; but this voyage you been icebound, an'——

KEENEY (*scornfully*). And d'you s'pose any of 'em would believe that—any o' them skippers I've beaten voyage after voyage? Can't you hear 'em laughin' and sneerin'—Tibbots 'n' Harris 'n' Simms and the rest—and all o' Homeport makin' fun o' me? "Dave Keeney what boasts he's the best whalin' skipper out o' Homeport comin' back with a measly four hundred barrel of ile"? (*The thought of this drives him into a frenzy, and he smashes his fist down on the marble top of the sideboard.*) Hell! I got to git the ile, I tell you. How could I figger on this ice? It's never

been so bad before in the thirty year I been a-comin' here. And now it's breakin' up. In a couple o' days it'll be all gone. And they's whale here, plenty of 'em. I know they is and I ain't never *gone wrong yit.* I got to git the ile! I got to git it in spite of all *hell, and by God, I ain't agoin' home till I do git it! (There is the sound of subdued sobbing from the door in rear. The two men stand silent for a moment, listening. Then* KEENEY *goes over to the door and looks in. He hesitates for a moment as if he were going to enter—then closes the door softly.* JOE, *the harpooner, an enormous six-footer with a battered, ugly face, enters from right and stands waiting for the* CAPTAIN *to notice him.*)

KEENEY (*turning and seeing him*). Don't be standin' there like a gawk, Harpooner. Speak up!

JOE (*confusedly*). We want—the men, sir—they wants to send a depitation aft to have a word with you.

KEENEY (*furiously*). Tell 'em to go to—(*checks himself and continues grimly*). Tell 'em to come. I'll see 'em.

JOE. Aye, aye, sir. (*He goes out.*)

KEENEY (*with a grim smile*). Here it comes, the trouble you spoke of, Mr. Slocum, and we'll make short shift of it. It's better to crush such things at the start than let them make headway.

MATE (*worriedly*). Shall I wake up the First and Fourth, sir? We might need their help.

KEENEY. No, let them sleep. I'm well able to handle this alone, Mr. Slocum. (*There is the shuffling of footsteps from outside and five of the crew crowd into the cabin, led by* JOE. *All are dressed alike—sweaters, seaboots, etc. They glance uneasily at the* CAPTAIN, *twirling their fur caps in their hands.*)

KEENEY (*after a pause*). Well? Who's to speak fur ye?

JOE (*stepping forward with an air of bravado*). I be.

KEENEY (*eyeing him up and down coldly*). So you be. Then speak your say and be quick about it.

JOE (*trying not to wilt before the* CAPTAIN'S *glance and avoiding his eyes*). The time we signed up for is done today.

KEENEY (*icily*). You're tellin' me nothin' I don't know.

JOE. You ain't pintin' fur home yit, far's we kin see.

KEENEY. No, and I ain't agoin' to till this ship is full of ile.

JOE. You can't go no further no'th with the ice afore ye.

KEENEY. The ice is breaking up.

JOE (*after a slight pause during which the others mumble angrily to one another*). The grub we're gittin' now is rotten.

KEENEY. It's good enough fur ye. Better men than ye are have

eaten worse. (*There is a chorus of angry exclamations from the crowd.*)

JOE (*encouraged by this support*). We ain't a-goin' to work no more 'less you puts back for home.

KEENEY (*fiercely*). You ain't, ain't you?

JOE. No; and the law courts'll say we was right.

KEENEY. To hell with your law courts! We're at sea now and I'm the law on this ship. (*Edging up toward the harpooner.*) And every mother's son of you what don't obey orders goes in irons. (*There are more angry exclamations from the crew.* MRS. KEENEY *appears in the doorway in rear and looks on with startled eyes. None of the men notice her.*)

JOE (*with bravado*). Then we're agoin' to mutiny and take the old hooker home ourselves. Ain't we, boys? (*As he turns his head to look at the others,* KEENEY'S *fist shoots out to the side of his jaw.* JOE *goes down in a heap and lies there.* MRS. KEENEY *gives a shriek and hides her face in her hands. The men pull out their sheath knives and start a rush, but stop when they find themselves confronted by the revolvers of* KEENEY *and the* MATE.)

KEENEY (*his eyes and voice snapping*). Hold still! (*The men stand huddled together in a sullen silence.* KEENEY'S *voice is full of mockery.*) You've found out it ain't safe to mutiny on this ship, ain't you? And now git for'ard where ye belong, and— (*He gives* JOE'S *body a contemptuous kick.*) Drag him with you. And remember the first man of ye I see shirkin' I'll shoot dead as sure as there's a sea under us, and you can tell the rest the same. Git for'ard now! Quick! (*The men leave in cowed silence, carrying* JOE *with them.* KEENEY *turns to the* MATE *with a short laugh and puts his revolver back in his pocket.*) Best get up on deck, Mr. Slocum, and see to it they don't try none of their skulkin' tricks. We'll have to keep an eye peeled from now on. I know 'em.

MATE. Yes, sir. (*He goes out, right.* KEENEY *hears his wife's hysterical weeping and turns around in surprise—then walks slowly to her side.*)

KEENEY (*putting an arm around her shoulder—with gruff tenderness*). There, there, Annie. Don't be afeard. It's all past and gone.

MRS. KEENEY (*shrinking away from him*). Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it any longer!

KEENEY (*gently*). Can't bear what, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*hysterically*). All this horrible brutality, and these brutes of men, and this terrible ship, and this prison cell of a room, and the ice all around, and the silence. (*After this outburst she calms down and wipes her eyes with her handkerchief.*)

KEENEY (*after a pause during which he looks down at her with a puzzled frown*). Remember, I warn't hankerin' to have you come on this voyage, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY. I wanted to be with you, David, don't you see? I didn't want to wait back there in the house all alone as I've been doing these last six years since we were married—waiting, and watching, and fearing—with nothing to keep my mind occupied—not able to go back teaching school on account of being Dave Keeney's wife. I used to dream of sailing on the great, wide, glorious ocean. I wanted to be by your side in the danger and vigorous life of it all. I wanted to see you the hero they make you out to be in Homeport. And instead— (*Her voice grows tremulous.*) All I find is ice and cold—and brutality! (*Her voice breaks.*)

KEENEY. I warned you what it'd be, Annie. "Whalin' ain't no ladies' tea party," I says to you, and "you better stay to home where you've got all your woman's comforts." (*Shaking his head.*) But you was so set on it.

MRS. KEENEY (*wearily*). Oh, I know it isn't your fault, David. You see, I didn't believe you. I guess I was dreaming about the old Vikings in the story books and I thought you were one of them.

KEENEY (*protestingly*). I done my best to make it as cozy and comfortable as could be. (MRS. KEENEY *looks around her in wild scorn.*) I even sent to the city for that organ for ye, thinkin' it might be soothin' to ye to be playin' it times when they was calms and things was dull like.

MRS. KEENEY (*wearily*). Yes, you were very kind, David. I know that. (*She goes to left and lifts the curtains from the porthole and looks out—then suddenly bursts forth.*) I won't stand it —I can't stand it—pent up by these walls like a prisoner. (*She runs over to him and throws her arms around him, weeping. He puts his arm protectingly over her shoulders.*) Take me away from here, David! If I don't get away from here, out of this terrible ship, I'll go mad! Take me home, David! I can't think any more. I feel as if the cold and the silence were crushing down on my brain. I'm afraid. Take me home!

KEENEY (*holds her at arms' length and looks at her face*

anxiously). Best go to bed, Annie. You ain't yourself. You got fever. Your eyes look so strange like. I ain't never seen you look this way before.

MRS. KEENEY (*laughing hysterically*). It's the ice and the cold and the silence—they'd make any one look strange.

KEENEY (*soothingly*). In a month or two, with good luck, three at the most, I'll have her filled with ile and then we'll give her everything she'll stand and p'int for home.

MRS. KEENEY. But we can't wait for that—I can't wait. I want to get home. And the men won't wait. They want to get home. It's cruel, it's brutal for you to keep them. You must sail back. You've got no excuse. There's clear water to the south now. If you've a heart at all you've got to turn back.

KEENEY (*harshly*). I can't, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY. Why can't you?

KEENEY. A woman couldn't rightly understand my reason.

MRS. KEENEY (*wildly*). Because it's a stupid, stubborn reason. Oh, I heard you talking with the Second Mate. You're afraid the other captains will sneer at you because you didn't come back with a full ship. You want to live up to your silly reputation even if you do have to beat and starve men and drive me mad to do it.

KEENEY (*his jaw set stubbornly*). It ain't that, Annie. Them skippers would never dare sneer to my face. It ain't so much what any one'd say—but— (*He hesitates, struggling to express his meaning.*) You see—I've always done it—since my first voyage as skipper. I always come back—with a full ship—and—it don't seem right not to—somehow. I been always first whalin' skipper out o' Homeport, and— Don't you see my meanin', Annie? (*He glances at her. She is not looking at him but staring dully in front of her, not hearing a word he is saying.*) Annie! (*She comes to herself with a start.*) Best turn in, Annie, there's a good woman. You ain't well.

MRS. KEENEY (*resisting his attempts to guide her to the door in rear*). David! Won't you please turn back?

KEENEY (*gently*). I can't, Annie—not yet awhile. You don't see my meanin'. I got to git the ile.

MRS. KEENEY. It'd be different if you needed the money, but you don't. You've got more than plenty.

KEENEY (*impatiently*). It ain't the money I'm thinkin' of. D'you think I'm as mean as that?

MRS. KEENEY (*dully*). No—I don't know—I can't under-

stand— (*Intensely.*) Oh, I want to be home in the old house once more and see my own kitchen again, and hear a woman's voice talking to me and be able to talk to her. Two years! It seems so long ago—as if I'd been dead and could never go back.

KEENEY (*worried by her strange tone and the far-away look in her eyes*). Best go to bed, Annie. You ain't well.

MRS. KEENEY (*not appearing to hear him*). I used to be lonely when you were away. I used to think Homeport was a stupid, monotonous place. Then I used to go down on the beach, especially when it was windy and the breakers were rolling in, and I'd dream of the fine free life you must be leading. (*She gives a laugh which is half a sob.*) I used to love the sea then. (*She pauses; then continues with slow intensity.*) But now—I don't ever want to see the sea again.

KEENEY (*thinking to humor her*). 'Tis no fit place for a woman, that's sure. I was a fool to bring ye.

MRS. KEENEY (*after a pause—passing her hand over her eyes with a gesture of pathetic weariness*). How long would it take us to reach home—if we started now?

KEENEY (*frowning*). 'Bout two months, I reckon, Annie, with fair luck.

MRS. KEENEY (*counts on her fingers—then murmurs with a rapt smile*). That would be August, the latter part of August, wouldn't it? It was on the twenty-fifth of August we were married, David, wasn't it?

KEENEY (*trying to conceal the fact that her memories have moved him—gruffly*). Don't *you* remember?

MRS. KEENEY (*vaguely—again passes her hand over her eyes*). My memory is leaving me—up here in the ice. It was so long ago. (*A pause—then she smiles dreamily.*) It's June now. The lilacs will be all in bloom in the front yard—and the climbing roses on the trellis to the side of the house—they're budding. (*She suddenly covers her face with her hands and commences to sob.*)

KEENEY (*disturbed*). Go in and rest, Annie. You're all wore out cryin' over what can't be helped.

MRS. KEENEY (*suddenly throwing her arms around his neck and clinging to him*). You love me, don't you, David?

KEENEY (*in amazed embarrassment at this outburst*). Love you? Why d'you ask me such a question, Annie?

MRS. KEENEY (*shaking him—fiercely*). But you do, don't you, David? Tell me!

KEENEY. I'm your husband, Annie, and you're my wife. Could there be aught but love between us after all these years?

MRS. KEENEY (*shaking him again—still more fiercely*). Then you do love me. Say it!

KEENEY (*simply*). I do, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*gives a sigh of relief—her hands drop to her sides.* KEENEY *regards her anxiously. She passes her hand over her eyes and murmurs half to herself*). I sometimes think if we could only have had a child. (KEENEY *turns away from her, deeply moved. She grabs his arm and turns him around to face her—intensely.*) And I've always been a good wife to you, haven't I, David?

KEENEY (*his voice betraying his emotion*). No man has ever had a better, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY. And I've never asked for much from you, have I, David? Have I?

KEENEY. You know you could have all I got the power to give ye, Annie.

MRS. KEENEY (*wildly*). Then do this this once for my sake, for God's sake—take me home! It's killing me, this life—the brutality and cold and horror of it. I'm going mad. I can feel the threat in the air. I can hear the silence threatening me—day after gray day and every day the same. I can't bear it. (*Sobbing.*) I'll go mad, I know I will. Take me home, David, if you love me as you say. I'm afraid. For the love of God, take me home! (*She throws her arms around him, weeping against his shoulder. His face betrays the tremendous struggle going on within him. He holds her out at arms' length, his expression softening. For a moment his shoulders sag, he becomes old, his iron spirit weakens as he looks at her tear-stained face.*)

KEENEY (*dragging out the words with an effort*). I'll do it, Annie—for your sake—if you say it's needful for ye.

MRS. KEENEY (*with wild joy—kissing him*). God bless you for that, David! (*He turns away from her silently and walks toward the companionway. Just at that moment there is a clatter of footsteps on the stairs and the* SECOND MATE *enters the cabin.*)

MATE (*excitedly*). The ice is breakin' up to no'the'ard, sir. There's a clear passage through the floe, and clear water beyond, the lookout says. (KEENEY *straightens himself like a man coming out of a trance.* MRS. KEENEY *looks at the* MATE *with terrified eyes.*)

KEENEY (*dazedly—trying to collect his thoughts*). A clear passage? To no'the'ard?

MATE. Yes, sir.

KEENEY (*his voice suddenly grim with determination*). Then get her ready and we'll drive her through.

MATE. Aye, aye, sir.

MRS. KEENEY (*appealingly*). David!

KEENEY (*not heeding her*). Will the men turn to willin' or must we drag 'em out?

MATE. They'll turn to willin' enough. You put the fear o' God into 'em, sir. They're meek as lambs.

KEENEY. Then drive 'em—both watches. (*With grim determination.*) They's whale t'other side o' this floe and we're going to git 'em.

MATE. Aye, aye, sir. (*He goes out hurriedly. A moment later there is the sound of scuffling feet from the deck outside and the* MATE'S *voice shouting orders.*)

KEENEY (*speaking aloud to himself—derisively*). And I was a-goin' home like a yaller dog!

MRS. KEENEY (*imploringly*). David!

KEENEY (*sternly*). Woman, you ain't a-doin' right when you meddle in men's business and weaken 'em. You can't know my feelin's. I got to prove a man to be a good husband for ye to take pride in. I got to git the ile, I tell ye.

MRS. KEENEY (*supplicatingly*). David! Aren't you going home?

KEENEY (*ignoring this question—commandingly*). You ain't well. Go and lay down a mite. (*He starts for the door.*) I got to git on deck. (*He goes out. She cries after him in anguish.*) David! (*A pause. She passes her hand across her eyes—then commences to laugh hysterically and goes to the organ. She sits down and starts to play wildly an old hymn.* KEENEY *reënters from the doorway to the deck and stands looking at her angrily. He comes over and grabs her roughly by the shoulder.*)

KEENEY. Woman, what foolish mockin' is this? (*She laughs wildly, and he starts back from her in alarm.*) Annie! What is it? (*She doesn't answer him.* KEENEY'S *voice trembles.*) Don't you know me, Annie? (*He puts both hands on her shoulders and turns her around so that he can look into her eyes. She stares up at him with a stupid expression, a vague smile on her lips. He stumbles away from her, and she commences softly to play the organ again.*)

KEENEY (*swallowing hard—in a hoarse whisper, as if he had difficulty in speaking*). You said—you was a-goin' mad—God! (*A long wail is heard from the deck above.*) Ah bl-o-o-o-ow! (*A moment later the* MATE'S *face appears through the skylight. He cannot see* MRS. KEENEY.)

MATE (*in great excitement*). Whales, sir—a whole school of 'em—off the star'b'd quarter 'bout five mile away—big ones!

KEENEY (*galvanized into action*). Are you lowerin' the boats?

MATE. Yes, sir.

KEENEY (*with grim decision*). I'm a-comin' with ye.

MATE. Aye, aye, sir. (*Jubilantly.*) You'll git the ile now right enough, sir. (*His head is withdrawn and he can be heard shouting orders.*)

KEENEY (*turning to his wife*). Annie! Did you hear him? I'll git the ile. (*She doesn't answer or seem to know he is there. He gives a hard laugh, which is almost a groan.*) I know you're foolin' me, Annie. You ain't out of your mind—(*anxiously*) be you? I'll git the ile now right enough—jest a little while longer, Annie—then we'll turn home'ard. I can't turn back now, you see that, don't ye? I've got to git the ile. (*In sudden terror.*) Answer me! You ain't mad, be you? (*She keeps on playing the organ, but makes no reply. The* MATE'S *face appears again through the skylight.*)

MATE. All ready, sir. (KEENEY *turns his back on his wife and strides to the doorway, where he stands for a moment and looks back at her in anguish, fighting to control his feelings.*)

MATE. Comin', sir?

KEENEY (*his face suddenly grown hard with determination*). Aye. (*He turns abruptly and goes out.* MRS. KEENEY *does not appear to notice his departure. Her whole attention seems centered in the organ. She sits with half-closed eyes, her body swaying a little from side to side to the rhythm of the hymn. Her fingers move faster and faster and she is playing wildly and discordantly as*

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. State the conflicts in this drama. Which is the chief conflict? At what point do you become aware of the nature of the chief conflict?

2. What are the main traits of Captain Keeney? Name characters that

are contrasted with the Captain. Where does Keeney show that he is not unfeeling? Read passages that reveal his character.

3. What is your attitude toward Mrs. Keeney? What romance or illusion is shattered for her by the voyage? Point out passages that show the sort of woman she is.

4. What truth is there in the Captain's remark: "I got to prove a man to be a good husband for ye to take pride in"?

5. Into what distinct episodes may the drama be divided? Point out the climax. At the end for whom do you feel most pity? Does O'Neill pity the same person?

6. From the standpoint of stage production how important is the organ? Name other properties needed to produce the play.

7. Other plays by Eugene O'Neill.

a. *Where the Cross Is Made*
b. *Emperor Jones*
c. *Bound East for Cardiff*
d. *In the Zone*
e. *The Moon of the Caribbees*

C

BUSINESS

1. FRANKLIN STARTS HIS CAREER IN PHILADELPHIA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

In what ways does the story of Franklin's first entrance into Philadelphia and the beginning of his business in that city reveal traits usually associated with Americans and American attitudes?

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at

the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man, his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if



not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, who he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press, and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before-mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letters, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be worked with; and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of press-work. He had been one of the French

prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote him.

Keimer and I lived on a pretty good familiar footing, and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasms and loved argumentation. We therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepanned him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, and yet by degrees lead to the point, and brought him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question, without asking first, "What do you intend to infer from that?" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way, that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines, and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines, I found several conundrums which I objected to, unless I might have my way a little too, and introduce some of mine.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." He likewise kept the Seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essentials with him. I disliked both; but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that." I assured him it would, and that he would be

the better for it. He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him. He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dressed, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepared for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteenpence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and ordered a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read. I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What touches of humor can you find in this selection? Compare Franklin's method in humor with the methods used by David Crockett (page 119) and Mark Twain (page 132). Which of the two writers does Franklin resemble most?

2. Point out details of Franklin's journey to Philadelphia and of his early experiences there that show the character of the Colonial period in American history.

3. According to this account what were Franklin's chief interests as a young man? What is the Socratic method? Was Franklin's interest in this method valuable to him? Explain.

4. What examples are there of Franklin's proverbial thrift? What examples are there of extravagance?

5. Comment on this statement: "I insisted on their taking it [the shilling],

a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little." Does Franklin's action in this instance agree with his teachings on thrift?

6. If Franklin represents a typical American, what are the traits of "typical Americans"? Why did he succeed?

7. Do the opportunities for advancement for a young man today equal those of Franklin's times? Give reasons.

8. Can you name other men in recent public life who received their training through journalism?

9. This selection is from Franklin's *Autobiography*. Volunteers should report on other passages in the book. It is certainly one of the classics of our literature. Try to determine the qualities that cause this volume to be regarded generally as one of our classics.

2. A BOY WHO BEGAN WITH THREE CENTS

EDWARD BOK

The boy in this narrative was Cyrus Curtis, who later became one of the wealthiest of American publishers.

It was a thrilling time in the '60's for an American boy. The country was at war; life was punctuated with the news of battles; newspapers were filled with the decisions of Lincoln, the whereabouts of Lee, and the doings of Grant. Soldiers were being drilled in the armories and marched to the railroad-stations to go to the front. Groups of men stood on the street corners talking over the latest war news. Women were sewing for the soldiers. War meetings were being held and were crowded to the doors. Sea raiders were busy.

It was very important for the people of a harbor city like Portland, Maine, whether its mercantile shipping could venture out with a reasonable degree of safety. And when a sea raider became active on its coast, and exchanged his craft for a better one directly at the mouth of Portland Harbor, is it any wonder that the minds of Portland boys were set on fire with the doings of the "rebel pirates"? It was thrilling enough to read about pirates, but to have them at one's own door, so to speak,—what could be more thrilling to an alert-minded boy? Fancy then the completeness of the picture when a pirate, who had done a thriving business along the New England coast, exchanged his vessel

for a better one almost at the very docks of Portland, was actually intercepted trying to steal out of the harbor with no wind, and, rather than risk capture, blew up the ship! And then the piratical crew, actually picked out of the water, was brought to shore, and marched in a solid phalanx through the streets to the city jail. Could anything be more actually satisfying to a boy than to run along beside the band of pirates,—securely shackled, of course,—shaking his fists at them and shouting, "Pirates!" "Rebels!"

It was in this thrilling atmosphere, full of romantic adventure, that an eager-faced, alert-minded boy of twelve played and scampered through the streets of the chief port city of Maine. He was all over its streets; his little legs carried him into every nook and corner, and in summer when of the city itself there was not enough to satisfy him he lived on its waterfront and principally in the water. He swam like the dog that was always with him; he paddled on logs when no rowboat was available; he splashed the water over more timid boys. He could swim every stroke that a boy could know; he could float on his back; he could dive; he could travel water like the dog at his side; he knew and loved the water, and the water was kindly to him in that it never gave him a "cramp" or tainted his affection for it with an accident. And so the water and he began a friendship which was to grow with the years and last through a lifetime: such a wonderful friendship for a boy to have and a lifesaver for the man in after years!

Naturally, the Fourths of July were busy days in those war times, and to be busy in a boy's way on the Fourth means that he must have pennies, which in turn can buy the explosives that Americans still feel, in certain parts of our country, belong to a fitting celebration of American independence.

Now, the Fourth of July is a very long day in a boy's calendar, for it begins early and ends as late as he can make it last. And it follows logically that a few pennies are not likely to last any too long over such a day. It was in this predicament that this twelve-year-old Portland boy found himself on the Fourth of 1862 when at five o'clock he banged into his mother's home, his mind full of evening plans, and asked for "a little change." He had evidently forgotten that his mother had already given him some "change" in the morning, but mothers are very likely not to have the same lapses of memory on such a point, and she reminded her son of the fact.

"If you want money to spend," she suggested, "why not go and earn it?"

The boy's topaz eyes looked fixedly at his mother's face reflected to him as she brushed her hair before the mirror. "Earn money!" That was a new idea, sure enough!

And then and there, at the age of twelve, the first dawning consciousness of the business career of Cyrus Hermann Kotzshmar Curtis broke upon him. The mother went on brushing her hair, and the boy went on thinking. Finally, he reached expression: "If I earn some money, can I keep it all for myself and spend it on what I want?" he asked.

"You may," replied the mother.

The boy sauntered out, his little mind full of thoughts, and on the way to the front door he jingled in his pocket the three cents remaining of his morning's allowance.

As he reached the street, he met a boy friend who looked glum.

"What's up?" asked Cyrus.

"Stuck," replied the boy, as he looked at the three copies of the *Courier* under his arm.

Whereupon the idea of the first newspaper purchase came to the future publisher.

"Give you three cents for 'em," he offered.

The papers were handed over, the bargain was complete, and young Curtis went out to "cash in." But it took him four hours to sell his three papers. Nine o'clock at night is somewhat late to begin celebrating the Fourth; his boy friends had all gone home, and so Cyrus went to his home with his nine cents capital in his pocket.

Next day he spent these nine cents for that evening's *Courier*, sold his stock, and on the second day found his capital increased to eighteen cents. But he did not find it easy going. The other newsboys on the streets had their fixed routes, or individual "blocks," and when the new recruit started to sell he found himself booted and chased at every turn; in fact he was sometimes beaten up. And being under-sized, the little boy was no match for the other boys, and he found it necessary, at every point, to give way. The new merchant could find no place on the streets to sell his wares. He had trouble even to buy them. When he went tc the *Courier's* newsboys' room where they bought their papers every afternoon, the boys treated the new invader into their territory very rough.

He endured this for a few days, and then one afternoon as he

was playing at the water-front looking across to Fort Preble, an idea occurred to him. He went to see the manager of the newspaper, and laid his plan before him. The soldiers at Fort Preble were naturally keen to get the latest war news: no newspaper service went out to the Fort: he would go if the manager would let him have all the newspapers he could carry to the Fort, and would give him credit until he could go out and sell them. He explained that it would be a new market for *The Courier,* would extend its circulation by just so many copies. The manager hesitated for a moment, and then agreed to trust the boy for one day's papers.

"That's all I want," was the reply.

The newsboys, in those days, would go into a room and assemble before a large wire screen, and as their names were called they would receive their papers. The boy who gave the largest order was called first. Little Cyrus explained to the manager that if he took the usual course, on account of his size and the opposition of the boys to him as a newcomer, they would beat him up and take his papers away from him. He asked permission to receive his papers behind the screen, so that he could run out the back way. Owing to his large order, his name was called first, and as he was given his papers behind the screen, a howl of protest went up from the boys, and a crowd rushed out to catch him as he come out of the door and to appropriate his papers. But going out the back way and racing toward the water-front, instead of to the heart of the city, were unexpected moves. Cyrus got away, and running as fast as his little legs would carry him, and the huge bundle of papers would let him, he made for the sailboat ferry, and went over to Fort Preble with his stock in trade. Of course, the soldiers eagerly bought the papers. Not only that, but they gladly and voluntarily paid five cents instead of three cents per copy, for the special service rendered, and within a few moments the little newsboy's stock was completely sold out. He went home happy. His first step in initiative had succeeded. He naturally could not know at that age that he had revealed in this act the principle underlying the success of his entire future career. What the newsboy at twelve had done, the perfectly simple and obvious thing though no other boy had thought of it, the future publisher was to do in all his subsequent undertakings.

Today, there are, conservatively speaking, forty to fifty thousand newsboys like the little boy who scampered over to Fort

Preble to sell newspapers, on the streets of the United States and all over the world, selling the publications which he is making for them.

And yet there are folks who say there is no romance in business.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How did you earn your first dollar? Exchange experiences in class.
2. How did Curtis show initiative? Explain the word. In *A Man from Maine,* from which this selection is taken, you will find other examples of initiative and shrewdness shown by Curtis in securing his first printing press, his first yacht, and advertising.
3. Tell of other men who attained success in business after humble beginnings. What examples of other kinds of success can you mention?

3. HOW I SERVED MY APPRENTICESHIP

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie came to this country from Scotland in 1848. He went to work in a factory, and in a few years was on his way to great wealth. At one time he was considered the wealthiest man in the United States. In his later years he gave away many millions of dollars, very large sums going for the construction of public libraries throughout the country. Carnegie believed in working hard to earn money and in saving some part of the earnings.

On arriving in Allegheny City (there were four of us: father, mother, my younger brother, and myself), my father entered a cotton factory. I soon followed and served as a bobbin-boy, and this is how I began my preparation for subsequent apprenticeship as a business man. I received one dollar and twenty cents a week and was then just about twelve years old.

I cannot tell you how proud I was when I received my first week's own earnings. One dollar and twenty cents made by myself and given to me because I had been of some use in the world! No longer entirely dependent upon my parents, but at last admitted to the family partnership as a contributing member and able to help them! I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else, and a real man too, if there be

any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are useful.

I have had to deal with great sums. Many millions of dollars have since passed through my hands. But the genuine satisfaction I had from that one dollar and twenty cents outweighs any subsequent pleasure in money-getting. It was the direct reward of honest manual labor; it represented a week of very hard work—so hard that, but for the aim and end which sanctified it, slavery might not be much too strong a term to describe it.

For a lad of twelve to rise and breakfast every morning, except the blessed Sunday morning, and go into the streets and find his way to the factory and begin to work while it was still dark outside, and not be released until after darkness came again in the evening, forty minutes' interval only being allowed at noon, was a terrible task.

But I was young and had my dreams, and something within always told me that this would not, could not, should not last—I should some day get into a better position. Besides this, I felt myself no longer a mere boy, but quite a little man, and this made me happy.

A change soon came, for a kind old Scotchman, who knew some of our relatives, took me into his bobbins factory before I was thirteen. Here for a time it was even worse than in the cotton factory, because I was set to fire a boiler in the cellar and actually to run the small steam engine which drove the machinery. The firing of the boiler was all right, for fortunately we did not use coal but the refuse wooden chips; and I always liked to work in wood. But the responsibility of keeping the water right and of running the engine, and the danger of my making a mistake and blowing the whole factory to pieces, caused too great a strain, and I often awoke and found myself sitting up in bed through the night trying the steam gauges.

But I never told them at home that I was having a hard tussle. No, no! Everything must be bright to them. This was a point of honor, for every member of the family was working hard, except of course my little brother, who was then a child, and we were telling each other only all the bright things. Besides this, no man would whine and give up—he would die first. There was no servant in our family, and several dollars per week were earned by the mother by binding shoes after her daily work was done! Father was also hard at work in the factory. And could I complain?

My kind employer, John Hay,—peace to his ashes!—soon relieved me of the undue strain, for he needed someone to make out bills and keep his accounts, and finding that I could write a plain schoolboy hand and could "cipher," he made me his only clerk. But still I had to work hard upstairs in the factory, for the clerking took but little time.

I come now to the third step in my apprenticeship, for I had already taken two, as you see—the cotton factory and then the bobbin factory; and with the third—the third time is the chance, you know—deliverance came. I obtained a situation as messenger boy in the telegraph office of Pittsburgh when I was fourteen. Here I entered a new world. Amid books, newspapers, pencils, pens and ink and writing pads, in a clean office, bright windows, and the literary atmosphere, I was the happiest boy alive.

My only dread was that I should some day be dismissed because I did not know the city; for it is necessary that a messenger boy should know all the firms and addresses of men who are in habit of receiving telegrams. But I was a stranger in Pittsburgh. However, I made up my mind that I would learn to repeat successively each business house in the principal streets, and was soon able to shut my eyes and begin at one side of Wood Street and call every firm to the bottom. Before long I was able to do this with the business streets generally. My mind was then at rest upon that point.

Of course, every ambitious messenger boy wants to become an operator, and before the operators arrived in the early mornings the boys slipped up to the instruments and practiced. This I did, and was soon able to talk to the boys who were also practicing in the other offices along the line. One morning I heard Philadelphia calling Pittsburgh and giving the signal, "Death message." Great attention was then paid to death messages, and I thought I ought to try to take this one. I did so and answered it, and went off and delivered it before the operator came. After that the operators sometimes used to ask me to work for them.

Having a sensitive ear for sound, I soon learned to take messages by the ear, which was then very uncommon—I think only two persons in the United States could then do it. Now every operator takes by ear, so easy is it to follow and do what any other boy can—if you only have to. This brought me into notice, and finally I became an operator and received the, to me, enormous recompense of twenty-five dollars per month—three hun-

dred dollars a year! This was a fortune—the very sum that I had fixed when I was a factory worker as the fortune I wished to possess, because the family could live on three hundred dollars a year and be almost or quite independent. Here it was at last! But I was soon to be in receipt of extra compensation for extra work.

The six newspapers of Pittsburgh received telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each dispatch were made by a man who received six dollars per week for the work, and he offered me a gold dollar every week if I would do it, of which I was very glad indeed, because I always liked to work with news and to scribble for newspapers. The reporters came to a room every evening for the news which I had prepared, and this brought me into the most pleasant intercourse with these clever fellows, and besides I got a dollar a week as pocket money, for this was not considered as family revenue by me.

I think this last step of doing something beyond one's task is fully entitled to be considered "business." The other revenue, you see, was just salary obtained for regular work; but here was a little business operation upon my own account, and I was very proud indeed of my gold dollar every week.

The Pennsylvania Railroad shortly after this was completed to Pittsburgh, and that genius, Thomas A. Scott, was its superintendent. He often came to the telegraph office to talk to his chief, the general superintendent, at Altoona, and I became known to him in this way. When that great railway system put up a wire of its own, he asked me to be his clerk and operator; so I left the telegraph office—in which there is great danger that a young man may be permanently buried, as it were—and became connected with the railways. The new appointment was accompanied by what was, to me, a tremendous increase of salary. It jumped from twenty-five dollars to thirty-five dollars per month. Mr. Scott was then receiving one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, and I used to wonder what on earth he could do with so much money.

I remained for thirteen years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and was at last superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division of the road, successor to Mr. Scott, who had in the meantime risen to the office of vice-president of the company.

One day Mr. Scott, who was the kindest of men and had taken a great fancy to me, asked if I had or could find five hun-

dred dollars to invest. Here the business instinct came into play. I felt that as the door was open for a business investment with my chief, it would be wilfully flying in the face of Providence if I did not jump at it; so I answered promptly:

"Yes, sir; I think I can."

"Very well," he said, "get it; a man has just died who owned ten shares in the Adams Express Company which I want you to buy. It will cost you fifty dollars per share, and I can help you with a little balance if you cannot raise it all."

Here was a queer position. The available assets of the whole family were not five hundred dollars. Indeed, had Mr. Scott known our position, he would have advanced the money himself; but the last thing in the world the proud Scot will do is to reveal his poverty and rely upon others.

There was one member of the family whose ability, pluck, and resource never failed us, and I felt sure the money could be raised somehow or other by my mother. The family had managed by this time to purchase a small house and pay for it in order to save rent. My recollection is that it was worth eight hundred dollars.

The matter was laid before the council of three that night, and the oracle spoke: "Must be done. Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer in the morning for Ohio and see uncle, and ask him to arrange it. I am sure he can." This was done. Of course her visit was successful—where did she ever fail? The money was procured, paid over; ten shares of Adams Express Company stock was mine; but no one knew our little home had been mortgaged "to give our boy a start."

Adams Express stock then paid monthly dividends of one per cent, and the first check for five dollars arrived. I can see it now, and I well remember the signature of "J. C. Babcock, Cashier," who wrote a big "John Hancock" hand. The next day being Sunday, we boys—myself and my ever-constant companions—took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods, I showed them this check, saying "Eureka! we have found it."

Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was something strange and new. How money could make money; how, without any attention from me, this mysterious golden visitor should come, led to much speculation upon the part of the young fellows, and I was for the first time hailed as a "capitalist."

You see, I was beginning to serve my apprenticeship as a business man in a satisfactory manner.

A very important incident in my life occurred when, one day in a train, a nice, farmer-looking gentleman approached me, saying that the conductor had told him I was connected with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he would like to show me something. He pulled from a small green bag the model of the first sleeping car. This was Mr. Woodruff, the inventor. Its value struck me like a flash. I asked him to come to Altoona the following week, and he did so. Mr. Scott, with his usual quickness, grasped the idea. A contract was made with Mr. Woodruff to put two trial cars on Pennsylvania Railroad.

Before leaving Altoona Mr. Woodruff came and offered me an interest in the venture, which I promptly accepted. But how I was to make my payments rather troubled me, for the cars were to be paid for in monthly installments after delivery, and my first monthly payment was to be two hundred and seventeen dollars and a half. I had not the money, and I did not see any way of getting it. But I finally decided to visit the local banker and ask him for a loan, pledging myself to repay at the rate of fifteen dollars per month. He promptly granted it. Never shall I forget his putting his arm over my shoulder, saying, "Oh, yes, Andy; you are all right!"

I then and there signed my first note. Proud day this; and surely now no one will dispute that I was becoming a business man. I had signed my first note, and, most important of all—for any fellow can sign a note—I had found a banker willing to take it as "good."

My subsequent payments were made by the receipts from the sleeping cars, and I really made my first considerable sum from this investment in the Woodruff Sleeping Car Company, which was afterward absorbed by Mr. Pullman—a remarkable man whose name is now known over all the world.

Shortly after this I was appointed superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division and returned to my dear old home, smoky Pittsburgh. Wooden bridges were then used exclusively upon the railways, and the Pennsylvania Railroad was experimenting with a bridge built of cast iron. I saw that wooden bridges would not do for the future, and organized a company in Pittsburgh to build iron bridges.

Here again I had recourse to the bank. My share of the capital was twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and I had not the money;

but the bank lent it to me, and we began the Keystone Bridge Works, which proved a great success. This company built the first great bridge over the Ohio River, three hundred feet span, and has built many of the most important structures since.

This was my beginning in manufacturing; and from that start all our other works have grown, the profits of one building the other. My apprenticeship as a business man soon ended, for I resigned my position as an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to give exclusive attention to business. I was no longer merely an official working for others upon a salary, but a full-fledged business man working upon my own account.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Did Carnegie as a boy show as much initiative as Curtis (page 307)? Give evidence for your answer.
2. Compare working conditions today with those in Carnegie's boyhood. Be specific. What has caused the change?
3. What did Carnegie mean by referring to the position of telegraph operator as one in which a young man might be "permanently buried"? Name other jobs in which there is danger of "burial."
4. Were the Carnegies wise to take chances? Give reasons.
5. Indicate the steps by which Carnegie became an independent business man. To what extent was his success due to his own efforts, to the work of others, and to circumstances?
6. It has been said that the old frontier was an excellent training ground for the self-made man. Try to explain why this was so.

D

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

1. A POWER-PLANT

HARRIET MONROE

The older poets wrote about daisies, daffodils, and violets. Today machinery is so common and so important that we are beginning to have verses about dynamos, airplanes, and streamlined automobiles. If Harriet Monroe had lived a hundred years ago, she might have written about a garden full of flowers, but since she is of the twentieth century she wrote a poem about a room full of machinery.

The invisible wheels go softly round and round—
Light is the tread of brazen-footed Power.
Spirits of air, caged in the iron tower,
Sing as they labor with a purring sound.
The abysmal fires, grated and chained and bound,
Burn white and still, in swift obedience cower;
While far and wide the myriad lamps, aflower,
Glow like star-gardens and the night confound.
This we have done for thee, almighty Lord;
Yea, even as they who built at thy command
The pillared temple, or in marble made
Thine image, or who sang thy deathless word.
We take the weapons of thy dread right hand,
And wield them in thy service, unafraid.

2. THE TURBINE

HARRIET MONROE

Did you ever see a turbine? What is the purpose of this piece of machinery? Do you think that a turbine is a good subject for a

poem? Read the following selection and see if the author succeeded in making a poem about a machine.

Look at her—there she sits upon her throne
As ladylike and quiet as a nun!
But if you cross her—whew! her thunderbolts
Will shake the earth! She's proud as any queen,
The beauty—knows her royal business too,
To light the world, and does it night by night
When her gay lord, the sun, gives up his job.
I am her slave; I wake and watch and run
From dark till dawn beside her. All the while
She hums there softly, purring with delight
Because men bring the riches of the earth
To feed her hungry fires. I do her will
And dare not disobey, for her right hand
Is power, her left is terror, and her anger
Is havoc. Look—if I but lay a wire
Across the terminals of yonder switch
She'll burst her windings, rip her casings off,
And shriek till envious Hell shoots up its flames,
Shattering her very throne. And all her people,
The laboring, trampling, dreaming crowds out there—
Fools and the wise who look to her for light—
Will walk in darkness through the liquid night—
Submerged.

Sometimes I wonder why she stoops
To be my friend—oh yes, who talks to me
And sings away my loneliness; my friend
Though I am trivial and she sublime.
Hard-hearted?—No, tender and pitiful,
As all the great are. Every arrogant grief
She comforts quietly, and all my joys
Dance to her measures through the tolerant night.
She talks to me, tells me her troubles too,
Just as I tell her mine. Perhaps she feels
An ache deep down—that agonizing stab
Of grit grating her bearings; then her voice
Changes its tune, it wails and calls to me
To soothe her anguish, and I run, her slave,
Probe like a surgeon and relieve the pain.

We have our jokes too, little mockeries
That no one else in all the swarming world
Would see the point of. She will laugh at me
To show her power: maybe her carbon packings
Leak steam, and I run madly back and forth
To keep the infernal fiends from breaking loose;
Suddenly she will throttle them herself
And chuckle softly, far above me there,
At my alarms.

But there are moments—hush!—
When my turn comes; her slave can be her master,
Conquering her he serves. For she's a woman,
Gets bored there on her throne, tired of herself,
Tingles with power that turns to wantonness.
Suddenly something's wrong—she laughs at me,
Bedevils the frail wires with some mad caress
That thrills blind space, calls down ten thousand lightnings
To ruin her pomp and set her spirit free.
Then with this puny hand, swift as her threat,
Must I beat back the chaos, hold in leash
Destructive furies, rescue her—even her—
From the fierce rashness of her truant mood,
And make me lord of far and near a moment,
Startling the mystery. Last night I did it—
Alone here with my hand upon her heart
I faced the mounting fiends and whipped them down;
And never a wink from the long file of lamps
Betrayed her to the world.

So there she sits,
Mounted on all the ages, at the peak
Of time. The first man dreamed of light, and dug
The sodden ignorance away, and cursed
The darkness; young primeval races dragged
Foundation stones, and piled into the void
Rage and desire; the Greek mounted and sang
Promethean songs and lit a signal fire:
The Roman bent his iron will to forge
Deep furnaces; slow epochs riveted
With hope the secret chambers: till at last
We, you and I, this living age of ours,

A new-winged Mercury, out of the skies
Filch the wild spirit of light, and chain him there
To do her will forever.

Look, my friend,
Here is a sign! What is this crystal sphere–
This little bulb of glass I lightly lift,
This iridescent bubble a child might blow
Out of its brazen pipe to hold the sun–
What strange toy is it? In my hand it lies
Cold and inert, its puny artery–
That curling cobweb film–ashen and dead.
But see–a twist or two–let us but touch
The hem, far trailing, of my lady's robe,
And lo, the burning life-blood of the stars
Leaps to its heart, and glows against the dark,
Kindling the world.

Even so I touch her garment,
Her servant through the quiet night; and thus
I lay my hand upon the Pleiades
And feel their throb of fire. Grandly she gives
To me unworthy; woman inscrutable,
Scatters her splendors through my darkness, leads me
Far out into the workshop of the worlds.
There I can feel those infinite energies
Our little earth just gnaws at through the ether,
And see the light our sunshine hides. Out there,
Close to the heart of life, I am at peace.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. With what information or facts as a basis did Harriet Monroe write these poems?

2. The last six lines of an Italian sonnet are called a sestet or conclusion. What thought is expressed in the sestet of "A Power-Plant"?

3. Harriet Monroe links the inventions of today with events and characters of the past. Point out such statements and tell what they mean.

4. What elements of beauty do you see in these poems? Is the beauty that of a picture, a landscape, or a piece of statuary? Or is the beauty one of sound, fancy, or rhythm? Explain why the author speaks of the turbine as a woman.

3. JONAH

LYDIA GIBSON

Who was Jonah? If you cannot answer this question, you had better read the book of Jonah in the Old Testament.

Throb of the engines all night long,
Throb of the engines, gentle and strong,
Beating like the heart of a harnessed whale
Pushing through the sea, nosing through the gale.

I lie in the darkness, half awake,
And feel the great body throb and shake,
Feel the mighty engines' reassuring strength,
And fall asleep in the whale at length.

4. WHEN MICKEY MOUSE SPEAKS

ANDREW R. BOONE

How is the making of animated cartoons a mechanical process?

When that amusing mite of the screen, Mickey Mouse, cavorts through his antics, whistling, talking, and sometimes singing, he does it to the rhythm of a predetermined mechanical beat. Strictly speaking, Mickey's dad, Walt Disney, furnishes the voice. He substitutes for the vocal cords of the movie character which he has created, and which has become as well known and as popular as the brightest stars. When Mickey's fair lady utters mouse-like yet human sounds, the vocal cords of Marcelita Garner are the ones that are in action.

In order to achieve perfect synchronism of sound and picture in the production of these cartoons, a mechanical "beater" is employed to carry a definite rhythm throughout the work. You, sitting in your comfortable theater seat, do not hear the timing beat, but without it the smoothness of the action might be interrupted by lack of synchronism. The mechanical beater consists of a motor that drives a series of contacts which interrupt a buzzer circuit. The beats so produced are delivered to head-

phones where they are audibly reproduced to guide the makers of the cartoons in many of the essential steps.

Since sound pictures run at a standard rate of 90 feet per minute, the tempo for sound cartoon production is developed in terms of film frames per second. The shortest beat used by Disney is four per second.

The voices given to the tiny animals of the cartoon cannot be separated in production from the music and other sound effects. Pluto the Pup may sniff in response to Mickey's command, but the sniff comes on, say, the 24th note of the mechanical beater. Some member of the orchestra, at the time playing background music, counts the buzzes as they reach him through earphones, and on the 24th inhales through one nostril. This inhalation, performed within a few inches of a microphone, corresponds with the exact frame on the picture where the hound begins to sniff. Later the sound track and completed picture are double printed and sniff and picture match perfectly.

Voices, music, and sound effects are recorded simultaneously. In the case of a dialogue sequence, where the action requires both sound and lip action, this is "pre-scored." Then the sequence is studied to determine where each vowel and consonant occurs. From this an exposure sheet is prepared for the animators, who prepare thousands of drawings for each picture. The exposure sheet shows the animator where the mouth is to open, where it is to close, and where the initial and final sounds occur.

From the "human side," Disney endeavors to translate all his characters into personalities, except Pluto the Pup. Pluto spends most of his time barking and sniffing up trees. Minnie may scream and fall into a lake as Miss Garner "doubles" for the shriek and an assistant twiddles his fingers in a pan of water within two inches of a microphone, but there is a definite tie-up of mechanical beats between every sound and the picture itself. They cannot be divorced in explaining how voices are given these imaginary characters and the picture is filmed.

"We always keep in mind the definite rhythm of music," Mr. Disney explained, "even though the rhythm varies from time to time in the picture. We always score the background music before the picture is finished. Before we go into production we know the music to be used, the tempo and exact number of bars of each phrase to be played. Were we to finish the picture first, it would be impossible to bring the sound effects, voices, and music into perfect synchronization. If the effects vary one frame

—1/24 of a second—we consider that to be an error; if they're two frames off audiences will know there's something wrong, though only 1/12 of a second will be represented."

So, from the beginning, each step in the making of a movie sound cartoon is taken with scientific accuracy. At the outset a "gag" meeting is held, attended by the studio staff. At this meeting a general idea of the picture to be produced is formulated and discussed. Suggestions as to story, plot development, comedy gags, music, and sound effects are talked over and either elaborated upon or discarded according to their merits. The musical director sits in on all "gag" meetings and as various types of action are suggested, music appropriate to that action is suggested and played. In this manner a skeleton of a story is finally built, as is an idea of the appropriate music and sound effects to accompany it.

After the idea, plot, "gags" (including conversation), music, and sound effects have been decided upon, a complete scenario is written in continuity form, covering the story. This scenario is subsequently broken down into individual scenes for the various artists or animators. These individual scenes are then distributed to each artist, and each and every separate scene so distributed carries a particular continuity of action which the animator or artist is to portray or draw. The sheet upon which the action or scene is described is termed an "instruction sheet."

When the artist or animator receives from the scenario or story department the particular scene he is to animate, or draw, complete information regarding the action of the scene to be depicted in that particular portion is given in detail on the instruction sheet. At the same time he is given an exposure sheet. It is on this that the music to fit the action described in the sheet is indicated. "The idea of synchronizing musical 'beats' with animated action is purely mathematical," explained William E. Garity, Chief Engineer for the studio. "We know there are 16 frames of picture in one foot of film, and this is run in projection at the exact speed of 24 frames per second. Therefore, the exposure sheet is laid out in a manner that conforms to a foot of film, which is to say that on this exposure sheet are provided spaces to correspond with frames of film, and 16 spaces on the exposure sheet represent one foot of film. In other words, one space on the exposure sheet represents one frame of film.

"It is on this exposure sheet that the music is indicated to fit the action described in the instruction sheet. Each 'beat' of music

is placed opposite the particular position of action to which it must correspond when finished. As the spaces on the exposure sheet account for every frame of film, a separate drawing, or combination of drawings, must be made for every space. Therefore each space is numerically numbered in consecutive order, and whenever a certain position of action is to correspond with a particular beat of music and sound effect, a musical symbol is placed on that numbered space on the 'exposure sheet' opposite the particular position of corresponding action. Thus the action, music, voices, and sound effects are tied together."

As the artists complete their animation of the action, their drawings are then traced or inked onto transparent celluloid sheets and subsequently painted. These celluloid sheets are then photographed, a frame at a time in numerical sequence, against an appropriate background which gives the picture its depth and character. As the cameraman can only photograph one frame at a time, he carefully checks the action back of the exposure sheet to see that each frame of action is photographed exactly as is shown on the sheet.

Furthermore when the exposure sheets are first made up, the musician writes the music and sound effects to conform to the tempo or beats as shown thereon, his musical measure being numbered to correspond to the spaces on the exposure sheet. In this manner each measure is recorded on a piece of sound film, in exactly the same place on the film as the action to which it must correspond will be on the corresponding picture film, when completed.

To insure accuracy of tempo and unison of time for the entire orchestra, the mechanical beat is transmitted to each individual, or in some instances to the director alone. Under such circumstances he stands within a tiny room, looking at the orchestra through a glass window and hearing their music, greatly reduced in volume, through a loudspeaker.

Meantime Mr. Disney and his "vocal assistants" stand near the several microphones, their instruction sheets in hand. On the indicated "beat," one may cluck like a hen, another may yowl like a dog, Mr. Disney may speak as Mickey would speak, or Miss Garner may shriek as in fright.

The sound recording may either precede or follow the creation of the drawings to accompany it. After the sound track and the picture film have been made and developed, the two strips, matched frame for frame and of exactly the same length, are

transposed through "double printing" to a positive print. This is the final cartoon, with both action and sound in synchronism.

Mickey Mouse cartoons are produced on a two-week schedule, each one taking ten weeks to complete. The estimated production cost of each film is in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars, and a total of one hundred and twenty-five people may co-operate in making one cartoon. The picture that takes ten weeks to make provides for you just seven minutes of screen entertainment.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. A series of separate pictures shown in rapid succession conveys the impression of action. Mr. Disney uses this principle in his work. In many schools pupils take motion pictures. Pupils may enjoy studying this selection and try to make an animated cartoon of a fable or fairy tale.
 a. Who supplies the voice for Mickey Mouse and for Minnie Mouse?
 b. What is meant by synchronism of sound and pictures?
 c. What is a mechanical "beater"? How does it work?
 d. How fast do sound pictures run?
 e. What is a film frame?
 f. How accurately must the sound effects and pictures synchronize? How is this accomplished?
2. How is the making of animated cartoons a mechanical process? What features of the undertaking are not mechanical in nature?
3. Tell how the preparation of a Walt Disney picture differs from the making of such pictures as *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Romeo and Juliet*.
4. How much time and money does a single Mickey Mouse picture cost? How much time does the cartoon occupy on the program of a theatre? Is the picture worth the time and expense?

5. TALKATIVE TREE RINGS

ANDREW E. DOUGLASS

Among the most interesting ruins in the world are those of the Pueblo Bonita in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. Scholars have been puzzled, however, to know how old they are because the original dwellers left no written records or dates. This story of how Andrew Ellicott Douglass and his fellow scientists worked out the dates by examining the texture of the wood in the houses is as fascinating as a detective story. In addition to the historic value of these tree ring dates, this discovery also contributes to our knowledge of the cycles of weather and rainfall for hundreds of years. Such knowledge is

useful in studying drouths in our own time. Notice also the methods by which these scientists arrived at their conclusions.

Read this article more than once.

Through long-past ages and with unbroken regularity, trees have jotted down a record at the close of each fading year—a memorandum as to how they passed the time; whether enriched by added rainfall or injured by lightning and fire. By learning how to read these records—specifically those of the pines—we have discovered a magic key to open mysterious books and interpret the meaning of their writings.

In favorable regions, rings in trees may be identified, each one in its appropriate year, and traced back till we get to the utmost reach of living trees, and then beams from ancient ruins and buried logs carry the story back for many more centuries.

Thus these tree records have provided us with an American calendar reaching beyond the rise of Charles Martel or the Mohammedan invasion of India. Some of these trees were cut a thousand years ago. From them we have learned the exact building dates of major ruins of the southwestern United States as definitely as we have been able to fix the dates of Old World monuments of the ancients whose records are inscribed on stone.

For the last six years this detective story of science has been evolving out in Arizona. Seen from one angle, it pushes back the bounds of history in our Southwest and gives us human activities —even tragedies—among the native inhabitants for hundreds of years. From another angle this history in trees tells us the climatic story of the Southwest with amazing accuracy.

When a real theory of climate has been developed and we can predict drought and flood over a period of years, this Arizona story in tree rings will have played a creditable part in developing that climatic foresight which is perhaps the most valuable economic advantage yet lying beyond our reach.

From this combination of climatic facts and human movements we have unearthed evidence of a human cycle, the time during which village Indians of the Southwest could live in one place till they depleted its resources and were compelled to move to new localities. . . .

The method which we have used in extending the historical calendar of the Southwest is the outcome of a long attempt to read the diaries of trees. Every year the trees in our forests show

the swing of Time's pendulum and put down a mark. They are chronographs, recording clocks, by which the succeeding seasons are set down through definite imprints. Every year each pine adds a layer of new wood over its entire living surface of trunk and branches.

If every year were exactly the same, growth rings would tell the age of the tree and little more. Only in rare cases would they record exceptional events of any interest to us. But a tree is not a mechanical robot; it is a living thing, and its food supply and adventures through life all enter into its diary. A flash of lightning, a forest fire, insect pests or a falling neighbor may make strong impressions on its life and go into its diary.

But in the arid regions of our Southwest, where trees are few and other vegetation scarce, the most important thing to man and trees is rainfall. So, in the rings of the talkative pines we find lean years and fat years recorded. The same succession of drought and plenty appears throughout the forest. This fact has helped vastly in our dating work, for certain sequences of years become easily recognized from tree to tree, county to county, even from state to state.

No living, diary-keeping tree in the semi-arid region inhabited by the Pueblo Indians goes back more than a few hundred years; and the giant sequoias of California register in a different way those seasonal fluctuations that control the pines of northern Arizona. So when we reached the earliest date which the oldest living weather-recording Arizona tree could tell us about, it became necessary to search for beams that had been cut and used by man before the now living trees took up the story. Here and there we found beams the latter years of which were contemporaneous with the early life of trees still living.

By arranging these beams in their proper sequence, so that the inner diary entries of each one dovetailed into and matched the outer entries of its predecessor, we knew that we had an unbroken succession of beams and trees.

In this way, step by step, we pushed historical dates back further and further until we found a beam whose earliest ring was formed A.D. 1260, less than half a century after the Children's Crusade.

The development of this tree-ring study presents an example of how a scientific research starting with a definite idea may lead into unforeseen channels. Originally my work was a study of sun spots. It is known that there is a periodicity in their

occurrence; they are most numerous at intervals of eleven years. As an aid in that astronomical investigation, I studied trees, for solar changes affect our weather, and weather in turn affects the trees in Arizona's dry climate, as elsewhere.

Our study of sun spots and their influence upon weather and the consequent effect upon vegetation as recorded by tree rings progressed most successfully. The first confirmation of our general interpretation of a relationship between tree rings and sun-spot periods came in a most dramatic way.

Evidence of the eleven-year sun-spot cycle had been easily found in Arizona pine trees. The regularly recurring periods had been recorded for 500 years by tree rings, except for the interval from 1650 to 1725. During that 75 years the tree rings gave no evidence of periodical changes in the weather such as were to be expected.

Several years after we had encountered this puzzling fact the late Doctor E. Walter Maunder, an eminent English astronomer, unaware of my findings, wrote to me that he had discovered that there were no sun spots between 1645 and 1715, and that if my tree rings did not indicate some effect of this absence of sun spots, my work was being conducted on an erroneous hypothesis.

The coincidence between the failure of Arizona trees to register any sun-spot effect upon the weather during those years, and establishment of the fact, by entirely independent study, that the customary sun-spot cycle did not occur during approximately the same period of years helped confirm the relationship between the growth of trees and solar changes.

The remarkable dependence of rings in the Arizona pines on rainfall, and especially on winter precipitation, showed that trees are Nature's rain-gauges, and in them we now have the history of drought and plenty in this plateau country for 1200 years. We can point to certain years, such as 1632, 1379, 1067, and 840, and say definitely that they were years of excessive drought in this region.

Having established such facts, the transition to archeology is easy, for if the rings in a prehistoric roof beam can be dated by these known drought years, then surely it is easy to tell when that tree was cut by the Indians for purposes of building, for such cutting date is the year of—or that next following—the outermost ring, if the tree section be complete. . . .

I now made an effort to discover very old trees in the hope that thereby we could link this united and extended prehistoric

sequence with our modern chronology, and offered a reward for any pine 600 years old. We already had a section from a 640-year-old tree, but it had a serious injury near the center, which we did not understand then, but which we now know was caused by the great drought of 1276 to 1299. The next 100 years of that tree's life were very complacent and gave no configurations of rings that could readily be recognized.

An attempt was made to match our prehistoric pine sequence with that of the long-lived sequoias of California. This failed to give any certainty in dating, for there was no point at which the correspondence between the two stood out in a striking manner. I was compelled to renew the search for beams.

As successive generations of Hopi Indians had dwelt among the mesas 100 miles north of where the Santa Fe Railroad crosses the Little Colorado River, near Winslow, we believed that here was a promising field for search. Oraibi, for instance, has long been regarded as the only one of the present Hopi villages that has been continuously occupied since a period antedating the advent of the Spaniards, in 1540. We knew that many of its logs were cut by stone axes. Some of these, we reasoned, must be very old. . . .

The logs sought for our dating work were all ceiling beams, originally cut to span the rooms and make floors for the rooms above. They extend through the walls and in front rooms project outside, a delight to the tourist and an example to the modern architect. We were equipped with a saw to cut cross-sections from the projecting ends of these logs and a tubular borer to drill out cores from the timbers within doors.

We went at once to the abandoned Kwan Kiva, at the southeast edge of town, and bored all the logs in sight, only to find that many were of cottonwood or juniper, which were almost useless for our purpose. Eventually we realized that the much-desired older logs were generally of pine and Douglas fir, whose rings are the best of all. After dating numerous sections, we discovered that the use of these trees ceased about A.D. 1770. Evidently by that time all the available trees within portable distance had been cut down. Thus we learned something of the injurious effects of human occupation on forests. . . .

Naturally I wanted the oldest log. The oldest we found was in that section of Oraibi abandoned in 1906. We entered on the second floor of a three-story house, over a terrace consisting of older rooms filled with rubbish. We went through several cham-

bers and entered into a part of the structure still in good condition. Mr. Hargrave lifted a flat stone on the floor, revealing a hole into the room below.

I swung down a couple of feet onto a rubbish heap made of the sandy sweepings of years from the room above. This had been covered with a thin floor of clay to make a small storeroom some eight feet square and three feet high. With a flashlight I could look around.

In the center was an upright post, not more than six inches in greatest diameter, supporting the center of the ceiling. It was partly flattened, and as it was holding up the floor of the room above, no cross-section could be taken, but its longer diameter was bored by Mr. Hargrave. The rings of this beam gave a superb series from 1260 to 1344. Allowing for wearing, it was probably cut as early as A.D. 1370 and had been in use continuously for well over 500 years. The whole log, six feet in length, was finally obtained on August 7, 1929, and is now safely preserved in my laboratory at Tucson. Other timbers, perhaps equally old, are rapidly being broken up by the Indians for fuel.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Andrew Ellicott Douglass discusses his work with tree rings more fully in an article, "The Secret of the Southwest Solved by Talkative Tree Rings," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December, 1929, with many illustrations. Volunteers in the class who are interested in science can report on this article.

2. The National Geographic Society, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., sponsors many scientific projects. Look up recent issues of the magazine and report to the class on the various expeditions or on some recent articles of interest.

3. Add these terms to your vocabulary: climatic, depleted, mechanical robot, arid, sequoia, fluctuation, periodicity, sun spots, archeology.

4. Elsewhere, Doctor Douglass has said that the gathering of this unbroken series of tree rings has made clear the chronology of the American Southwest "just as the far-famed Rosetta Stone provided the key to the written mysteries of ancient Egypt." Look up the Rosetta Stone and explain what Doctor Douglass means by the comparison.

5. How do scientists co-operate with each other in advancing knowledge? Comment on the fact that Douglass and Maunder did not quarrel over which one was right, but worked together to find out.

6. The photographs in the *National Geographic Magazine* are always excellent and numerous. Lately many are in colors. Pick out the best "shots"

in some recent issues. If there is a projector available, you can show these pictures on a screen.

7. Once when Douglass was looking for very old beams in Indian houses in order to study the rings, he attended a ceremonial dance for rain. To the beating of the drums the Indians prayed to the rain spirits. The scientist wrote of this episode: "As I sat watching the dance, I realized that I was one of three terms in a human series: First, the Indians of a neighboring village, who believe that rain is actually controlled by proper magic; then those before me, who were praying to the more powerful spirits that rule the rain; and, lastly, I, myself, who was there to study the rainfall history in pine timbers and learn the natural laws which govern the coming of the rain. We were all doing exactly the same thing according to our lights."

Try to explain what Douglass means.

6. AIR MAIL LETTER

GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH

For this, the hills were robbed of steel,
The steel to thread was spun,
And workmen shaped a fragile craft
To taunt a jealous sun.

For this, a pilot spurred the wind;
He braved a snarling storm
To ride among the frozen stars,
While hearths of earth were warm.

For this, that as an arrow's flight
Across the land and sea,
Unerringly, through night and storm,
Your love should come to me.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The author's husband is an aviator. What personal knowledge of flying does she show in the poem?

2. Students who collect stamps can report on special air mail items for collectors.

3. When was the first successful flight made? When was the United States air mail service begun? Name other important achievements in the development of aviation.

WHERE TO READ MORE ABOUT MAKING A LIVING

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ADAMS, James Truslow: *Our Business Civilization.*

A book of essays on the problems of American business.

BENT, Silas: *Machine Made Men.*

The author points out that machines can save mankind a great deal of time in performing countless complicated operations in our industry and business. The most important question arising from the use of machines, says Mr. Bent, is this: To what use will mankind put the leisure thus gained?

BERCOVICI, Konrad: *Manhattan Sideshow.*

Sketches of the shifting and colorful life in New York. The subjects are drawn from all classes of the metropolis.

BORSODI, Ralph: *This Ugly Civilization.*

Mr. Borsodi argues that we should use home-made products rather than the ugly articles turned out in huge quantities by the factory.

CALKINS, E. E.: *Business the Civilizer.*

Mr. Calkins, who was formerly the head of a large advertising agency, defends modern business. He is especially warm in his praise of the educational work of advertising.

CARNEGIE, Andrew: *Autobiography.*

Life of one of our multi-millionaires.

CHASE, Stuart: *Men and Machines.*

The author discusses the effect that machines have had on modern life and civilization.

CHASE, Stuart: *Prosperity: Fact or Myth.*

An attempt to show what "prosperity" means to most of us.

CHASE, Stuart: *The Tragedy of Waste.*

Mr. Chase declares that our staggering economic waste comes from four sources: the unwise production of non-essentials, unemployment, faulty methods of industry, and the reckless mis-use of our natural resources.

COOPER, James Fenimore: *The Pilot.**

Life on an American ship in the days of John Paul Jones. Cooper's sea stories are not so well known as his tales of Indian fights, but this book is emphatically worth reading.

DANA, Richard Henry: *Two Years Before the Mast.*

A Boston youth of good family and education ships as a common seaman on a sailing vessel bound for San Francisco. The voyage occurred about a hundred years ago in the days of "wooden ships and iron men."

DAVIS, Richard Harding: *Gallegher.**

Gallegher is the office boy of a large city paper. When he turns reporter and detective, he has an exciting adventure.

DE KRUIF, Paul: *Microbe Hunters.*

Biographical sketches of twelve scientists who have led the war on disease-producing bacteria.

DORSEY, C. A.: *Why We Behave Like Human Beings.*

A simple and informative discussion of human physiology and psychology.

DREISER, Theodore: *Color of a Great City.*

Short sketches of city life.

FERBER, Edna: *Emma McChesney and Co.**

Humorous stories of a vigorous and breezy American woman in business.

FERBER, Edna: *Show Boat.**

Novel of theatrical people on an old Mississippi River show boat. Colorful and interesting.

FORD, Henry: *My Philosophy of Industry.*

Mr. Ford discusses such topics as machinery, success, and his belief in progress.

FOSDICK, Raymond: *The Old Savage in the New Civilization.*

Mr. Fosdick points out that man may be the victim of the vast forces that he has loosed in the modern world.

FRANKLIN, Benjamin: *Autobiography.*

The life of our first self-made man told by himself, who was one of his warmest admirers. Every American should know this book.

GARRETT, G.: *Ouroboros.*

Ouroboros was the mythical snake that swallowed its own tail. Using the snake as a parallel, Mr. Garrett insists that man is about to be swallowed by the man-made machine.

HAMMOND, John W.: *The Magician of Science: The Boy's Life of Steinmetz.*

The biography of a badly crippled immigrant who became one of our eminent electrical engineers.

HAY, John: *The Bread-Winners.**

Study of the labor problem. The author is very chilly toward the aspirations of workers.

HERGESHEIMER, Joseph: *Java Head.**

Old Salem, Massachusetts, in the days of the clipper ship. The Chinese wife of a New Englander is one of the characters.

HERGESHEIMER, Joseph: *Quiet Cities.**
Stories of a group of American cities. Among the towns are Pittsburgh in 1800, Natchez when it was a roaring river port, New Orleans, Lexington, Albany, and Boston.

HERRICK, Robert: *The Common Lot.**
A young architect faces the problem of professional honesty in a competitive world. The result makes an interesting story and a searching bit of social criticism.

HERRICK, Robert: *Memoirs of an American Citizen.**
A truthful and intelligent presentation of business life. A self-made man wins a high position in the financial and political life of Chicago.

HEYWARD, Dubose: *Porgy.**
Excellent novel of Negro life in Charleston, South Carolina.

HOWE, Edgar Watson: *Plain People.*
Autobiography of a famous Kansas editor.

HOWELLS, William Dean: *The Rise of Silas Lapham.**
A self-made business man in the cultivated society of Boston. The author's keenness of observation and his sense of humor make this a most readable book.

LEWIS, Sinclair: *Arrowsmith.**
The life of a scientist in a world devoted to money-making. One of Lewis's best books.

LEWIS, Sinclair: *Babbitt.**
Hilarious satire on the life of a boisterous but futile businessman.

LONDON, Jack: *The Sea-Wolf.**
Powerful story of a brutal sea captain.

MERZ, Charles: *And Then Came Ford.*
The author discusses the influence of Henry Ford and the Ford car on our industry and on our way of living.

MELVILLE, Herman: *Moby Dick.**
A half-crazed sea captain sets off in pursuit of a white whale that defies capture. The books tells all about whales and whaling, and, in addition, gives us a magnificent yarn of the sea.

MELVILLE, Herman: *Typee.*
An entrancing book about Melville's stay among the cannibals of the Marquesas Islands. This work marked the discovery of the South Seas for literature.

MELVILLE, Herman: *White Jacket.*

The daily routine on an American man-of-war in the 1840's. Admirably done.

NORRIS, Frank: *The Pit.**

This novel of American business depicts the life of a Chicago wheat speculator. It is the second of three books that Norris planned to write on the production, sale, and consumption of wheat The first was *The Octopus;* the third was never written.

O'BRIEN, Frederick: *White Shadows in the South Seas.*
Mystic Isles of the South Seas.
Atolls of the Sun.

Most attractive books of travel in out-of-the-way places.

O. HENRY: *The Four Million.**

There are four hundred New Yorkers who belong to the inner circle of high society; there are four million who do not belong These stories are about the four million. This collection contains some of O. Henry's best work

O'NEILL, Eugene: *Marco Millions.*

In this drama Mr. O'Neill gives a modern version of the old story of Marco Polo. Marco is shown as a swaggering, bragging, insensitive salesman who is selling his goods at the court of Kublai Khan The royal daughter believes that Marco Polo has a soul Her father and the court philosopher are doubtful. In the end the father and his philosopher are seen to be right

O'NEILL, Eugene: *Moon of the Caribbees.*

Seven one-act plays of the sea. These little dramas first directed attention to the great promise of Mr. O'Neill.

OVERSTREET, Harry A.: *Influencing Human Behavior.*

The writer suggests how one may influence the actions of others through speaking, writing, and dramatic action.

POOLE, Ernest: *The Harbor.**

Development of American economic life against the background of a great harbor.

SANDBURG, Carl: *Chicago.*

In this book of short poems the author has given unforgettable glimpses of life in and around Chicago.

SIMONDS, W. A.: *Henry Ford.*

The life of the world's greatest master of mass reproduction.

SLOSSON, E. E.: *Creative Chemistry.*

The work of the modern chemist told in non-technical language.

STRUNSKY, Simeon: *Belshazzar Court.*

Sketches and stories of city life.

TARKINGTON, Booth: *The Plutocrat.**

A loud, genial, uncultivated American takes a vacation abroad. The incidents of this trip are interesting in themselves, and they serve to emphasize the unlovely qualities of the central character.

WHITE, William Allen: *A Certain Rich Man.**

A poor boy in a Kansas village becomes one of the richest men in the world by denying the homely virtues of small town businessmen.

IV

HOW MYSTICISM HAS INFLUENCED AMERICAN WRITERS



IV

HOW MYSTICISM HAS INFLUENCED AMERICAN WRITERS



YOU HAVE all heard some one say of a statement, "I cannot prove that this is true, but I know it is, for I feel that such is the case." Whether the speaker realizes the fact or not, he is showing strong signs of being a mystic. Now this term "mystic" is not to be thought of as something mysterious, although the similarity of the two words has confused some. It is true that the word "mystic" is not very much used in everyday speech, but the mystical attitude is common among our people. In general, mysticism is a tendency to accept the promptings of the heart, the intuition, the conscience, rather than to accept the guidance of reason. To the mystic, argument means little. When he truly feels that he is right, it does not convince him to present ordinary evidence. He prefers to accept the evidence that comes from his heart and conscience rather than to take that which comes from things seen and heard. Walt Whitman, a genuine mystic, once said, "Logic and sermons never convince." In another place he exclaims, "To elaborate is no avail; learn't and unlearn'd feel that it is so," and in a religious mood he says, "I know I am deathless." Yet he makes no argument whatever to support his belief in immortality; he feels that he is immortal, and that is sufficient.

The Quakers are mystics, and it is interesting to know that Whitman's mother was a Quaker. Through her influence the poet was brought up with a deep belief in the "inner light," as the Quakers called the conscience or the testimony of the heart. We all realize how valuable have been the contributions of the Quakers to American life. Early in our history William Penn and his followers founded the colony of Pennsylvania on the principles of toleration, kindness, democracy, and brotherly love. To realize the importance of the Quaker contribution, we have only to remember that Pennsylvania was one of these American

colonies in which the average man of today could have lived without serious danger of disagreement with his fellows over religious questions. The other colonies were Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams, who was also a mystic, and Maryland.

Reliance upon feeling would be childish and even dangerous if the mystic did not believe that he is in complete and constant understanding with some great and wise and good power or influence which keeps him from doing wrong. Most people call this power or influence God. The mystic believes that by meditation he can come into direct communion with God who fills the heart of man with a sense of peace and security. As John Greenleaf Whittier, another mystic, sings:

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

One of the commonest varieties of mystic is the man who feels that he needs no argument and no external evidence to explain to him what God is. His heart tells him that he knows God directly through a spiritual experience, through his feelings, and that God speaks directly to him without the assistance of any interpreter. The mystic tends to consider Bible, prayer-book, and minister of slight importance in his religious life, though he does not always refuse to employ them. He feels that he dwells in the spirit of God, and God dwells in his heart. They are in perfect accord. He never believes that he has supernatural power. His experience with God is a quiet meditation, a communion, with the great spirit of love, and through such communion the conscience becomes the one guide of life. The conscience can be trusted because it is the still small voice of God. If mysticism should become nothing more than the whim of the man, it would be a dangerous and wicked guide.

The full meaning of mysticism is tremendous. If a man has direct communion with God without the aid of any other person or thing, he becomes a highly self-centered individual confident that his feelings will guide him aright. He accepts spiritual guidance and advice from no one; he needs nothing of the kind, for his conscience is sufficient. It is useless to argue with or threaten him in an attempt to make him act against his conscience. When he becomes convinced that the inner light is guiding him, he refuses other aids. Such an attitude would make the mystic a hard-

headed, domineering man, were it not for the fact that he allows every man the privileges that he asks for himself. He never attempts to impose his ideas or his way upon others. Every man's conscience is sacred. This willingness to grant spiritual freedom to all makes the mystic the easiest of men to live with. Furthermore, the mystic is most democratic in his views, for he feels that all men are equal in the eyes of God.

Emerson described the mystical union with God when he declared that the sight of nature made him "part or particle of God." Walt Whitman wrote:

> And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
> And I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own.

It will be noticed that Whitman knows from the evidence of his feelings and not from logical argument. Again Whitman chanted:

I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass,
I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that whereso'er I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

Of course, when a poet says that he finds letters from God dropped in the street, he means that he enjoys direct spiritual communion with God.

Another type of mystic gets his supreme satisfaction from a feeling of oneness with nature and, through nature, with God. To many of us today nature is nothing more than an attractive background for an advertising bill-board or a source of such supplies as logs, stone, minerals, and water-power. But there is another and more elevated attitude toward nature, and this the mystic has. To him beauties of the world about us, the landscape, the forest, the flashing stream, the far-off stars, all are but the loving spirit of God made visible to the eyes of men. Nature and nature's way are sacred, and by quiet contemplation and love the spirit of man can be made one with the placid charm and peace of the world of nature.

Such an attitude toward nature is common in American literature. Emerson and Thoreau represent it best of all our writers. Whitman also has this feeling, and in our own day we find it in

various forms in Carl Sandburg, Willa Cather, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. In one of her poems Miss Millay says:

> God, I can press the grass apart
> And lay my finger on thy heart.

The country people of Miss Cather's novels find peace and a sense of security when they are close to nature, and Sandburg, ordinarily called the poet of the city, finds satisfaction in the countryside. He says,

> The prairie sings to me in the forenoon, and I know in the night I rest easy in the prairie arms, on the prairie heart.

Robert Frost, who is not usually thought of as a mystic, says in one of his poems:

> Tree at my window, window tree,
> My sash is lowered when night comes on;
> But let there never be curtain drawn
> Between you and me.

To many readers the most interesting and valuable aspect of mysticism is the ability of a mystic to think of himself as one with every other individual, to see himself in all mankind and to find all mankind in himself. In short, this type of mysticism brings about the feeling of brotherhood of all men. Walt Whitman seems to have been the first American writer to express this feeling. He says:

> For me the keepers of convicts shoulder their carbines and keep watch,
> It is I let out in the morning and barr'd at night.
>
> Not a mutineer walks handcuff'd to jail but I am handcuff'd to him and walk by his side,
> (I am less the jolly one there, and more the silent one with sweat on my twitching lips.)
>
> Not a youngster is taken for larceny but I go up too, and am tried and sentenced.
>
> Not a cholera patient lies at the last gasp but I also lie at the last gasp,
> My face is ash-color'd, my sinews gnarl, away from me people retreat.

When we consider how mysticism makes one live at peace with God, how it brings to one happiness and understanding in the sight of nature, and how it bestows upon us the feeling of brotherhood with mankind, we begin to see that only the very foolish or very careless will refuse to value highly so great a force for good. Mysticism may be elusive and almost impossible of clear and simple definition; its experience may not be for each

one of us, but none can dispute its value. It is a mild but powerful influence working on men for their hearts' good. No matter if it is hard to define. So are such terms as love and duty and honor, and no one questions the value or the existence of these things just because they are hard to define.

To the mystics we Americans owe much. Without their warm brotherly love the battle for social justice in America would have been more difficult; without their genuine tolerance the rights of the individual would have been even slower to gain recognition; without their views of nature our attitude would have been more commercial than it is; and without their sense of unity with God our religious life would have missed some of its most tender and attractive elements.

The doctrines of the mystics have been valuable, but even more precious have been their lives. When we consider Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman, nothing that these men have written is more impressive than the lives that they have led, so full were they of peace and good-will toward God and man. Looking at these men we see that mysticism gives men faith to live and courage to die. When Thoreau was on his deathbed a friend asked him, "Have you made your peace with God?" Instantly the dying man answered, "Sir, I am not aware that we ever quarrelled." In this answer is the very kernel of mysticism. To those who find it the way of life it brings the peace that passes understanding.

With serene confidence Emily Dickinson sang:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

The section devoted to mysticism is divided into three subdivisions: religion, nature, and democracy. In the first the religious attitude is revealed by the poets Whittier, Miss Reese, and Vachel Lindsay. Douglas S. Freeman shows how religion formed the character of General Robert E. Lee.

The second subdivision opens with a number of poems, all written about different aspects of nature. The poets represented extend in time over one hundred and fifty years, from Philip Freneau to Edna St. Vincent Millay. Prose accounts of the ways of nature are contributed by John Muir, Enoch Mills, and David Starr Jordan.

The third subdivision shows a few of the many aspects of American democracy. Whittier's poem puts into words thoughts that have come to many a poor man on election day. Thomas Jefferson, one of our most resolute democrats, gives some of his ideas of government. The importance of the West in the development of American democracy is discussed at length by Frederick Jackson Turner. The next three selections are about Lincoln, a typical Western democrat. In the last selection Alexander Woollcott's sketch of Father Duffy portrays a democrat of the city pavements.

R. B.



A

RELIGION

1. FIRST DAY THOUGHTS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Quakers go to their meeting-houses on Sunday, which they always call the First Day, and there sit in perfect silence until the Spirit moves some one to speak. It may be that no one feels the prompting of the Spirit, and in that case the group, after a time, silently departs.

Whittier was a Quaker. He shows his religious preference in the title of this poem and in several other places. The mysticism of the Quakers is shown in phrases like "the still small voice" and "read in my heart a still diviner law." What do these mean?

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!

There let me strive with each besetting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made plain,

May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Describe Whittier's meeting-house, telling how it differed from most churches. What does the poet mean by "syllabled by silence"?

2. Explain the Biblical allusions in the poem—in the eighth and tenth lines.

3. Volunteers read other poems by Whittier: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," in which the poet again refers to "the still, small voice"; "The Eternal Goodness," "Ezekiel," "The Over-Heart," "The Quaker of the Olden Time," and "My Birthday."

4. Read the chapter on Whittier in *American Writers on American Literature,* a book edited by John Macy.

2. CENTENNIAL HYMN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This poem was written in 1876 for the opening of the Centennial Exposition which celebrated the close of our first century of independence.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law:
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. For what does Whittier give thanks? What reveals the Quaker's aversion to war?
2. What are the "austere virtues" "we crave"? What demand is there for them today?
3. Explain: "The honor proof to place or gold."
4. What picture does the poem give of the Centennial Exposition in 1876?
5. Bring to class a report on the Centennial Exposition. Be sure to tell where it was held and why that place was chosen.
6. What are some of the characteristics of Whittier's poetry?

3. WAITING

JOHN BURROUGHS

In this poem Burroughs expresses the quiet confidence and serenity characteristic of religious mysticism.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
 For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
 And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "Waiting" may be regarded as a protest against the haste and hurry of American life. Is the poem typical of Americans?

2. What is the mood of the poem? Which line first indicates the mood? Does the poet give reasons for his serenity?



3. From accounts of John Burroughs' life, discover whether or not he was a passive person. Look up some of his other writings. In what was he particularly interested?

4. Compare "Waiting" with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," Stevenson's "Requiem," Henley's "Invictus," and Hardy's "Waiting Both."

4. IN PRAISE OF COMMON THINGS

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Sometimes we think that we should be very thankful could we but have a million dollars or great talent or some other unusual gift, but wealth or talent would be wasted were they not accompanied by many of the common things of life. After reading this poem, make a list of common things for which we should be thankful. It is only when a poet of unusual perception sets down our stock of ordinary blessings that we become aware of our good fortune.

For stock and stone;
For grass and pool; for quince tree blown
A virginal white in spring;
And for the wall beside,
Gray, gentle, wide;
For roof, loaf, everything,
I praise Thee, Lord;
For toil, and ache, and strife
And all the commonness of life.

Hearty, yet dim,
Like country voices in a hymn,
The things a house can hold;
The memories in the air;
And down the stair
Fond footsteps known of old;
The chair, the book or two;
The little bowl of white and blue.

What would it be,
If loveliness were far from me?
A staff I could not take,
To hurry up and down,

From field to town;
Needs would my wild heart break
Or, I would vacant go,
And, being naught, to nothing grow.

This is the best:
My little road from east to west,
The breadth of a man's hand,
Not from the sky too far,
Nor any star,
Runs through the unwalled land;
From common things that be,
Is but a step to run to Thee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The poet has not exhausted the list of common things for which we should be thankful. Make a list of your own.

2. Other poets have been aware of the beauty of familiar things. Read "Her Words," by Anna Hempstead Branch; "Little Things," by Orrick Johns; "Pied Beauty," by Gerard Manley Hopkins; and "Stretch Out Your Hand," by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. What beauties have poets introduced you to?

5. GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

VACHEL LINDSAY

William Booth founded the Salvation Army and served as commander for more than thirty years. When he died in 1912, he was one of the best-loved religious leaders of the last two or three centuries. Booth started the Salvation Army to bring spiritual and bodily aid to the poor and the outcast. Preaching a simple doctrine, he founded his work on the belief that the vilest sinner might be made a useful member of society if he could be made to see that a decent man or woman had a sincere interest in his welfare.

Just after Booth's death Vachel Lindsay wrote this poem as a memorial to the venerable leader. Although Booth was English, Lindsay reveals his own Middle-Western origin by his reference to the courthouse square. In many county-seat towns the courthouse is built in the center of a block of ground with a street on each side. Business houses are situated across the streets, facing the court-

house. The poet speaks of heaven as if it were built on the plan of a county seat. Does this add to the vividness of the picture?

When Lindsay read his poem he chanted the first four lines somewhat to the tune of the old hymn, "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?"

Be sure to read this selection aloud.

I

(*Bass drum beaten loudly.*)
Booth led boldly with his big brass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

(*Banjos.*)
Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:—
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare
On, on upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

II

(*Bass drum slower and softer.*)
Booth died blind and still by faith he trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.
Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,

Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

(Sweet flute music.)
Jesus came from out the court-house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there
Round and round the mighty court-house square.
Then, in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

(Bass drum louder.)
Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

(Grand chorus of all instruments. Tambourines to the foreground.)
The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Oh, shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

(Reverently sung, no instruments.)
And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer
He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
Christ came gently with a robe and crown
For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. This was Vachel Lindsay's first important poem. It is said that, as he recited it, he seemed to be an ordinary follower of General Booth. Is the mood of the poem serious or sacrilegious? Why?

2. What kinds of people have been helped by the Salvation Army? Read

lines from the poem. How does the work of the Army differ from the work of most churches?

3. The poem combines a Salvation Army street meeting, a county-seat town of the Middle West, and a common conception of heaven. In what lines does each conception appear?

4. Look up the meaning of alliteration as a poetic device. Find examples of it in this poem.

5. Plan a radio broadcast of this poem with all the sound effects. Practice reading it until you are sure you can get the right rhythm. It is a good idea to mark the strongly accented syllables on your radio "script."

6. Some authors give public readings of their poems, often with musical accompaniment. Sandburg, for example, accompanies himself on the guitar as he recites.

6. THE RELIGION OF ROBERT E. LEE

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

Religion was one of the great influences in the life of General Robert E. Lee. In this selection his latest biographer discusses what Christianity meant to the Southern leader.

The phrase *noblesse oblige* means the obligation that one feels to do the worthy thing. It may better be defined as the feeling that makes a man speak and act like a gentleman.

⋖⋖✲⋗⋗

It is a singular fact that young Robert Lee was not prompted by the exhortations of Mr. Meade or of like-minded clergymen to submit himself to confirmation. The reason cannot be surmised, unless it was that the theology of his youth had a vehemence and an emotionalism alien to his nature. He was content until he was past forty-five to hold to the code of a gentleman rather than to the formal creed of a church. The experiences of the Mexican War, the gentle piety of the Fitzhughs at Ravensworth, the example and death of Mrs. Custis, the simple faith of Mrs. Lee, and, more immediately, the purpose of his daughters to enter into the full fellowship of the church induced Lee in 1853 to renew his vows. After that time, first his sense of dependence on God for the uprearing of his boys during his long absences from home, and the developing tragedy of the war, deepened every religious impulse of his soul.

And what did religion imply for him as he sent Pickett's men up Cemetery Ridge, as he rode to the McLean house, as he read of

Military District No. 1, and as he looked down from the chapel platform at the scarred faces and patched garments of his students?

To understand the faith of Robert E. Lee is to fill out the picture of him as a gentleman of simple soul. For him as for his grandfather, Charles Carter, religion blended with the code of *noblesse oblige* to which he had been reared. Together, these two forces resolved every problem of his life into right and wrong. The clear light of conscience and of social obligation left no zone of gray in his heart: everything was black or white. There cannot be said to have been a "secret" of his life, but this assuredly was the great transparent truth, and this it was, primarily, that gave to his career its consistency and decision. Over his movements as a soldier he hesitated often, but over his acts as a man, never. There was but one question ever: What was his duty as a Christian and a gentleman? That he answered by the sure criterion of right and wrong, and, having answered, acted. Everywhere the two obligations went together: he never sought to expiate as a Christian for what he had failed to do as a gentleman, or to atone as a gentleman for what he had neglected as a Christian. He could not have conceived of a Christian who was not a gentleman.

Kindness was the first implication of religion in his mind—not the deliberate kindness of "good works" to pacify exacting Deity, but the instinctive kindness of a heart that had been schooled to regard others. His was not a nature to waste time in the perplexities of self-analysis; but if those about him at headquarters had understood him better they might often have asked themselves whether, when he brought a refreshing drink to a dusty lieutenant who called with dispatches, he was discharging the social duty of a host or was giving a "cup of cold water" in his Master's name. His manner in either case would have been precisely the same.

Equally was his religion expressed in his unquestioning response to duty. In his clear creed, right was duty and must be discharged. "There is," he wrote down privately for his own guidance, "a true glory and a true honor: the glory of duty alone—the honor of the integrity of principle." He probably never summed up this aspect of his religion more completely than in that self-revealing hour before he started to meet General Grant, when he answered all the appeals of his lieutenants with a simple statement: "The question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." It was a high

creed—right at all times and at all costs—but daily self-discipline and a clear sense of justice made him able to adhere to it.

Humility was another major implication of his religion. So lofty was his conception of man's duty to his Maker and to his neighbors, so completely did his ambitions extend, all unconsciously, into the realm of the spirit, that he was never satisfied with what he was. Those who stood with him on the red field of Appomattox thought that his composure was due to his belief that he had discharged his full duty, and in this they were partially correct; but he always felt, with a sincerity no man can challenge, that he had fallen immeasurably short of his ideal of a servant of God. "So humble was he as a Christian," wrote Mrs. Lee on the day of his death, "that he said not long ago to me he wished he felt sure of his acceptance. I said all who love and trust in the Savior need not fear. He did not reply, but a more upright and conscientious Christian never lived."

Born of this humility, this sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, was the submission to the Divine will that has so often been cited to explain his calmness in hours that would have wrecked the self-control of lesser men. There was nothing of blind fatalism in his faith. Resignation is scarcely the name for it. Believing that God was Infinite Wisdom and Eternal Love, he subjected himself to seeming ill-fortune in the confidence that God's will would work out for man's good. If it was a battle that had been won, to "Almighty God" he gave the glory; if it was a death that had brought grief to the family, he reminded his wife that their "Heavenly Father" knew better than they, and that there was eternal peace and sure reunion after life. Nothing of his serenity during the war or of his silent labor in defeat can be understood unless one realizes that he submitted himself in all things faithfully to the will of a Divinity which, in his simple faith, was directing wisely the fate of nations and the daily life of His children. This, and not the mere physical courage that defies danger, sustained him in battle; and this, at least equally with his sense of duty done, made him accept the results of the war without even a single gesture of complaint.

Of humility and submission was born a spirit of self-denial that prepared him for the hardships of the war and, still more, for the dark destitution that followed it. This self-denial was, in some sense, the spiritual counterpart of the social self-control his mother had inculcated in his boyhood days, and it grew in power throughout his life. He loved the luxury that wealth commanded.

Had he been as rich as his Grandfather Carter, he would have lived in a style as hospitable. Fine horses and handsome clothes and lavish entertainments would have been his; Arlington [1] would have been adorned, and his daughters would have enjoyed travel and the richest comfort. But Arlington was confiscated, its treasures were scattered, each stage of his sacrifice for the South brought him lower and lower in fortune until he was living in a borrowed tenant house and his wife was husbanding the scraps from a pair of trousers a farmer's wife had made for him. His own misfortunes typified the fate of the Confederacy and of its adherents. Through it all, his spirit of self-denial met every demand upon it, and even after he went to Washington College and had an income on which he could live easily, he continued to deny himself as an example to his people. Had his life been epitomized in one sentence of the Book he read so often, it would have been in the words, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." And if one, only one, of all the myriad incidents of his stirring life had to be selected to typify his message, as a man, to the young Americans who stood in hushed awe that rainy October morning as their parents wept at the passing of the Southern Arthur, who would hesitate in selecting that incident? It occurred in Northern Virginia, probably on his last visit there. A young mother brought her baby to him to be blessed. He took the infant in his arms and looked at it and at her and slowly said, "Teach him he must deny himself."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain the two forces that determined the actions of General Lee. Why could these forces never be in conflict? What was the difference between Lee's acts as a soldier and his acts as a man?

2. What were the five main ways in which religion influenced Lee's life? Compare his idea of kindness with Whittier's attitude toward God in "First-Day Thoughts" (page 347). Why did Lee accept the results of the Civil War without complaint?

3. This selection is from the last chapter of Freeman's *R. E. Lee*. Find an opportunity to become acquainted with this book. Read chapters describing Lee at great moments in his life.

[1] Arlington, the home of the Lees, was located just across the Potomac from Washington, D. C. What is it today?

B

NATURE

1. WHEN I HEARD THE LEARNED ASTRONOMER

WALT WHITMAN

Whitman here reveals how much he loved nature and how little he cared for lectures about it. Which do you prefer, an illustrated lecture on astronomy or a walk in a night of stars?

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How was the learned astronomer's lecture received? Read a line from the poem in answer to the question.
2. What did Whitman prefer to the mathematics of the stars?
3. How do you like the phrase "mystical moist night-air"?
4. Where does the poem reach a climax, a passage of genuine poetry?
5. For Whitman's idea of the mystery of nature read the sixth section of "Song of Myself," where he ponders on "What is the grass?" Read also other poems by him:

"On the Beach at Night"
"Song of the Universal"
"Going Somewhere"
"Miracles."

6. Read Swinburne's "To Walt Whitman in America," possibly the finest poetical tribute to Whitman.

2. THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

PHILIP FRENEAU

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
 Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
 Unseen thy little branches greet:
 No roving foot shall crush thee here,
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
 And sent soft waters murmuring by;
 Thus quietly thy summer goes,
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
 I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
 Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
 Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
 At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
 For when you die you are the same;
 The space between is but an hour,
 The frail duration of a flower.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Where does the wild honeysuckle grow?

2. How much of the poem treats specifically the wild honeysuckle? How much of the poem applies to flowers in general? How much of the poem is concerned with reflection?

3. Notice the device of Freneau and of other poets in succeeding poems of speaking to the flower. What is the name for the figure of speech he has used in doing so?

4. Compare Freneau's poem, sometimes said to be the first outstanding nature poem in American literature, with such modern poems as Amy

Lowell's "Lilacs," pages 384 and 385. Robert Frost's "Rose Pogonias" and "The Tuft of Flowers," and Lizette Reese's "A Flower of Mullein" and "Wild Cherry."

3. TO THE DANDELION

James Russell Lowell

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. You will enjoy this poem more if you find out the meaning of "buccaneer," "Eldorado," "largess," "cuirassed," "Sybaris," and "prodigal."

2. What imaginative use does Lowell make of the color of the dandelion in first three stanzas? What pictures do you find in fourth and fifth stanzas? Tell differences in time between the first three stanzas and the next two.

3. What connection does Lowell see between the dandelion and human life and God?

4. Compare "To the Dandelion" with the poem that precedes it and with the one that follows. Try to give reasons for your preference.

4. THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plants thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
 The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. When does the yellow violet bloom? Tell how the poet answers the question.

2. Read lines that describe the yellow violet. Is it fragrant?

3. Which stanza gives the most pleasing picture? What moral does Bryant introduce?

5. TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Point out contrasts between the yellow violet and the fringed gentian.
2. Explain these lines:

> Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
> A flower from its cerulean wall.

3. Explain the plan of the poem. How do the rhyme scheme and the meter differ from the rhyme and meter of the preceding poem? What does Bryant express negatively? State the moral of the poem.
4. Bring to the class these poems:
 a. Robert Burns, "To a Mountain Daisy."
 b. William Wordsworth, "The Daffodils."
 c. John Keats, "To Autumn."
 d. Emily Dickinson, "God Made a Little Gentian."

6. TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

For seven stanzas the poet creates a picture of a lone waterfowl winging to the North through the gathering shades of evening. In the last four lines he tells the lesson that he has drawn from the sight.

Compare the last stanza with "Waiting" by John Burroughs and "The Rhodora" by Emerson.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end:
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Bryant said that he composed this poem during a walk in the country when he was feeling forlorn and uncertain about the future. In what mood did he probably return from the walk?
2. What possible homes does Bryant suggest for the waterfowl? Which home was best? What conclusion did Bryant reach?
3. Which stanzas give the clearest pictures?
4. Which stanza do you like best? Compare choices.
5. How does this poem differ from "Robert of Lincoln" by the same poet?
6. Read Robert Frost's "The Oven Bird," Wordsworth's "The Green Linnet," "To a Skylark."

7. TO A WILD GOOSE OVER DECOYS

LEW SARETT

O lonely trumpeter, coasting down the sky,
Like a winter leaf blown from the bur-oak tree
By whipping winds, and flapping silverly
Against the sun,—I know your lonely cry.

I know the worn wild heart that bends your flight
And circles you above this beckoning lake,
Eager of neck, to find the honking drake
Who speaks of reedy refuge for the night.

I know the sudden rapture that you fling
In answer to our friendly gander's call—
Hallo! Beware decoys!—or you will fall
With a silver bullet whistling in your wing!

Beat on your weary flight across the blue!
Beware, O traveller, of our gabbling geese!
Beware this weedy counterfeit of peace!
Oh, I was once a passing bird like you.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. This poem resembles Bryant's "To a Waterfowl." Which poet was thinking more about the waterfowl and which was thinking more about himself? Explain.

2. What unusual verbs does Lew Sarett use effectively? Explain the significance of the last stanza.

3. Bryant wrote his poem in 1815; Sarett, more than a hundred years later. Which poem do you prefer? Give reasons for your preference. Are you influenced in your choice by differences that may arise from the different dates of composition?

4. Compare "To a Waterfowl" and "To a Wild Goose Over Decoys" with "The Wild Swans at Coole," by William Butler Yeats; with "The Wild Duck," by John Masefield.

5. Other poems by Lew Sarett for volunteers:
 a. "Wind in the Pines"
 b. "Four Little Foxes"
 c. "The Great Divide"
 d. "The Loon"
 e. "Philosophic Frogs"
 f. "The Wolf Cry"
 g. "The White-Throat"
 h. "Swamp-Owl"

8. THE RHODORA

On being asked, whence is the flower?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The rhodora is a New England shrub that is related to the rhododendron.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. This poem is divided into two parts. The first is descriptive; the second answers the question expressed in the subtitle. Which line comes closest to a direct answer to the question? Why did Emerson not answer more definitely?

2. How is the rhodora a "rival of the rose"? Look up the form "rhodo" in an unabridged dictionary. How does the meaning of the term relate to this poem?

3. Did Emerson reach the same conclusion in this poem that Bryant reached in "To a Waterfowl"? Explain.

4. Some one should read to the class Tennyson's poem "Flower in the Crannied Wall." Why?

9. THE HUMBLE-BEE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

This simple little poem contains a large amount of Emerson's philosophy. As the poet watches the bee going from flower to flower, "sipping only what is sweet," he sees that the insect has much in common with him. Emerson thought that we are in a supremely good world and that it is our duty to enjoy it and to gain from it daily strength and improvement.

The humble-bee is often called the bumble-bee, and Porto Rique is usually spelled Porto Rico.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!

Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found:
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,

Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. By what names does Emerson address the bee? Explain "epicurean," "crone," and "philosopher." Discuss the suitability of the names Emerson used.

2. Read lines that give the sound a bee makes. Where does the bee dwell? Indicate phrases or lines that show that Emerson observed Nature carefully.

3. In what respects does the poem seem to be modern or not modern?

4. Point out lines that express Emerson's philosophy. Express his views in your own words. Does the philosophy in this poem agree with that of Bryant?

5. John Burroughs, who was greatly influenced by Emerson, wrote, "For my own part I find the life histories of the wild creatures about one intensely interesting without any ulterior considerations. I am not looking for ethical or poetic values." To what extent was Emerson's belief the same, judging by this poem and by others included in this book?

6. Compare "The Humble-Bee" with Emily Dickinson's poem "The Bee," beginning "Like trains of cars on tracks of plush." In her poetry she frequently refers to bees.

10. GOOD-BYE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Do not begin this poem thinking that Emerson is saying farewell to the world before he dies. When he wrote these lines, he was a teacher in a school for girls.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How are the first two stanzas contrasted with the last two? To what does Emerson say good-bye? Where is he going?
2. Find the meaning of the Biblical allusion in the last line. See Exodus, chapter 3. What belief of Emerson does the line reveal?
3. What is Emerson's place in American literature? Read some of his works.
4. Compare "Good-bye" with Wordsworth's "The World Is Too Much with Us," Masefield's "London Town," W. H. Davies' "In the Country," and Yeats' "The Lake Isle of Innisfree."

11. SONG FROM THE TRAFFIC

MARGARET BELL HOUSTON

The author, a granddaughter of General Sam Houston, has lived much in New York City. Her poem sums up the homesickness that everyone who is away from his native land sometimes feels.

The black haw is in flower again,
The red bud's rosy tide
Splashes the wood and stains the shade
Where dog-tooth violets hide.
(Manhattan—Manhattan—I walk your streets today,
But I see the Texas prairies bloom a thousand miles away!)

Primroses burn their yellow fires
Where grass and roadway meet.
Feathered and tasseled like a queen,
Is every old mesquite.
(It's raining in the barren parks, but on the prairie-side,
The road is shining in the sun for him who cares to ride!)

The plum tree's arms are burdened white,
And where the shrubs are few
Bluebonnets fold the windy ways—
Is any blue so blue?
(Clouds of them, crowds of them, shining through the gray,
Bluebonnets blossoming a thousand miles away!)

How could I live my life so far
From where March plains are green,
But that my gallivanting heart
Knows all the road between?
(Manhattan—Manhattan—when you jostled me today,
You jostled one a-galloping a thousand miles away!)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. List other Texas flowers and shrubs that bloom in spring in addition to those mentioned in the poem. Recall how early and long the spring season is in the Southwest.

2. Read this poem in connection with Whitman's "Mannahatta" in the text to see how each poet loves the sights of his own home. Make a list of the sights and sounds you love best in your own town or countryside.

12. THE DAY IS DONE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Poe particularly admired this poem. Note the effective comparisons in the first and last stanzas.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
 And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Notice the beautiful simile (direct imaginative comparison) in the first four lines. Find others in the poem.

2. Today what are some of the things people wearied by toil do for relaxation? What did Longfellow do? What do you like to do?

3. Read aloud the stanzas that eloquently defend the humbler poets.

13. SPRING

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A yellow raft sails up the bluest stream
And cherry blossoms cloud the shore with pink;
The sky grows clearer with a curious gleam,
And boys come playing to the river brink.
A grayish gull descends to preen and prink,
Far off, a singing plowman drives his team—
A yellow raft sails up the bluest stream,
And cherry blossoms cloud the shore with pink . . .

Oh, to be there; far from this tangled scheme
Of strident days and nights that flare and sink.
Beauty shall lift us with a colored dream;
And, as we muse, too rapt and wise to think,
A yellow raft sails up the bluest stream,
And cherry blossoms cloud the shore with pink.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Suggest an explanation for the last two lines of each stanza.
2. What is meant by "this tangled scheme of strident days and nights that flare and sink"?

14. VARIATIONS

CONRAD AIKEN

You are as beautiful as white clouds
Flowing among bright stars at night;
You are as beautiful as pale clouds
Which the moon sets alight.

You are as lovely as golden stars
Which white clouds try to brush away;
You are as bright as golden stars
When they come out to play.

You are as glittering as those stairs
Of stone down which the blue brooks run;
You are as shining as sea-waves
All hastening to the sun.

15. TO BE AN AMERICAN

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

It is a strange thing—to be an American.
Neither an old house it is with the air
Tasting of hung herbs and the sun returning
Year after year to the same door and the churn
Making the same sound in the cool of the kitchen
Mother to son's wife, and the place to sit
Marked in the dusk by the worn stone at the wellhead—
That—nor the eyes like each other's eyes and the skull
Shaped to the same fault and the hands' sameness.
Neither a place it is nor a blood name.

America is West and the wind blowing.
America is a great word and the snow,
A way, a white bird, the rain falling,
A shining thing in the mind and the gulls' call.
America is neither a land nor a people,
A word's shape it is, a wind's sweep—
America is alone: many together,
Many of one mouth, of one breath,
Dressed as one—and none brothers among them:
Only the taught speech and the aped tongue.
America is alone and the gulls calling.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Does this poem belong in this section? Give reasons.
2. Why is it strange to be an American? Does the author answer the question?
3. What is America? How many answers does the author give?

16. TAMPA ROBINS

SIDNEY LANIER

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrid the heavenly orange tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold,
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange tree.' "

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What pictures do you see in this poem? Point out words that help to make each picture vivid.
2. Explain the following lines:
 a. Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me.
 b. My wing is king of the summer time.

17. SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*

The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Who is the speaker in this poem?
2. Let some one read the poem aloud. The class should read as a chorus the lines in italics and the refrain.
3. Habersham and Hall are two counties of Georgia where the Chattahoochee has its source. Are the names musical? Suggest other geographical names that are musical.
4. What tempted the Chattahoochee to linger?
5. Find lines in which one word in the line rhymes with another word in the same line.
6. Read Tennyson's "The Brook" and compare it with this poem. Which is the more musical? In which one does the sound better suggest the sense?

18. THE MOCKING-BIRD: AT NIGHT

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till, as a fountain that has reached its height
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
 How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What was the aim of the poet in writing "The Mocking-Bird: At Night?" How well did he achieve it?
2. Give the background or setting for the song of the bird.
3. Basing your answer on the poem, describe the bird and its song.
4. What was the effect of the song?

5. Explain:

golden pallor of voluptuous light,
fairy shape of flame,
enrapturing lay.

6. What is the meaning of

"Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist"?

7. Compare this poem with other poems of this section that have birds as their subjects.

8. Refer to Milton's *Il Penseroso* for the picture of Philomel in lines 56 through 72. What resemblance is there?

9. Read Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." How does it differ from Hayne's poem?

10. In connection with "The Mocking-Bird: At Night," you will probably be interested in "The Mocking-Birds," by Hayne; "The Mocking-Bird," by Lanier; and "A Mocking-Bird," by Witter Bynner. What other poems about birds do you enjoy?

19. STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound 's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

20. TREE AT MY WINDOW

ROBERT FROST

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do the two poems by Robert Frost belong in this unit? Give reasons for your answer.
2. What is conversational and intimate in these poems? What pictures does the poet give? To what does he compare a tree?
3. Suggest or draw pictures to illustrate these poems.
4. Frequently Robert Frost's lines do double duty,—they give a literal conception and also convey a deeper meaning. What is the deeper meaning of the last line of each poem?
5. Read Emerson's "The Snow Storm." Do you like it as well as you like Frost's poem? Try to give reasons for your choice. Consider also "Velvet Shoes," by Elinor Wylie.
6. Other poems by Robert Frost:
 a. "The Sound of Trees"
 b. "Now Close the Windows"
 c. "Birches"
 d. "Leaves Compared with Flowers"

21. NIGHT OF STARS

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

The sky immense, bejeweled with rain of stars,
Hangs over us.
The stars like a sudden explosion powder the zenith
With green and gold;
Northeast, southwest, the Milky Way's pale streamers
Flash past in flame;
The sky is a swirling cataract
Of fire, on high.

Over us the sky up to the zenith
Palpitates with tense glitter;
About our keel the foam bubbles and curdles
In phosphorescent joy.
Flame boils up to meet down-rushing flame
In the blue stillness.
Aloft a single orange meteor
Crashes down the sky.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. From what place was the night of stars viewed? Why was that a colorful place?

2. Is the poem successful in getting you to visualize the burst of color resembling the sudden explosion of sky-rockets and Roman candles? It has no other aim.

3. What image does "Night of Stars" present? Imagist poets aimed to present particulars definitely and to produce hard, clear poetry.

22. GREEN PASTURES

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

When the dust of the years lies heavy upon my heart,
And nothing rests my tiredness I turn
Back to old ways in which I had a part;
Back to old springs where the first green fires burn,
And the wayside water ripples silverly,
Blown by a wild flower wind, and there the sheep

Wander the old lost plains again for me
In a living picture for my heart to keep:

The ewes, the little bleating lambs, the wind,
The delirious scent of petals on the air,
A meadow lark's high fluting, and the thinned
Swift shadows, and the ruffled pools are there,
In a clean greenness, far from the ways of men. . . .
Remembering it has rested me again.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain the Biblical reference in the title. How is it appropriate?
2. This poem is a sonnet. Look up the rules for this form of poetry. Try to make one.
3. Pick out two or three lines in this poem which especially appeal to you. A good test is whether they are easy to remember.
4. Mrs. Crowell has written much about her children, her home, her garden. Have several students choose their favorite poems to read aloud to the class.

23. LILACS

AMY LOWELL

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Your great puffs of flowers
Are everywhere in this my New England.
Among your heart-shaped leaves
Orange orioles hop like music-box birds and sing
Their little weak soft songs;
In the crooks of your branches
The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting on spotted eggs
Peer restlessly through the light and shadow
Of all springs.
Lilacs in dooryards
Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
Lilacs watching a deserted house
Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided shock of bloom
Above a cellar dug into a hill.

You are everywhere.
You were everywhere.
You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon,
And ran along the road beside the boy going to school.
You stood by pasture-bars to give the cows good milking,
You persuaded the housewife that her dishpan was of silver
And her husband an image of pure gold.
You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms
Through the wide doors of customhouses—
You, and sandalwood, and tea,
Charging the noses of quill-driving clerks
When a ship was in from China.
You called to them: "Goose-quill men, goose-quill men,
May is a month for flitting,"
Until they writhed on their high stools
And wrote poetry on their letter sheets behind the propped-up ledgers.
Paradoxical New England clerks,
Writing inventories in ledgers, reading the "Song of Solomon" at night,
So many verses before bedtime,
Because it was the Bible.
The dead fed you
Amid the slant stones of graveyards.
Pale ghosts who planted you
Came in the nighttime
And let their thin hair blow through your clustered stems.
You are of the green sea,
And of the stone hills which reach a long distance.
You are of elm-shaded streets with little shops where they sell kites and marbles,
You are of great parks where everyone walks and nobody is at home.
You cover the blind sides of greenhouses
And lean over the top to say a hurry-word through the glass
To your friends, the grapes, inside.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,

You have forgotten your Eastern origin,
The veiled women with eyes like panthers,
The swollen, aggressive turbans of jeweled pashas.
Now you are a very decent flower,
A reticent flower,
A curiously clear-cut, candid flower
Standing beside clean doorways,
Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of spectacles,
Making poetry out of a bit of moonlight
And a hundred or two sharp blossoms.

Maine knows you,
Has for years and years;
New Hampshire knows you,
And Massachusetts
And Vermont.
Cape Cod starts you along the beaches to Rhode Island;
Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea.
You are brighter than apples,
Sweeter than tulips,
You are the great flood of our souls
Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our hearts,
You are the smell of all summers,
The love of wives and children,
The recollection of the gardens of little children;
You are state houses and charters
And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro on a road it knows.
May is lilac here in New England,
May is a thrush singing "Sun up!" on a tip-top ash-tree,
May is white clouds behind pine trees
Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.
May is green as no other,
May is much sun through small leaves,
May is soft earth,
And apple blossoms,
And windows open to a south wind.
May is a full light wind of lilac
From Canada to Narragansett Bay.

Lilacs,
False blue,

White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice
Since certainly it is mine.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the effect of the first section of the poem? How much was actually observed? How much was imagined?
2. Consider the first section as a motion picture. What are its possibilities?
3. Is the second section based upon imagination or observation?
4. What did lilacs mean to Amy Lowell? Where does that become clear?
5. Amy Lowell died May 12, 1925. What does she say of May?
6. "Lilacs," one of Amy Lowell's finest poems, reveals a genuine affection for the region of her home. Such an expression is rare in her poetry. What is the region? What details show her sympathy and fondness for the section?
7. What did Professor John Lowes mean when he wrote of "the breadth and warmth and (in its true sense) homeliness of 'Lilacs'"? Go into detail about each point.
8. Is the appeal chiefly to the ear, the eye, the brain, or the heart?

24. SPRING ECSTASY

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

This poem is a cry of joy at the beauty of spring. The world is too full of lovely things. How are this poem and the next one alike?

Oh, let me run and hide,
 Let me run straight to God;
The weather is so mad with white
 From sky down to the clod!

If but one thing were so,
 Lilac, or thorn out there,
It would not be, indeed,
 So hard to bear.

The weather has gone mad with white;
 The cloud, the highway touch.
White lilac is enough;
 White thorn too much!

25. GOD'S WORLD

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all
But never knew I this.
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How are the two poems alike? Of what seasons does each tell? Describe the scenes.

2. What does "ecstasy" mean? Tell what ecstasy is expressed in each of the two poems. Which line best sums up the central idea in these poems? What is the passion that stretches Miss Millay apart? Explain the last two lines of each poem.

3. Which poem do you like better? Take into consideration the ideas, the meter, the pictures, and the imaginative power.

4. Compare the idea and mood of these poems with Joseph Auslander's "A Blackbird Suddenly"; Bliss Carman's "Daisies"; A. E. Housman's "Loveliest of Trees"; Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Afternoon on a Hill"; Lizette Reese's "April Weather" and "Daffodils"; Sara Teasdale's "Blue Squills," and Clement Wood's "April in Alabama."

26. A WIND-STORM IN THE FOREST

JOHN MUIR

Probably no one has given more pleasure and performed a greater service than John Muir in his writings of the natural wonder and loveliness of the great mountains and forests in California and the Northwest. In his writing we have sincere love of the outdoors without sentimentality. To him we owe a great debt.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied waterlike flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other trees are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible, not even by the lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant Sequoias is indescribably impressive and sublime, but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving goldenrods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly alpine portion of the forests. The burly Juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rocks on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the Dwarf Pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Hemlock Spruce, however, and the Mountain Pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the Two-leaved species bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest

influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a stream of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness, nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance, as they stood in bold relief along the hilltops. The madroños in the dells, with their red bark and large glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires 200 feet in height waved like supple goldenrods chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual tree—Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada, and the Carolinas, and Florida, are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among Oaks and Elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked individuality in almost every tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Aeolian music of its topmost needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about 100 feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal

curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps, my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried—bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows—without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillside, like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows there was nothing somber in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow; the laurel groves, with the pale undersides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madroños, while the ground on the hillsides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a dis-

tance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors, and the way they reflected the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree; no deprecation; but rather an invincible gladness as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of resiny branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast mountains, then across the golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra, the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of the whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in boulder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches—after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

We all travel the milky way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm-day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, not extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree wavings—many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you prefer nature in its wilder or in its tamer moods? Would you say that John Muir wrote of the familiar or of the majestic and awesome aspects of nature?

2. When and where did this wind-storm occur? What trees did the author mention? What are sequoias? What is a coniferous tree? How do the coniferous forests of California differ from those of other portions of North America? Bring in pictures of the trees.

3. How did the different trees behave before the wind? What kind of tree did the author climb? Why did he choose this particular one?

4. What sounds of winds have you been trained to hear? John Muir emphasized sounds. How did he "see" the winds of the High Sierra? Thomas Hardy recorded sounds of nature in *The Return of the Native;* read, for example, the first seven paragraphs in the sixth chapter of that book.

5. Select passages containing color. To what sense did the experience in the tree appeal? What evidence is there that Muir's senses were very keen?

6. What shows that John Muir enjoyed storms? It has been said that John Muir was a poet at heart. Upon what sentences or passages in this account might such a belief be based?

7. Write on one of the following subjects:
 Mountain Climbing (if you have climbed mountains)
 Out in a Storm
 What Interested Me in Muir's *Story of My Boyhood and Youth*
 The View from a Height
 Pine Woods
 Stickeen as a Hero
 John Muir and John Burroughs
 Trees as Travelers

27. COASTING OFF THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

ENOS A. MILLS

This passage is especially effective in making the reader feel that he is actually on the "roof of the world."



At last I stood on the very top of the Continental Divide and faced the noonday sun. I stretched out on the bare granite with

my head and shoulders on the Atlantic slope and my feet on the Pacific slope. I remembered reading years before that one of the members of the Lewis and Clark exploration party had enjoyed standing for a minute with one foot on one side the Missouri River and one on the other side. He was standing near the top of the Continental Divide where the stream began.

I stood 12,500 feet above sea level and looked back down the Atlantic slope. There were dwarfed and storm-battered trees at the timber line, with here and there a forest lake or a grassy opening showing down in the woods. There were only a few snowdrifts. Far out to the east about one hundred miles I could see the dry, brown plains in eastern Colorado.

But looking down the slope to the west everything was white. From a few hundred feet below where I was standing and westward for one hundred miles, snow lay deep over everything; forests, mountains, and valleys were all in white. It frequently happens that while one mountainous region is very wintry, another locality on the opposite side and not on the western, and sometimes it is cold on the western side while there is warm sunshine on the eastern. But I enjoy all weather.

I stood looking westward at this steep, snowy slope down the very roof of the world. What a place to coast! I at once wished for a dozen other boys to try it with me. This would be the place for speed—steep places with long plunges—great rushes through the air. Hills and special toboggan slides would be gentle and tame compared with this steep, wild mountain side. Wading out into the snow, I sat down on my snowshoes and away we went, coasting toward Pacific sea level. Of course I exceeded the speed limit. The smooth slope dropped nearly a thousand feet in a half mile. Toward the bottom I struck the smoothest place of all. Here was a spring that had overflowed before the snow fell and coated the slope with almost smooth ice. Over this icy slope I went like a rocket. Near the bottom it flattened out abruptly and I was shot several feet into the air over a rainbow pathway —like a football kicked for a goal. At the highest point I looked down into the tops of timber-line trees.

After twenty or thirty feet through the air I came back to earth and swept forward and downward at a hair-raising pace. One of the dwarfed little trees that barely stuck up through the snow caught into my snowshoe and hung on. The shoe was torn off and left hanging on the tree top, while I tumbled head over heels into four feet of snow. But this was the greatest coast I

had ever had. I looked back up the slope along the mark I had made. It would be sundown in about two hours, and it would take about that long to climb up to the place where I had started to coast. But rescuing the snowshoe, I climbed up the slope and slid off the roof of the world again.

It was dark when this coast ended. Pushing my sleeping bag into a loose snowdrift, I brushed the snow off myself and slipped into the bag, planning after a sleep to get up, make a fire, and have supper—of raisins—but I slept through the night.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the Continental Divide? Why did Enos Mills call it "the roof of the world"?

2. What is the plan of the first three paragraphs? How is the fourth paragraph linked to the third? What feeling does Mr. Mills's coasting give you?

3. Read other accounts by Enos Mills. *Wild Animal Homesteads*, with drawings by Will James, tells of "A Nose for News," "The Highly Specialized Skunk," "Nose Craft of the Deer," and "The Grizzly's High-Power Nose." Mr. Mills wrote that beavers bear acquaintance. You might enjoy chapters in his *In Beaver World*.

4. Hildegarde Hawthorne and Esther Burnell Mills have written an attractive book called *Enos Mills of the Rockies*. Chapter V, "Years of Adventuring," tells of Mr. Mills's chance meeting with John Muir, who spurred him on to travel and to write.

5. Try to entertain your classmates with a paper on one of the following subjects:

a. Coasting in
b. Winter Sports (or any one)
c. Camping in Winter
d. Contrasts in Scenery
e. Skiing Costumes
f. My First Snow
g. A Texas Norther

28. THE STORY OF A SALMON

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Dr. Jordan once wrote that of all the families of fishes, the most interesting is the salmon. Find reasons for this opinion.

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains, there stands a

mountain—a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington say that their mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that even in its own country Mount Rainier is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Rainier is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish—a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great staring eyes, which made almost half its length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon.

There were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence" still went on.

By and by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by

seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion—which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angleworm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought, one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angleworm. Quicker still, he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went up on the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By and by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor—a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to see—crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about; and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil by

greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea lions—swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snowdrifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddis worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours is in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms

for him. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straightforward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many from the Clackamas and the Spokane and Deschutes and Kootenai—a great army of salmon—were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse which urged them up the Columbia.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current and thus leave it behind. But, no! The thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By and by men came in boats and hauled up the gill net and the helpless salmon that had become entangled in it. They threw the fishes into a pile in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill net. These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July, and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought every day.

These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor. Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously cuts off the head, the tail, and the

fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water, and the head is dropped into a box on a flatboat and goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table; and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed-cutter, cuts it into pieces, each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher knife, cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Next Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft where the tinners are making them, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans.

Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans into boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Rainier and Cape Disappointment in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's," or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's," or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." The cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sidney and Valparaiso; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon was going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of some miracles to escape the rest. Passing by Astoria on a fortunate day—which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches—he finally came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. There he found that scarcely any of his many companions were with him, for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them.

So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks.

A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope.

Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins. With him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it. His back grew black, and his sides turned red—not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful teeth grew longer and longer and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition.

All the desires and ambitions of his nature had now become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on—past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root Mountains in Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came

together to a little clear brook with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and when he had softly covered the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

They drifted on together for a night and a day, but they never came to the sea. For the salmon has but one life to live, and it ascends the river but once. The rest lies with its children. When the April sunshine fell on the globules in the gravel, these were wakened into life. With the early autumn rains, the little fishes were large enough to begin their wanderings. They dropped down the current in the old salmon fashion. And thus they came into the great river and drifted away to the sea.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How is the salmon the most interesting of the families of fishes?

2. What is the life cycle of the salmon? Begin at the beginning and follow the story through to the end. How large was the salmon after three years? Tell what caused the salmon to start back to the mountain streams where they were hatched?

3. Into what three parts does the account fall? Point out where each begins and ends. How is the story introduced? How is it ended?

4. With what authority does David Starr Jordan write of the salmon? Volunteers secure his autobiography, *The Days of a Man,* and report on chapters to the class.

5. Compare this story of the salmon with Henry Williamson's *Salar the Salmon*, a recent book on Atlantic salmon.

6. Bring a picture of Mt. Rainier to class. You will find one facing page 224, in the first volume of *The Days of a Man*, the life of David Starr Jordan. Secure travel literature bearing upon Paradise Valley and Mt. Rainier.

C

DEMOCRACY

1. THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known.
My palace is the people's hall;
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Besides the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor;
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
 A man's a man today!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Discuss: Is voting a right, a privilege, or a duty? Of how much importance is a voter today? Is there any reason why he is not as important as in Whittier's day?

2. In many states election day is a holiday. Many European countries hold elections on Sunday. Try to account for these facts.

3. Read Whittier's "After Election" for another way of presenting his faith in the rugged independence of men as expressed through the ballot, which every voter should use.

4. Which line of Whittier's poem is an echo of Burns's "A Man's a Man for a' That." Bring Burns's poem to class.

2. FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

THOMAS JEFFERSON

What did Jefferson consider "the sum of good government"? Do you agree with him?

I know, indeed, that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law; would meet the invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be

trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, pursue with courage and confidence our own Federal and Republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Should Jefferson have answered the two questions at the end of the first paragraph?
2. What did Jefferson consider "the sum of good government"? Give your conception of good government.
3. What was the significance of Thomas Jefferson's election? It is told briefly by James Truslow Adams in *The Epic of America,* pages 135–138.
4. What does Jefferson mean by a republican government?
5. To gain an understanding of the period of Thomas Jefferson, read such novels as Hergesheimer's *Balisand,* Mary Johnston's *Lewis Rand* and James Boyd's *Drums.*
6. Two recent books on Jefferson are most interesting reading, *The Living Jefferson* by James Truslow Adams and *Jefferson in Power* by Claude Bowers.

3. CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEST TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

FREDERICK J. TURNER

What important differences mark Western democracy east of the Mississippi and west of the Mississippi?

Jefferson was the first prophet of American democracy, and when we analyze the essential features of his gospel, it is clear that the Western influence was the dominant element. Jefferson himself was born in the frontier region of Virginia, on the edge of the Blue Ridge, in the middle of the eighteenth century. His father was a pioneer. Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* reveal clearly his conception that democracy should have an agricultural basis, and that manufacturing development and city life were dangerous to the purity of the body politic. Simplicity and economy in government, the right of revolution, the freedom of the individual, the belief that those who win the vacant lands are entitled to shape their own government in their own way, these are all parts of the platform of political principles to which he gave his adhesion, and they are all elements eminently characteristic of the Western democracy into which he was born.

In the period of the Revolution he had brought in a series of measures which tended to throw the power of Virginia into the hands of the settlers in the interior rather than of the coastwise aristocracy. The repeal of the laws of entail and primogeniture would have destroyed the great estates on which the planting aristocracy based its power. The abolition of the established church would still further have diminished the influence of the coastwise party in favor of the dissenting sects of the interior. His scheme of general public education reflected the same tendency, and his demand for the abolition of slavery was characteristic of a representative of the West rather than of the old-time aristocracy of the coast. His sympathy with Western expansion culminated in the Louisiana Purchase. In a word, the tendencies of Jefferson's legislation were to replace the dominance of the planting aristocracy by the dominance of the interior class, which had sought in vain to achieve its liberties in the period of Bacon's rebellion.

Nevertheless, Thomas Jefferson was the John the Baptist of democracy, not its Moses. Only with the slow setting of the tide

of settlement farther and farther toward the interior did the democratic influence grow strong enough to take actual possession of the government. The period from 1800 to 1820 saw a steady increase in these tendencies. The established classes of New England and the South began to take alarm. Perhaps no better illustration of the apprehensions of the old-time Federal conservative can be given than these utterances of President Dwight, of Yale College, in the book of travels which he published in that period:

> The class of pioneers cannot live in regular society. They are too idle, too talkative, too passionate, too prodigal, and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient of the restraints of law, religion, and morality, and grumble about the taxes by which the Rulers, Ministers, and Schoolmasters are supported.
>
> After exposing the injustice of the community in neglecting to invest persons of such superior merit in public offices, in many an eloquent harangue uttered by many a kitchen fire, in every blacksmith shop, in every corner of the streets, and finding all their efforts vain, they become at length discouraged, and under the pressure of poverty, the fear of the gaol, and consciousness of public contempt, leave their native places and betake themselves to the wilderness.

Such was a conservative's impression of that pioneer movement of New England colonists who had spread up the valley of the Connecticut into New Hampshire, Vermont, and western New York in the period of which he wrote, and who afterwards went on to possess the Northwest. New England Federalism looked with a shudder at the democratic ideas of those who refused to recognize the established order. But in that period there came into the Union a sisterhood of frontier states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri—with provisions for the franchise that brought in complete democracy. Even the newly created states of the Southwest showed the same tendency. The wind of democracy blew so strongly from the West, that even in the older states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia conventions were called, which liberalized their constitutions by strengthening the democratic basis of the state. In the same time the labor population of the cities began to assert its power and its determination to share in government.

Of this frontier democracy which now took possession of the nation, Andrew Jackson was the very personification. He was born in the backwoods of the Carolinas in the midst of the turbulent democracy that preceded the Revolution, and he grew up in the

frontier state of Tennessee. In the midst of this region of personal feuds and frontier ideals of law, he quickly rose to leadership. The appearance of this frontiersman on the floor of Congress was an omen full of significance. He reached Philadelphia at the close of Washington's administration, having ridden on horseback nearly eight hundred miles to his destination. Gallatin, himself a Western man, describes Jackson as he entered the halls of Congress: "A tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face and a cue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular; his manners those of a rough backwoodsman." And Jefferson testified: "When I was president of the Senate he was a senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly and as often choke with rage." At last the frontier in the person of its typical man had found a place in the government. This six-foot backwoodsman, with blue eyes that could blaze on occasion, this choleric, impetuous, self-willed Scotch-Irish leader of men, this expert duelist, and ready fighter, this embodiment of the tenacious, vehement, personal West, was in politics to stay.

The frontier democracy of that time had the instincts of the clansman in the days of Scotch border warfare. Vehement and tenacious as the democracy was, strenuously as each man contended with his neighbor for the spoils of the new country that opened before them, they all had respect for the man who best expressed their aspirations and their ideas. Every community had its hero. In the war of 1812 and the subsequent Indian fighting Jackson made good his claim, not only to the loyalty of the people of Tennessee, but of the whole West, and even of the nation. He had the essential traits of the Kentucky and Tennessee frontier. It was a frontier free from the influence of European ideas and institutions. The men of the "Western World" turned their backs upon the Atlantic Ocean, and with grim energy and self-reliance began to build up a society free from the dominance of ancient forms.

The Westerner defended himself and resented governmental restrictions. The duel and the blood-feud found congenial soil in Kentucky and Tennessee. The idea of the personality of law was often dominant over the organized machinery of justice. That method was best which was most direct and effective. The backwoodsman was intolerant of men who split hairs, or scrupled over the method of reaching the right. In a word, the unchecked

development of the individual was the significant product of this frontier democracy. It sought rather to express itself by choosing a man of the people than by the formation of elaborate governmental institutions. It was because Andrew Jackson personified these essential Western traits that in his presidency he became the idol and the mouthpiece of the popular will. In his assaults upon the bank as an engine of aristocracy, and in his denunciation of nullification, he went directly to his object with the ruthless energy of a frontiersman. For formal law and the subtleties of state sovereignty he had the contempt of a backwoodsman. Nor is it without significance that this typical man of the new democracy will always be associated with the triumph of the spoils system in national politics. To the new democracy of the West, office was an opportunity to exercise natural rights as an equal citizen of the community. Rotation in office served not simply to allow the successful man to punish his enemies and reward his friends, but it also furnished the training in the actual conduct of political affairs which every American claimed as his birthright. Only in a primitive democracy of the type of the United States in 1830 could such a system have existed without the ruin of the state. National government in that period was no complex and nicely adjusted machine, and the evils of the system were long in making themselves fully apparent.

The triumph of Andrew Jackson marked the end of the old era of trained statesmen for the presidency. With him began the era of the popular hero. Even Martin Van Buren, whom we think of in connection with the East, was born in a log house under conditions that were not unlike parts of the older West. Harrison was the hero of the Northwest, as Jackson had been of the Southwest. Polk was a typical Tennesseean, eager to expand the nation, and Zachary Taylor was what Webster called a "frontier colonel." During the period that followed Jackson power passed from the region of Kentucky and Tennessee to the border of the Mississippi. The natural democratic tendencies that had earlier shown themselves in the Gulf States were destroyed, however, by the spread of cotton culture and the development of great plantations in that region. What had been typical of the democracy of the Revolutionary frontier and of the frontier of Andrew Jackson was now to be seen in the states between the Ohio and the Mississippi. As Andrew Jackson is the typical democrat of the former region, so Abraham Lincoln is the very embodiment of the pioneer period of the old Northwest. Indeed, he is the embodiment of

the democracy of the West. How can one speak of him except in the words of Lowell's great Commemoration Ode:

> For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
>
>
>
> His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
> Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloddy bars,
> A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
> Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
> Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
> Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
> Nothing of Europe here,
>
>
>
> New birth of our new soil, the first American.

The pioneer life from which Lincoln came differed in important respects from the frontier democracy typified by Andrew Jackson. Jackson's democracy was contentious, individualistic, and it sought the ideal of local self-government and expansion. Lincoln represents rather the pioneer folk who entered the forest of the great Northwest to chop out a home, to build up their fortunes in the midst of a continually ascending industrial movement. In the democracy of the Southwest, industrial development and city life were only minor factors, but to the democracy of the Northwest they were its very life. To widen the area of the clearing, to contend with one another for the mastery of the industrial resources of the rich provinces, to struggle for a place in the ascending movement of society, to transmit to one's offspring the chance for education, for industrial betterment, for the rise in life which the hardships of the pioneer existence denied to the pioneer himself, these were some of the ideals of the region to which Lincoln came. The men were commonwealth builders, industry builders. Whereas the type of hero in the Southwest was militant, in the Northwest he was industrial. It was in the midst of these "plain people," as he loved to call them, that Lincoln grew to manhood. As Emerson says: "He is the true history of the American people in his time." The years of his early life were the years when the democracy of the Northwest came

into struggle with the institution of slavery that threatened to forbid the expansion of the democratic pioneer life in the West.

In President Eliot's essay on Five American Contributions to Civilization he instances as one of the supreme tests of American democracy its attitude upon the question of slavery. But if democracy chose wisely and worked effectively toward the solution of this problem, it must be remembered that Western democracy took the lead. The rail-splitter himself became the nation's President in that fierce time of struggle, and the armies of the woodsmen and pioneer farmers recruited in the old Northwest, under the leadership of Sherman and of Grant, made free the Father of Waters, marched through Georgia, and helped to force the struggle to a conclusion at Appomattox. The free pioneer democracy struck down slave-holding aristocracy on its march to the West.

The last chapter in the development of Western democracy is the one that deals with its conquest over the vast spaces of the new West. At each new stage of Western development, the people have had to grapple with larger areas, with vaster combinations. The little colony of Massachusetts veterans that settled at Marietta received a land grant as large as the state of Rhode Island. The band of Connecticut pioneers that followed Moses Cleaveland to the Connecticut Reserve occupied a region as large as the parent state. The area which settlers of New England stock occupied on the prairies of northern Illinois surpassed the combined area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Men who had been accustomed to the narrow valleys and the little towns of the East found themselves out on the boundless spaces of the West dealing with units of such magnitude as dwarfed their former experience. The Great Lakes, the prairies, the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi and the Missouri furnished new standards of measurement for the achievement of this industrial democracy. Individualism began to give way to cooperation and to governmental activity. Even in the earlier days of the democratic conquest of the wilderness, demands had been made upon the government for support in internal improvements, but this new West showed a growing tendency to call to its assistance the powerful arm of national authority. In the period since the Civil War, the vast public domain has been donated to the individual farmer, to states for education, to railroads for the construction of transportation

lines. Moreover, with the advent of democracy in the last fifteen years upon the Great Plains, new physical conditions have presented themselves which have accelerated the social tendency of Western democracy. The pioneer farmer of the days of Lincoln could place his family on the flatboat, strike into the wilderness, cut out his clearing, and with little or no capital go on to the achievement of industrial independence. Even the homesteader on the Western prairies found it possible to work out a similar independent destiny, although the factor of transportation made a serious and increasing impediment to the free working out of his individual career. But when the arid lands and the mineral resources of the far West were reached, no conquest was possible by the old individual pioneer methods. Here expensive irrigation works must be constructed, cooperative activity was demanded in utilization of the water supply, capital beyond the reach of the small farmer was required. In a word, the physiographic province itself decreed that the destiny of this new frontier should be social rather than individual.

Magnitude of social achievement is the watchword of the democracy since the Civil War. From petty towns built in the marshes, cities arose whose greatness and industrial power are the wonder of our time. The conditions were ideal for the production of captains of industry. The old democratic admiration for the self-made man, its old deference to the rights of competitive individual development, together with the stupendous natural resources that opened to the conquest of the keenest and the strongest, gave such conditions of mobility as enabled the development of the vast industries which in our own decade have marked the West.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of adjectives that describe frontier democracy in the days of Andrew Jackson. Which of the adjectives would need to be dropped and which ones added to characterize the new West beyond the Mississippi?

2. Explain this statement: "Thomas Jefferson was the John the Baptist of democracy, not its Moses." Who was the Moses of democracy? Name American leaders of democracy.

3. Do you see ideas of frontier democracy in Jefferson's inaugural address (page 406)? Be definite.

4. What was the attitude of Eastern conservatives toward Westerners?

Mention Western traits that contributed to such an attitude. How did frontiersmen look on the East?

5. Contrast the pioneer life of the Northwest, from which Lincoln came, with that of the Southwest.

6. List contributions of the West to American democracy. How did labor also contribute to the democratic movement?

7. You might enjoy reading of Jackson in *The Cavalier of Tennessee*, by Meredith Nicholson, and of the period from 1854 to the present in *A Lantern in Her Hand*, by Bess Streeter Aldrich.

4. LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM

In what ways was Lincoln a "man of the people"? Does Mr. Markham emphasize especially characteristics of Lincoln or the things that Lincoln did?

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains, and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well—
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the groves's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with a mighty heart:
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. To what "Whirlwind Hour" does Markham refer? Find out the meaning of "Norn."

2. Mention characteristics that endeared Lincoln to the common people. Read again the lines in which the poet describes Lincoln.

3. True poetry usually conveys much more than the words themselves tell. What is the real meaning of the last stanza?

4. What are some of the characteristics of Lincoln and the regard which the American people have for him that would be suitable in writing a poem or tribute to him?

5. Bring to class other poems about Lincoln. For example secure Lowell's tribute to Lincoln, James Oppenheim's "The Lincoln Child," and Edwin A. Robinson's "The Master." Consult also Mary Wright-Davis's anthology, *The Book of Lincoln.*

6. Read John Gould Fletcher's poem "Lincoln," a noble tribute in which he compares Lincoln to a pine.

7. Bring in pictures of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. Imagine yourself at the dedication exercises. Would you find Markham's poem effective? It was read there.

5. ANNE RUTLEDGE

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

This poem is generally considered the loveliest epitaph in *The Spoon River Anthology*. In what lies its charm?

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.

I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Notice the repetition of "Out of me." According to this poem, what was Anne Rutledge's contribution to America?
2. What is the origin of the third line?
3. Explain the lines: "Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation."
4. Read an account of Anne Rutledge in one or two biographies of Lincoln. Carl Sandburg gives a poetic treatment of the subject. A. J. Beveridge is more prosaic and critical.

6. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WOODROW WILSON

This address was given by President Wilson at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at the dedication of the marble building within which is enshrined the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. What was the significance of Lincoln's birthplace to President Wilson?



No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many

of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tributes to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free policy? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and

power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

.

I have come here today, not to utter an eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can

retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What did President Wilson see in the birthplace of Lincoln? Explain Wilson's conception of the true purpose of democracy. What did he think the commands of democracy are?

2. David Lloyd George, a great English statesman, placed Lincoln ahead of Gladstone, Bismarck, and Cavour (who were each of these?) as a statesman, calling him "The greatest statesman of the nineteenth century." Give reasons that would tend to support such an opinion.

3. Give illustrations of the truth of this quotation: "Genius is no snob."

4. What did Wilson think proved "the validity and vitality of democracy"? What did he regard as "the sacred mystery of democracy"?

5. Seven years before this address Woodrow Wilson expressed his deep admiration for Lincoln in an address entitled "Abraham Lincoln: A Man of the People." A volunteer may find it in *Abraham Lincoln, the Tribute of a Century,* and compare it with this selection in a report to the class.

7. FATHER DUFFY

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

As you read this selection, try to discover the secrets of its charm.

They buried Father Duffy from St. Patrick's at the end of June in 1932. The huge cathedral might as well have been a tiny chapel for all it could hope to hold those of us who wanted to say good-by to him. As I waited in the cool, candle-lit dusk of

the church for the procession to make its way up the sunny avenue, all around me lips were moving in prayer and gnarled fingers were telling their rosaries. But even the heathen could at least count over their hours with him. There were many of us there, outsiders who, without belonging to his outfit, had nevertheless been attached to him for rations—of the spirit. One had only to stop for a moment and speak to him on the street to go on one's way immensely set up, reassured that there might be a good deal, after all, to this institution called the human race.

While we waited, my own wry thoughts jumped back to that desperate October in 1918 when his regiment, the old 69th of New York, was cut to ribbons in the Argonne. Especially I recalled the black day when Colonel Donovan was carried out of the battle on a blanket—Wild Bill, who was the very apple of the Padre's eye. Father Duffy had always scolded him for his gaudy recklessness, and there he was at last with his underpinnings shot from under him. As they carried him into the dressing-station he had just strength enough left to shake a defiant fist. "Ah there, Father," he said, "you thought you'd have the pleasure of burying me!" Father Duffy shook a fist in reply. "And I will yet," he said. But it was not to be that way. For here, fourteen years later, was Wild Bill and a thousand others of the old regiment coming up the avenue to bury Father Duffy.

One by one there came back to me all the times our paths had crossed in France and on the Rhine. He would always have tall tales to tell of his Irish fighters, who, with death all around them, heard only the grace of God purring in their hearts. It delighted him that they spoke of the Ourcq as the O'Rourke, and he enjoyed their wonderment at the French presumption in dignifying so measly a creek by calling it a river. He loved the story of one wounded soldier who waved aside a proffered canteen. "Give it to the Ourcq. It needs it more than I do." And he loved all stories wherein the uppity were discomfited. On the Rhine he relished the spectacle of Pershing vainly trying to unbend a bit and play the little father to his troops. The Commander-in-Chief paused before one Irish doughboy who had three wound stripes on his arm. "Well, my lad," asked the great man in benevolent tones, "and where did you get those?" "From the supply sergeant, Sir," the hero answered, and Father Duffy grinned from ear to ear.

Most often he would talk not of France and the war at all,

but of New York. He liked nothing better than to sit in a shell-hole with Clancey and Callahan and Kerrigan and talk about New York. I have stood beside him ankle-deep in the Argonne mud and, above the noise of the rain pattering on our helmets, heard him speculate about the gleam of Fifth Avenue in the October sunshine and say how he would like to see once more that grand actress who called herself Laurette Taylor, but who, mind you, was born a Cooney. And for him the most electric moment in all the war came on a night of June moonlight in Lorraine when the troops of the old 69th discovered that the shiny new outfit which was relieving them was also from New York. The war had picked them both up by the scruff of the neck, carried them across the world, and dropped them in the French mud, and here they were passing each other on the road.

At that time the Rainbow had been in the line only a few weeks, and the Baccarat Sector was a tranquil one. The real slaughter of July and October lay ahead of them but at least they could feel battle-scarred and scornful when compared with these green boys of the 77th, fresh from the transports. Being themselves volunteers, they jeered at the newcomers as conscripts, who retorted, to their surprise, by calling them draft dodgers. There was some excitement as old neighbors would identify each other in the moonlight, and one unforgettable moment when Father Duffy saw two brothers meet. In their emotion they could only take pokes at each other and swear enormously. Then, lest all these ructions draw the attention of the enemy artillery to this relief, order was somehow restored and the march went on, mingling prohibited, speech of any kind forbidden. So these passing regiments just hummed to each other very softly in the darkness. "Give my regards to Broadway." The rhythm staccato, the words unnecessary. "Remember me to Herald Square." The tune said the words for all of them. "Tell all the boys in Forty-second Street that I will soon be there." In the distance the sound grew fainter and fainter. Father Duffy had a lump in his throat.

For he was the great New Yorker. Born in Canada, Irish as Irish, schooled in Maynooth, he was surely the first citizen of our town. This city is too large for most of us. But not for Father Duffy. Not too large, I mean, for him to invest it with the homeliness of a neighborhood. When he walked down the street—any street—he was like a *curé* striding through his own village. Everyone knew him. I have walked beside him and thought I had never before seen so many *pleased* faces. The beaming cop would stop

all traffic to make a path from curb to curb for Father Duffy. Both the proud-stomached banker who stopped to speak with him on the corner and the checkroom boy who took his hat at the restaurant would grin transcendently at the sight of him. He would call them both by their first names, and you could see how proud they were on that account. Father Duffy was of such dimensions that he made New York into a small town.

No wonder all the sidewalk space as far as one could see was needed for the overflow at his funeral. To my notion, the mute multitude in the June sunlight made the more impressive congregation. To alien ears the Latin passages of the Mass seem as automatic and as passionless as the multiplication table, and at least those who could not get in missed the harangue delivered from the pulpit with the vocal technique of a train announcer. One woman I know saw an unused bit of pavement and asked a huge policeman if she might not stand there. He told her the space was reserved. "But," she explained, as if offering credentials, "I was a personal friend of Father Duffy's." The policeman's answer was an epitaph, "That is true, Ma'am," he said, "of everyone here today."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What explains or accounts for the charm of this selection—the subject, the words, the way the sentences are built and hung together, the anecdotes, the touches of humor, the feeling, or a combination of these and other factors?

2. Does this selection belong under "Democracy"? Give reasons.

3. What methods does Woollcott use to describe Father Duffy? See pages 421–2. Who is Alexander Woollcott?

4. What does the author mean by saying that New York "is too large for most of us, but not for Father Duffy"? Do you know any one who invests his community with the homeliness of a neighborhood?

5. What is the effect of the last incident related in the selection?

6. Select some one of the books named in the list which follows and report on it, showing its relation to the subject of this section, the place of nature, democracy, and religion in the life of our country.

7. Select some book which deals especially with the part of the country in which you live and report on it.

8. Report on poetry which you like which illustrates some of the subjects suggested by the theme and the selections of this part of this book.

9. Write a report on some American or some American book that you think is typically American.

MORE BOOKS ABOUT RELIGION, NATURE, AND DEMOCRACY

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ADAMS, James Truslow: *The Epic of America.*
An interpretation of the forces that have made American history.

ALLEN, James Lane: *A Kentucky Cardinal.**
A poetic romance portrayed against the background of natural beauty in Kentucky.

BEEBE, William: *Arcturus Adventure.*
This book describes the voyage of Mr. Beebe's ship, *Arcturus,* to the Sargasso Sea in the Atlantic and the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific.

BEEBE, William: *Jungle Peace.*
The Edge of the Jungle.
Sketches of nature in the jungles of South America. The author is a distinguished scientist and an excellent writer.

BOYD, James: *Drums.**
A boy from the piney woods of the Carolinas grows up during the Revolution and takes part in the fight of the *Bonhomme Richard.*

BURROUGHS, John: *Birds and Bees, Sharp Eyes, and Other Papers.*
This collection includes such essays as "Bird Enemies," "Tragedies of the Nests," "Sharp Eyes," and "The Apple."

CHURCHILL, Winston: *The Inside of the Cup.**
Mr. Churchill's novel intelligently raises the question of the function of the church in our present-day society.

DAVIS, Richard Harding: *The Bar Sinister.**
Fine story of a dog.

FROST, Robert: *North of Boston.*
A book of most distinguished poetry of country life in New England. Frost's poems about nature are so much more fresh and sincere than are those of most other writers.

HORNADAY, William Temple: *Minds and Manners of Wild Animals.*
The former director of the New York Zoological Garden draws on his extensive acquaintance with animals for a book of interesting stories.

HORNADAY, William Temple: *Tales from Nature's Wonderland.*
Mr. Hornaday tells many interesting stories of animals. Some of his sketches are: March of the Mountain Sheep, How Some of Our Big

Game Animals Came to North America, The Greatest Wild Animal Tragedy, and The Great Tyrant Dinosaur of Hell Creek.

KENNEDY, Charles Rann: *The Servant in the House.*

A drama that shows the struggle between good and evil for the possession of a man's soul. The scene is laid in the household of an English clergyman.

KENT, Rockwell: *Wilderness.*

The story of a winter spent on a small island off the coast of Alaska. Mr. Kent is a competent writer and a first-rate artist.

MEIGS, Cornelia: *Master Simon's Garden.**

The story of a Massachusetts garden that lasted through several generations from the early days of the colony to the rise of New England sea-trade after the close of the Revolution.

MILLS, Enos M.: *Waiting in the Wilderness.*

Sketches of life in unsettled regions. "Waiting" means watching for the appearance of wild animals.

MUIR, John: *Our National Parks.*

Descriptions of such spots as the Yosemite Valley, Mt. Rainier, and Yellowstone Park.

MUIR, John: *Steep Trails.*

Mountaineering with a master climber and master writer.

MUIR, John: *Story of my Boyhood and Youth.*

Early years of one of our great lovers of nature.

SHARP, Dallas Lore: *The Seer of Slabsides.*

Biography of John Burroughs written by a naturalist.

SHARP, Dallas Lore: *Where Rolls the Oregon.*

The author calls this book "a group of impressions, deep indelible impressions of the vast Outdoors of Oregon."

THOREAU, Henry David: *Walden. A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

Two books by one of the most original thinkers who has written in this country which show his keenness of observation and sensitiveness to nature.

WILSON, Woodrow: *The New Freedom.*

A series of addresses in which Mr. Wilson described his idea of freedom in our complicated economic society.

V

HUMOR AND IMAGINATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE



V

HUMOR AND IMAGINATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

I

WHY does an audience in a motion picture theatre laugh at an animated cartoon or a "Silly Symphony"? You may answer, "Because the picture is funny." "Yes," persists the questioner, "but what makes it funny?"

This problem is too deep and complicated to be discussed here. For centuries wise men have been trying to explain just why we laugh at certain things, but no one has yet been able to offer a satisfactory explanation. We can no more tell exactly why some things make us laugh than we can tell exactly why we like the odor of violets or the taste of a ripe apple. At present we must be content with saying that we find certain tastes and odors agreeable and that we laugh at certain remarks, occurrences, or situations. The supplying of reasons for our liking and our laughter must be left to philosophers and psychologists.

Whatever may be the reason for our laughter, we Americans surely like to laugh. Comedies are applauded in our theatres, the "comic strip" is a regular and very popular feature of most newspapers, the book that contains humor and a happy ending is notoriously favored by our readers, and humorists like Mark Twain and Will Rogers become national characters. Frequently our humor is not very intellectual and our laughter is not extremely thoughtful, but, at all events, we get a lot of enjoyment out of laughing.

From the very beginning of our literature we have liked humorous books. *Poor Richard's Almanac* was one of the first publications in this country to achieve notable success. Beginning in 1732, it appeared annually for many years. Benjamin Franklin was the author and publisher, and much of his success can be attributed to his wit.

Irving made his reputation with his humorous writings. His first important book, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, was a broad burlesque from beginning to end. "Rip van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" are both little masterpieces of humor. In fact, Irving wrote everything, even his most serious books, with a twinkle in his eye. He is often spoken of as the first of our great men of letters, and as he led the way in point of time, so did he lead the way in writing books that create a good-natured smile or laugh.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell were both humorists. Holmes was the genial, highly cultivated, witty man of society who was most delightful in conversation with friends or in the delivery of an after-dinner speech. Puns, quips, and sallies of wit were his stock-in-trade. In all our literature he has never been surpassed as a writer of lightly humorous poetry. Among his representative pieces of this type are "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and "On Lending a Punch-Bowl."

Lowell has not the wit of Holmes, but in his "The Biglow Papers" he used the typical method of the American humorist by commenting on current events in a rural dialect. In the introduction to the first series of "The Biglow Papers" Lowell attributes the following to one of his rustics whose son was attempting to write poetry:

> wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery . . .

These sentences sound—and look—as if they had been written by Josh Billings or some of the other Western humorists.

"The Biglow Papers" resemble the utterances of our "cracker-box philosophers." These "philosophers" are unlearned and sometimes illiterate characters who sit on cracker-boxes around the stove in the corner grocery and dispense their more or less ungrammatical words of wit and wisdom. The columns of our newspapers have been the favorite vehicle of our cracker-box philosophers. Franklin's Poor Richard bears a strong resemblance to the sages of the country store. Will Rogers was typical of this group, though his background was that of the frontier. He is more accurately known as a Western humorist.

Humorists like Franklin, Irving, Holmes, and Lowell did not differ greatly from the humorous writers of England, such as Addison, Goldsmith, Hood, and Dickens. It was not until the appearance of the frontier joker that American humor became truly American. Irving, Holmes, and Lowell were humorists of the library, the banquet hall, and the drawing room. The laughter that they sought to call forth was no more boisterous than a smile or a politely suppressed chuckle. When the frontiersman turned humorist, he sought to create huge gusts of laughter that were attuned to the great spaces of the Mississippi Valley, the Plains, and the Pacific Coast. The pioneer humorist is noisy and crude. Frequently he possesses bad taste. He makes fun of everything, including himself. Often he shocks people of refined taste and feeling, but he is so successful in his attempt to arouse laughter that some of his efforts seem destined to endure for a long time.

The Western humorist has his own way of getting his readers to laugh. Puns, elegant trifles, and polite witticisms are too tame for him. He specializes in tremendous exaggerations, such as Mark Twain's description of the speed of a jack rabbit, "Long after he was out of sight we could hear him whiz." The Western humorist is notoriously irreverent. There is nothing so venerable or so respected that he will not laugh at it. Literary classics, the old masters of art, antique buildings, legends hoary with age, and practices that have become traditional all afford material for his jokes. The irreverence of the Westerner is nowhere better illustrated than in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad,* a book which has been aptly described as "a picture of Europe as seen from the summit of the Rocky Mountains." Another prominent trait of Western humor is the habit of making a burlesque of some character or occurrence. Mark Twain and Artemus Ward were never happier than when they were "taking off" something that displeased or amused them.

Western humor seems to be as old as the frontier. Davy Crockett was a Westerner who joked his way into Congress. Artemus Ward, the friend of Mark Twain, was Abraham Lincoln's favorite, and in the darkest moment of the Civil War, the President stopped a Cabinet meeting while he read aloud a selection from his favorite humorist. Lincoln himself was a great joker, and much of his success in gaining the ears and hearts of people can be attributed to his sense of humor. Josh Billings expressed his humor in ungrammatical sentences and ludicrously

misspelled words. In his works we read such passages as the following:

> The lazyest man i kan think ov now, waz Israel Dunbar, ov Billingsville. . . He is 45 years old, and hain't had the measles yet; he haz alwus ben tew lazy tew ketch them. He had one son, who was jist like him. This boy died when he was 18 years old, in crossing a korn-field; the punkin-vines took after him and smothered him to death.

Of all the tribe of Western humorists Mark Twain deserved and won the greatest reputation. He began his work as a writer of humorous articles for a Nevada newspaper and first tasted national fame when he published "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," a short story which is nothing more than a frontier anecdote. His first book, *Innocents Abroad,* firmly established his reputation as a humorist and as a fine descriptive writer. Then came such masterpieces as *Roughing It, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi,* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.* On every page humor gushes out, but it is a mistake to think of these works as nothing more than "funny books." Taken as a whole they give our truest and clearest picture of life on the American frontier from 1840 to 1865.

Mark Twain was first and last a Western humorist. Sometimes he reached the level of Shakespeare, and sometimes he failed to leave the level of Josh Billings, but at all levels he was a Western humorist. The following excerpt from *Roughing It* is typical of his early work:

> In Syria, once, at the headwaters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye, all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figuring on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good as an overcoat before in his life. Then he smacked his lips once or twice, and reached after the other sleeve. Next he tried the velvet collar, and smiled a smile of such contentment that it was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintiest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspondence dropped out, and he took a chance in that—manuscript letters written for the home papers. But he was treading on dangerous ground,

now. He began to come across solid wisdom in those documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth; it was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to stumble on statements that not even a camel could swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as stiff as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest and gentlest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public . . .

After Mark Twain came three Westerners who are certainly worthy to be mentioned with the old master of humor. These three are Finley Peter Dunne, Ring Lardner, and Will Rogers.

In the closing years of the 1890's and the opening years of the twentieth century, Finley Peter Dunne created a famous character known as Mr. Dooley, who made millions laugh by his witty comments in broad Irish dialect on such current events as the Spanish-American War and Theodore Roosevelt's rise to fame. Mr. Dooley was a true "cracker-box philosopher," but his country grocery store was a Chicago saloon of which he was proprietor and bartender. Today we do not read his remarks as much as our fathers did, because we lack the intimate knowledge of daily events during the years of his philosophizing. Notwithstanding this neglect, Mr. Dooley is one of the immortal creations of American humor.

Of the later American humorists Ring Lardner stands closest to the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Like Mark Twain, Lardner did not make the mistake of using current events exclusively as the basis of his humor. At his best he was a writer of short stories of American life, stories as accurate and clear as any ever written. His usual method is to tell the story in the words of one of the characters, and in his hands the use of bad grammar becomes a genuine work of art. No other writer has so accurately reproduced the American language as it is spoken by the near-illiterate class. Lardner is a great humorist, but he is more than a mere fun-maker. He wrote scarcely a story that does not expose a pretension, rebuke a wrong, or laugh at the folly of mankind. He is at his best in such stories as "Katie Wins a Home," "The Golden Honeymoon," "Three Without, Doubled," "Gullible's Travels," and his famous letters from a big

league baseball player, "You Know Me, Al." One of Lardner's finest stories, "The Hair Cut," is a grim tragedy told as if it were a humorous anecdote.

Will Rogers was a combination of cracker-box philosopher and cowboy-journalist. For years he kept America chuckling by his thrusts at our public officials. Like the king's jester of old, he said what many wanted to say who lacked the humor or the daring to speak. Rogers probably relied too much upon the daily newspaper for his vehicle and used current events too much for his material to be read through the years, but during the time that he was writing he upheld the traditions of Western humor as did no other man of his time.

The humorist attacks the object of his displeasure with ridicule, shouts of laughter, and ludicrous burlesque, but on the whole he likes the world. He would make a few changes in it without doing away with it, but he would not think of deserting it for any other place of residence. There is another kind of writer who thinks so little of it that he does not care even to talk about making it better. He would turn his back on life and create an entirely new world in his imagination. Naturally the new world will not have the things of this life which the writer finds so excessively annoying. In short, the imaginative writer finds it easier and more agreeable to imagine an utterly new world than to busy himself remedying the familiar evils of this one. He is a creator rather than a reformer.

II

Without doubt the leading imaginative writer of America is Edgar Allan Poe. The reasons for his dislike of the world are too obscure and complicated to be easily disentangled. Many things contributed to make him think that he was cheated and denied by life. He was brought up in Virginia, and life in that state during his boyhood was most pleasant, but when he began to write he turned his back on all that he knew from experience, and created a world of imagination. He was not attracted by the rapid development of America, a theme that entranced Whitman, and he was seemingly unaware of frontier America. The world that he created is best described in his own words as "the misty mid-region of Weir." In this world of imagination Poe found the material for many of his stories and poems. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Masque of the Red Death" we find typical examples of his imaginative powers. Such stories are

notable for their harmony of setting and action, for the shudder that we gain from their scenes of horror, and for the surpassing beauty of the writing. We do not read them for their truth or their revelation of human nature or for their author's view of life. Poe was an artist primarily, not a thinker, and his artistry is nowhere better displayed than in the harmony with which he puts together the parts of the "misty mid-region of Weir." "The Fall of the House of Usher" opens with the following sentence:

> During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher.

Every adjective and adverb in this sentence helps to build up an effect which is summarized in the one word, "melancholy." The effect of this sentence—and, indeed, of the whole story—is like that of a symphony. In such a story Poe appeals to the feelings and not to the reason.

Not all of his stories can be called imaginative. Poe was proud of his ability to analyze a problem and discover hidden clues to mysteries. Some of his stories were evidently written to match his wits against those of his readers. In such works he creates an elaborate mystery that seems to defy solution and then proceeds to point out the key and unravel the tangle step by step. Poe's most famous work of this type is "The Gold Bug." The solution of the mystery in this story depends upon the correct reading of a note in cipher or secret writing. Even after the symbols are interpreted, the English translation presents almost as much of a mystery as does the original.

From the problem story to the detective story is only a step, and Poe made this step to become the inventor of this type of literature. In his famous work, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," he included most of the devices of the writer of the present-day detective story.

Poe is recognized by all as one of our great writers, but it must be confessed that imagination is not the strength of our literature. In general we have been too busy with politics, business, and religion to spend much time in imaginative flights. Usually our writers have seemed to consider that the world is a pretty good place—too good to be surrendered in favor of a region that exists only in imagination. But Poe is by no means

the only notable imaginative writer that we have. In some books, especially in *Mardi* and *Moby Dick,* Melville displays high imaginative powers. Hawthorne had a vivid imagination which he displayed in such stories as "Feathertop," "Ethan Brand," "The Celestial Railroad," and "The Great Stone Face." His novels, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables,* are imaginative recreations of colonial New England. Of all our poets of the earlier time Sidney Lanier most closely approached the high imaginative level reached by Poe.

One of the most distinguished imaginative writers of the present is undoubtedly James Branch Cabell. An Irish-American, Donn Byrne, wrote a genuine classic in *Messer Marco Polo,* a retelling of the ancient story of the Venetian traveler who visited China in the thirteenth century.

It is commonly supposed that the poet deals only in imaginative wares. Such an opinion should not be entertained in the study of American literature. Our poets, like our prose writers, have generally used the material of everyday life for their writings. Proof of this statement can be found on every page of Whittier, Whitman, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, and many another American poet.

R. B.

A

HUMOR

1. THE COWBOYS' CHRISTMAS BALL

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

'Way out in Western Texas, where the Clear Fork's waters flow,
Where the cattle are "a-browzin'," an' the Spanish ponies grow;
Where the Northers "come a-whistlin' " from beyond the Neutral strip;
And the prairie dogs are sneezin', as if they had "The Grip";
Where the cayotes come a-howlin' 'round the ranches after dark,
And the mocking-birds are singin' to the lovely "medder lark";
Where the 'possum and the badger, and rattlesnakes abound,
And the monstrous stars are winkin' o'er a wilderness profound;
Where lonesome, tawny prairies melt into airy streams,
While the Double Mountains slumber, in heavenly kinds of dreams;
Where the antelope is grazin' and the lonely plovers call—
It was there that I attended "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The town was Anson City, old Jones's county seat,
Where they raise Polled Angus cattle, and waving whiskered wheat;
Where the air is soft and "bammy," an' dry an' full of health,
And the prairies is explodin' with agricultural wealth;
Where they print the *Texas Western,* that Hec. McCann supplies,
With news and yarns and stories, uv most amazin' size;
Where Frank Smith "pulls the badger," on knowin' tenderfeet,
And Democracy's triumphant, and mighty hard to beat;
Where lives that good old hunter, John Milsap from Lamar,
Who "used to be the Sheriff, back East, in Paris, sah!"

'T was there, I say, at Anson, with the lively "widder Wall,"
That I went to that reception, "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The boys had left the ranches and come to town in piles;
The ladies—"kinder scatterin' "—had gathered in for miles.
And yet the place was crowded, as I remember well,
'T was got for the occasion, at "The Morning Star Hotel."
The music was a fiddle an' a lively tambourine,
And a "viol come imported," by the stage from Abilene.
The room was togged out gorgeous—with mistletoe and shawls,
And candles flickered frescoes, around the airy walls.
The "wimmin folks" looked lovely—the boys looked kinder treed,
Till their leader commenced yellin': "Whoa! fellers, let's stampede,"
And the music started sighin', an' a-wailin' through the hall,
As a kind of introduction to "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The leader was a feller that came from Swenson's Ranch,
They called him "Windy Billy," from "little Deadman's Branch."
His rig was "kinder keerless," big spurs and high-heeled boots;
He had the reputation that comes when "fellers shoots."
His voice was like a bugle upon the mountain's height:
His feet were animated, an' a *mighty, movin' sight,*
When he commenced to holler, "Neow fellers, stake yer pen!
"Lock horns ter all them heifers, an' russle 'em like men.
"Saloot yer lovely critters; neow swing an' let 'em go,
"Climb the grape vine 'round 'em—all hands do-ce-do!
"You Mavericks, jine the round-up—Jest skip her waterfall,"
Huh! hit wuz gettin' happy, "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball!"

The boys were tolerable skittish, the ladies powerful neat,
That old bass viol's music *just got there with both feet!*
That wailin', frisky fiddle, I never shall forget;
And Windy kept a singin'—I think I hear him yet—
"O Xes, chase your squirrels, an' cut 'em to one side,
"Spur Treadwell to the center, with Cross P Charley's bride,
"Doc. Hollis down the middle, an' twine the ladies' chain,
"Varn Andrews pen the fillies in big T Diamond's train.
"All pull yer freight tergether, neow swallow fork an' change,
" 'Big Boston' lead the trail herd, through little Pitchfork's range.
"Purr 'round yer gentle pussies, neow rope 'em! Balance all!"
Huh! hit wuz gettin' active—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ba!!' "

The dust riz fast an' furious, we all just galloped 'round,
Till the scenery got so giddy, that Z Bar Dick was downed.
We buckled to our partners, an' told 'em to hold on,
Then shook our hoofs like lightning, until the early dawn.
Don't tell me 'bout cotillions, or germans. No sir 'ee!
That whirl at Anson City just takes the cake with me.
I'm sick of lazy shufflin's, of them I've had my fill,
Give me a frontier break-down, backed up by Windy Bill.
McAllister ain't nowhar! when Windy leads the show,
I've seen 'em both in harness, and so I sorter know—
Oh, Bill, I sha'n't forget yer, and I'll oftentimes recall,
That lively gaited sworray—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Old-fashioned square dancing is fun at school parties. You can secure phonograph records with good music and the real "calls."

2. A LETTER TO HIS FRIEND, MU KOW

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

This poem is one of a series in which the author pretends to be a Chinese mandarin writing letters to his friends.

The Americans are wrongly supposed to be
Deficient in delicate sentiment.
For when I was in New York
I went to the Polo Grounds
To see what they call the World's Series.
One has to watch baseball every instant,
Or you miss something.
For while I was foolishly admiring
The gold frontier of sunlight receding on the turf
There was a loud cry,
A whirl of dust and limbs,
And I feared some tragic accident.
But when I asked what was amiss,
The man next me, with tears in his eyes,
Said that one of the players
Had stolen home.
And I thought to myself

How charmingly touching:
Here, amid all the uproar and excitement,
This fine fellow could not resist the call of his loved ones
And sacrificed his enjoyment just to greet his wife and bairns.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What features or details in Morley's poem cause a smile?
2. Look up the meaning of "mandarin." Why would a mandarin be especially puzzled by the spectacle of American sports, even more than other Chinese?
3. Upon what line does the humor of "A Letter to His Friend" hinge or turn? Why are we amused by the misunderstanding of American sports, customs, and slang by foreigners? Would the matter be laughable to us if the situation were reversed and we were in a foreign country?
4. Point out an example of our lack of understanding of some foreign custom.
5. Morley frequently gives a new view of familiar things such as a ball game. Find examples of this practice in the following poems by Morley:
 a. "Dandy Dandelion"
 b. "The Telephone Directory"
 c. "To a Post-Office Inkwell"
 d. "In Honor of Taffy Topaz"
 e. "The Milkman"
 f. "Mar Quong, Chinese Laundryman"
 g. "The Balloon Peddler"

3. THE READING BOY

NATHALIA CRANE

A few years ago a volume of very clever poetry was published with the name of Nathalia Crane on the title page as that of the author. Inquiry disclosed that Nathalia Crane was a child only ten and one-half years old. Immediately a debate started. One side held that so young a girl could not possibly write the very deft lines in such poems as "The Flathouse Roof" and that the material was the work of an older person, probably an established poet. On the other hand, many contended that the poems were really the work of Nathalia Crane.

This is not the place either to review the debate or to pass judgment upon the case. It is enough to say that somebody wrote some

very striking poems. Whoever did it was a poet. It might be added that no one was able to prove that Nathalia Crane did not write the volumes that she signed.

He is carved in alabaster, he is called the Reading Boy.
A cross-legged little pagan, pondering o'er the Siege of Troy;
He's a miniature Adonis, with a bandeau round his head,
And he's reading late and early when he ought to be in bed.

He cons an ancient manuscript, he scanneth as a sage,
But with all his mighty reading never yet hath turned a page:
Never alabaster side glance at the turtle in the bowl,
Never alabaster wiggle, though I know he has a soul.

I have watched him late and early, just an image out of Rome,
And politely offered bookmarks to divert him from that tome;
Yea, with aggravating gestures sought to turn aside his face,
But not for pots of honey could you make him lose his place.

There he sits in sweet perfection that the chisel did unveil,
With the rapture of an angel up against a lively tale.
But I'd give an old maid's ransom just to see that little wretch
Discard that Trojan magazine, and give a real good stretch.

4. THE FLATHOUSE ROOF

NATHALIA CRANE

I linger on the flathouse roof, the moonlight is divine.
But my heart is all a-flutter like the washing on the line.

I long to be a heroine, I long to be serene,
But my feet, they dance in answer to a distant tambourine.

And, oh! the dreams of ecstasy. Oh! Babylon and Troy!
I've a hero in the basement, he's the janitor's red-haired boy.

There's the music of his mallet and the jigging of his saw;
I wonder what he's making on that lovely cellar floor?

He loves me, for he said it when we met upon the stair,
And that is why I'm on the roof to get a breath of air.

He said it! Oh! He said it! And the only thing I said
Was, "Roger Jones, I like you, for your hair is very red."

We parted when intruders came a-tramping through the hall;
He's got my pocket handkerchief, and I have got his ball.

And so it is I'm on the roof. Oh! Babylon and Troy!
I'm very sure that I'm in love with someone else's boy.

Alone, upon the starry heights, I'm dancing on a green,
To the jingling and the jangling of a distant tambourine,

To the stamping of a hammer and the jigging of a saw,
And the secret sort of feeling I'm in love forever more,

Do you think it's any wonder, with the moonlight so divine,
That my heart is all a-flutter, like the washing on the line?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Some of the humor in these poems comes from unexpected words and expressions. Point out examples.
2. What features of these poems might lead to the belief that an older person wrote them? What is youthful in the poems?
3. Volunteers draw pictures of "The Reading Boy." What do you consider the most effective line in "The Flathouse Roof"?
4. If you have enjoyed these poems by Nathalia Crane, you will enjoy other poems in her volumes, *The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems* and *Lava Jane*. Note especially "Dante on the Ferry," "The Blind Girl," "The Croxon Auction," "Parrot in Bird Store," "The Telltale," "Sadness," "The Lost Trumpet," and "The Discoverer."
5. Bring to the class other humorous verse which you have enjoyed reading.
6. Books of lighter verse:
 a. Carolyn Wells, *A Nonsense Anthology*
 b. Guy W. Carryl, *Fables for the Frivolous*
 c. Guy W. Carryl, *Mother Goose for Grownups*
 d. Gelett Burgess, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne*

5. THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

What devices does Holmes use to give humor to his poem?

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
'I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away.'

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
'I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here.'

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—'Oh, what was that, my daughter?'
'T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.'
'And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?'
'It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past.'

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—'Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.'
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

6. THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Mention devices used by Holmes to make the two preceding poems humorous. In the first poem where does faulty English contribute to the humor? Where does an exaggerated figure of speech amuse? What line tells you that the poem is not to be considered as a tragedy? Read the dialogue aloud.

2. Look up the story of Hero and Leander. Consult a handbook of mythology.

3. Explain "metamorphosed." What is a printer's devil?

4. Describe the speaker in the second poem. Explain the fourth stanza.

5. Other humorous poems by Holmes are "My Aunt," "The Boys," "To an Insect," and "Contentment." Bring to class humorous verses published in newspapers or magazines.

7. THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE
or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This poem, like most poetry, has two meanings: a literal one, about a vehicle, a "one-hoss shay"; and an allegorical one, about the Calvinistic faith of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This faith was so logical it had no weakest point. What happened to the stern old doctrine the poem tells.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down,* but does n't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*')
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown:
'Fur,' said the Deacon, ' 't 's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,'—
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he 'put her through.'
'There!' said the Deacon, 'naow she'll dew!'

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten:—
'Hahnsum kerridge' they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came:—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there 's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the earthquake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,

And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole,* it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
'Huddup!' said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly,* and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "The Deacon's Masterpiece" was written in the centennial year of the death of Jonathan Edwards. Find out who he was and what he said.

2. Describe the historical background of the poem. Tell about "Georgius Secundus," the Lisbon earthquake, and Braddock's defeat.

3. Would a chain without a weakest link be breakable?

4. What is a shay? Sketch a picture of one. How was the ideal shay built?

5. What things keep their youth? Can you find a moral in the poem?

8. THE MUSHY SEVENTIES

GEORGE ADE

What customs and fashions of our day could be ridiculed as those of the seventies are ridiculed here?

Our so-called civilization arose to the sublimest peak of wooziness about the year of the Centennial at Philadelphia. . . . Woman, ever helpful, did what she could to wooze the Western Hemisphere by affecting hoop-skirts, bustles, chignons, nets, superfluous flounces, cameo brooches, pill-box hats and useless parasols.

Of course the belles of the 'seventies did not have the insipid doll faces, the extreme longitude or the microscopical feet shown in the "fashion-plates," but they certainly did carry much strange rigging and were encouraged to perfect themselves in mincing exercises with the Japanese fan, simpering affectations of speech and a snow-white innocence which now seems positively antediluvian. The flapper of to-day is the symbol of extreme reaction against the twittering mushiness of 50 years ago. The character corresponding to the "sheik" of to-day was a buggy-rider who tempted the fair sex with conversation hearts, and was given to organizing a quartet of serenaders who stood in the pale moonlight and sang "Come to the window, my lady fair." Then my lady fair would lower a basket of home-made cake to the love-sick nightingales, and after they had devoured it they would warble "Good night, ladie-e-e-s," and that would terminate the nocturnal orgy.

Nowadays the designers and weavers and garment-builders co-operate to produce the most artistic effects and sensible modes in apparel for youngsters. The jumpers and rompers and knickers and sweaters and rolled stockings and dressy sandals and rakish head-gear make the little ones look downright snappy. Well, in the dismal days now being recalled, what we wore was hastily made over from something the older relatives had discarded. Pa's old vest would become a pair of pants for little Ulysses.

When the starched waist had been connected with the shapeless nether garment by an equatorial girdle of white buttons, and the suffocating collar had been lashed up with a large bow and the forelock had been securely gummed to the brow, then the

proud little man was supposed to be all fixed up for Sunday-school. No wonder some of my colleagues have reacted against their early religious training!

In my curio cabinet I have a pair of petrified shoes which I wore when I was three years old. Experts have examined the shoes without being able to determine which was "right" and which "left." The first shoe picked up in the morning was put on the foot which happened to be near at hand.

I wonder how many grown-ups recall those morning battles with the copper-toed boots which had been stood up by the kitchen stove to dry out overnight? Are there any bootjacks left in the world? Does anybody now wear the moppy kind of winter cap which pulled down over the ears and had peek-holes for the eyes? Are school children still reeking with "assifidity" bags, worn next to the person, because there are two suspected cases of measles over at the east end of town? Are they still smeared with "red precipity" when they complain of feeling itchy?

Sometimes I have suspected that rural and small-town conditions in the Middle West were 100 per cent woozy soon after the Civil War because a new population had been so busy conquering the wilderness and shooting at those who disagreed with them politically, that they had not found time to cultivate the amenities or embroider the raw facts of life with any of the fine arts. But when I count up I feel sure that we were simply a crude imitation of the wooziness which saturated the older settlements. We got our books, newspapers, sheet music, furniture, pictures and wall-paper from the very headquarters of culture and all were either weird or half-baked. It was a time when poetry was ladled out with a spoon, and the story papers were soggy with highfalutin, impossible, stilted romantic serials.

Just when everything was darkest, the cardboard motto and the professional elocutionist appeared to complicate the general environment of yokelism. Before the women began running yarn through cardboard, every front room had been a sarcophagus gleaming with cold horsehair and bearing on the walls doleful reminders, in crayon, of the kinsfolk who had passed on. Now the dim sanctuary began to brighten up with preserved leaves which had been sprinkled with diamond-dust and "God Bless Our Home," done in mottled colors.

I think that elocutionism, as perpetrated by those who have taken lessons, is now prohibited by law in many states, but it was almost an epidemic in the 'seventies. Tall brunette ladies of



intense personality, and always suffering from a slight cold, would travel from town to town and collect their victims into halls, and goose-pimple them with "Rum's Maniac," "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," and "The Fall of the Pemberton Mill."

Regarding music, the favorite instruments were the jew's-harp, harmonica, guitar, melodeon and second alto. Every young lady was supposed to sing, if she could find some one to turn the music for her.

Architecture ran to cubes. The banker built a large red-brick cube with windows peering out of a garish mansard roof. The humble citizen had to put up with a smaller cube made of wood, but he put on some scallops and jig-saw dingle-dangles. The landscaping was done, I think, by Ute Indians. The idea was to obstruct every pathway or direct line of vision with rectangular or circular beds of flowers, put in a fountain somewhere, and punctuate the remaining spaces with cast-iron deer.

My brother Will came back from the Centennial and told of seeing electric lights and talking over a telephone, but these new wonders did not arrive among us until the 'eighties. We didn't even have Morris chairs. Nothing but hammocks. One in every front yard. And much used.

Religious convictions were vivid and concrete. Satan was an individual with a fish-hook tail who devoted all of his time to frying those who had failed to attend church. . . .

If we were intellectually untamed and extremely gafferish as to manners, at least we were permitted to indulge in every form of emotional excitement. The famous orators were those who could cause jurors to weep. The popular preachers were those who could make the most noise while picturing hell-fire. A really successful funeral could be heard a mile away.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Mention customs and fashions of today which might be pictured as George Ade pictures those of the 1870's. See Frederick Allen's *Only Yesterday* for an amusing account of fashions of the 1920's; see also the last volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*.

2. Ask the older members of your family to tell you of the changes during their lives in regard to: lighting of houses, photographs, young people's amusements.

3. If possible, bring in illustrations from *Godey's Lady's Book*. Tell where you have seen cast-iron deer, dogs, or other animals.

4. Does the epithet "mushy" fit the 1870's? Suggest an adjective that

would be appropriate for the present decade. Is the world getting better or worse?

5. Often Mr. Ade amuses his readers by surprising and humorous phrases. Find five such expressions.

6. Browse in Thomas Beer's *The Mauve Decade;* Henry S. Canby's *The Age of Confidence;* or the volumes of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times.*

9. A VENTURE IN MYSTICISM

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Here we have Christopher Morley's humorous account of a business man's attempt to cultivate the calm and placidity of the mystic. This sketch raises the serious question of our ability to maintain the mystical attitude in a world dominated by hurry and confusion.

Rabbi Tagore, mentioned in the first line, is a humorous mistake for Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindoo poet and mystic.

I had heard so much about this Rabbi Tagore and his message of calm for our hustling, feverish life, that I thought I would try to put some of that stuff into practice.

"Shut out the clamour of small things. Withdraw into the deep quiet of your soul, commune with infinite beauty and infinite peace. You must be full of gladness and love for every person and every tiniest thing. Great activity and worry is needless—it is poison to the soul. Learn to reflect, and to brood upon eternal beauty. It is the mystic who finds all that is most precious in life. The flowers of meditation blossom in his heart."

I cut out these words and pasted them in my hat. I have always felt that my real genius lies in the direction of philosophic calm. I determined to override the brutal clamour of petty things.

The alarm clock rang as usual at 6.30. Calmly, with nothing but lovely thoughts in my mind, I threw it out of the window. I lay until eight o'clock, communing with infinite peace. I began to see that Professor Tagore was right. My wife asked me if I was going to the office. "I am brooding upon eternal beauty," I told her.

She thought I was ill, and made me take breakfast in bed.

I usually shave every morning, but a moment's thought will convince you that mystics do not do so. I determined to grow

a beard. I lit a cigar, and replied "I am a mystic" to all my wife's inquiries.

At nine o'clock came a telephone call from the office. My employer is not a devotee of eternal calm, I fear. When I explained that I was at home reading "Gitanjali," his language was far from mystical. "Get here by ten o'clock or you lose your job," he said.

I was dismayed to see the same old throng in the subway, all the senseless scuffle and the unphilosophic crowd. But I felt full of gladness in my new way of life, full of brotherhood for all the world. "I love you," I said to the guard on the platform. He seized me by the shoulders and rammed me into the crowded car, shouting "Another nut!"

When I reached the office my desk was littered with a hundred papers. The stenographer was at the telephone, trying to pacify someone. "Here he is now," I heard her say.

It was Dennis & Company on the wire.

"How about that carload of Bavarian herrings we were to have yesterday without fail?" said Dennis.

I took the 'phone.

"In God's good time," I said, "the shipment will arrive. The matter is purely ephemeral, after all. If you will attune yourself——"

He rang off.

I turned over the papers on my desk. Looked at with the unclouded eyes of a mystic, how mundane and unnecessary all these pettifogging transactions seemed. Two kegs of salt halibut for the Cameron Stores, proofs of the weekly ad. for the *Fishmongers' Journal, a telegram from the Uptown Fish Morgue*, new tires needed for one of the delivery trucks—how could I jeopardize my faculty of meditation by worrying over these trifles? I leaned back in my chair and devoted myself to meditation. After all, the harassing domination of material things can easily be thrown off by a resolute soul. I was full of infinite peace. I seemed to see the future as an ever-widening vista of sublime visions. My soul was thrilled with a universal love of humanity.

The buzzer on my desk sounded. That meant that the boss wanted to see me.

Now, it has always seemed to me that to put one's self at the beck and call of another man is essentially degrading. In the long perspective of eternity, was his soul any more majestic than mine? In this luminous new vision of my importance as a frag-

ment of immortal mind, could I, should I, bow to the force of impertinent trivialities?

I sat back in my chair, full of love of humanity.

By and by the boss appeared at my desk. One look at his face convinced me of the truth of Tagore's saying that great activity is poison to the soul. Certainly his face was poisonous.

"Say," he shouted, "what the devil's the matter with you today? Dennis just called me up about that herring order——"

"Master," I said mildly, "be not overwrought. Great activity is strychnine to the soul. I am a mystic. . . ."

A little later I found myself on the street with two weeks' pay in my pocket. It is true that my departure had been hasty and unpleasant, for the stairway from the office to the street is long and dusty; but I recalled what Professor Tagore had said about vicissitudes being the true revealers of the spirit. My hat was not with me, but I remembered the creed pasted in it. After pacing a block or so, my soul was once more tranquil.

I entered a restaurant. It was the noon hour, and the room was crowded with hurrying waiters and impatient people. I found a vacant seat in a corner and sat down. I concentrated my mind upon the majestic vision of the brotherhood of man.

Gradually I began to feel hungry, but no waiter came near me. Never mind, I thought: to shout and hammer the table as the others do is beneath the dignity of a philosopher. I began to dream of endless vistas of mystical ham and eggs. I brooded upon these for some time, but still no corporeal and physical units of food reached me.

The man next me gradually materialized into my consciousness. Full of love for humanity I spoke to him.

"Brother," I said, "until one of these priestly waiters draws nigh, will you not permit me to sustain myself with one of your rolls and one of your butter-balls? In the great brotherhood of humanity, all that is mine is yours; and *per contra*, all that is yours is mine." Beaming luminously upon him, I laid a friendly hand on his arm.

He leaped up and called the head waiter. "Here's an attic for rent!" he cried coarsely. "He wants to pick my pocket."

By the time I got away from the police station it was dusk, and I felt ready for home. I must say my broodings upon eternal beauty were beginning to be a little forced. As I passed along the crowded street, walking slowly and withdrawn into the quiet of my soul, three people trod upon my heels and a taxi nearly

gave me a passport to eternity. I reflected that men were perhaps not yet ready for these doctrines of infinite peace. How much more wise were the animals—and I raised my hand to stroke a huge dray-horse by the pavement. He seized my fingers in his teeth and nipped them vigorously.

I gave a yell and ran full tilt to the nearest subway entrance. I burst into the mass of struggling, unphilosophic humanity and fought, shoved, cursed, and buffeted with them. I pushed three old ladies to one side to snatch my ticket before they could get theirs. I leaped into the car at the head of a flying wedge of sinful, unmystical men, who knew nothing of infinite beauty and peace. As the door closed I pushed a decrepit clergyman outside, and I hope he fell on the third rail. As I felt the lurching, trampling, throttling jam of humanity sway to and fro with the motion of the car, I drew a long breath. Dare I confess it?—I was perfectly happy!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain the title. Which paragraph expresses the aim of the mystic? What caused the would-be mystic to return to reality?

2. For many years Mr. Morley was one of the most popular columnists in the newspaper world. What qualities in his writing account for his success?

3. Write on one of the following subjects in Christopher Morley's mood, if possible.

a. Be yourself
b. The mystic as a halfback
c. The joys of rural life
d. Camping in the woods
e. Ventilation and good health
f. Soap
g. A venture in courage
h. A search for beauty

10. THE SKIING PARTY

COREY FORD

What gives this selection its amusing aspects?

Skiing was introduced from Europe along with the Bubonic plague and English sparrows, and recently has become very popular at American winter resorts. In fact, it is estimated that if all the people who wore skis for the first time last winter were laid end to end, they would have a great deal of trouble in getting back onto their feet.

This little game, as I gather it from the original diagrams

drawn by Peter F. Ski, a Swiss inventor, depends on the very same principles that put the Temperance Society on its feet—keep to the straight and narrow path, and don't spread yourself.

The equipment for a skiing party is very simple. Iodine, bandages, splints and a couple of ambulance surgeons will insure adequate protection. In addition, it is sometimes wise to bring along a pair of skis. However, this is not entirely necessary, as they will invariably work off your feet anyway a quarter of the way downhill, and you will make the rest of the journey on the least protected portion of your anatomy.

The selection of the hill for skiing is likewise unimportant. Almost any mountain-side can be counted on for several well-concealed boulders, and you are certain to experience no difficulty whatsoever about finding them, once you are started. It sometimes adds to the element of suspense if you select a hill with a trolley line across the bottom, although a barbed wire fence does almost as well.

It is usually a somewhat silent and a somewhat forlorn little line of people that tags up the mountain-side. Not a few of them are mumbling to themselves, and there is a sort of finality about the last handclasp that is not at all pleasant. Even the take-off has its awkward moments, especially when the leader has to be dug out twice in succession from the very same drift; but once you are really going there is no stopping you, short of a large tree.

Then there is a thrill in the cold air and the flying snow-crystals and the assorted frost-bites. Your heart beats high and wide as the scenery rushes by you, now sideways, now at a forty-five-degree angle, and now upside down. You will find that there is an undeniable element of suspense in catapulting down a sheer mountain-side of ice and snow and recalling after you are well on your way that you crossed a large stone wall on the way up.

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime, I sometimes say, usually comes at the very end.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write or tell about some sport—archery, soft ball, ping pong, basket ball, or skating, for example—using this selection as a model.

2. Which account do you prefer: Corey Ford's or Donald Moffat's *Mr. Pennyfeather on Skiing,* in the January 1936 issue of *The Atlantic Monthly?*

11. PIGS IS PIGS

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

What is the double meaning of the title? How do you explain the impression which this selection makes upon you? Is it the subject or the way it is treated or both?

Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you loike, then!" shouted Flannery, "pay for thim an' take thim, or don't pay for thim and leave thim be. Rules is rules, Misther Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not goin' to be called down fer breakin' of thim."

"But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent's nose, "can't you read it here—in your own plain printed rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'" He threw the book on the counter in disgust. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, frowning ferociously.

Suddenly he turned to Flannery, and forcing his voice to an artificial calmness spoke slowly but with intense sarcasm.

"Pets," he said, "P-e-t-s! Twenty-five cents each. There are two of them. One! Two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"An' I don't take fifty cints," he whispered in mockery. "Here's the rule for ut. 'Whin the agint be in anny doubt regardin' which

of two rates applies to a shipment, he shall charge the larger. The consign-ey may file a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Misther Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, but pigs I'm blame sure they do be, an' me rules says plain as the nose on yer face, 'Pigs Franklin to Westcote, thirty cints each.' An' Mister Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowledge two time thurty comes to sixty cints."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. "Nonsense!" he shouted, "confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor ignorant foreigner, that rule means common pigs, domestic pigs, not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn.

"Pigs is pigs," he declared firmly. "Guinea-pigs, or dago pigs or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an' to Mike Flannery. Th' nationality of the pig creates no differentiality in the rate, Misther Morehouse! 'Twould be the same was they Dutch pigs or Rooshun pigs. Mike Flannery," he added, "is here to tind to the expriss business and not to hould conversation wid dago pigs in sivinteen languages fer to discover be they Chinese or Tipperary by birth an' nativity."

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung out his arms wildly.

"Very well!" he shouted, "you shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but, by George sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed I will have the law on you!"

He turned and stalked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter and placed it in a corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea-pigs, knew better than to ask him for them. He was a normal boy and therefore always had a guilty conscience when his father was angry. So the boy slipped quietly around the house. There is nothing so soothing to a guilty conscience as to be out of the path of the avenger.

Mr. Morehouse stormed into the house. "Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the doorsill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped, guiltily She never used ink. She had

not seen the ink, nor moved the ink, nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and having reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted really anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said meekly.

When the ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman!" he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job, all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short. "Subject—Rate on guinea-pigs," it said, "Dr. Sir—We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation, and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dr. Sir," said the reply. "Your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to this Department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote, and his reply is attached herewith. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly, and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the encyclopedia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With the care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered, O. K.'d, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package, and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her notebook and waited with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea-pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to that letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

He tossed the papers on to the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give prisint condition," he repeated thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know, I wonder! 'Prisint condition,' is ut? Thim pigs, praise St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no veternairy surgeon to dago pigs. Mebby thim clerks wants me to call in the pig docther an' have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, howiver, which is they've glorious appytites for pigs of their soize. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks off of a barn door! If the paddy pig, by the same token, ate as hearty as these dago pigs do. there'd be a famine in Ireland."

To assure himself that his report would be up to date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs had been transferred to a larger box—a dry goods box.

"Wan — two — t'ree — four — foive — six — sivin — eight!" he counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. All well an' hearty an' all eatin' loike ragin' hippypottymusses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be til you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop your jollying me you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. P. S. There are eight now the family increased all good eaters. P. S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shall I put in bill for same what?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said. "Flannery is right, 'pigs is pigs.' I'll

have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take this letter: 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs, File No. A6754. Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc., etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee.' "

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

"Proceed to collect," he said softly. "How thim clerks do loike to be talkin'! *Me* proceed to collect two dollars and twinty-foive cints off Misther Morehouse! I wonder do thim clerks *know* Misther Morehouse? I'll git it! Oh, yes! 'Misther Morehouse, two an' a quarter, plaze.' 'Cert'nly, me dear frind Flannery. Delighted!' *Not!*"

Flannery drove the express wagon to Mr. Morehouse's door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

"Ah, ha!" he cried as soon as he saw it was Flannery. "So you've come to your senses at last, have you? I thought you would! Bring the box in."

"I hev no box," said Flannery coldly. "I hev a bill agin Misther John C. Morehouse for two dollars and twinty-foive cints for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Wud you wish to pay ut?"

"Pay—Cabbages—!" gasped Mr. Morehouse. "Do you mean to say that two little guinea-pigs——"

"Eight!" said Flannery. "Papa an' mamma an' six childer. Eight!"

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery's face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully.

"I take ut the con-*sign*-y don't want to pay for them kebbages," he said. "If I know signs of refusal, the con-*sign*-y refuses to pay for wan dang kebbage leaf an' be hanged to me!"

Mr. Morgan, the head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company regarding guinea-pigs, as to whether they were pigs or not pigs. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

"What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," said Morgan.

"Then of course guinea-pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan, "I look at it that way, too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs, pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of halfway station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this—are guinea-pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is authority on such things. Leave the papers with me."

The president put the papers on his desk and wrote a letter to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately the Professor was in South America collecting zoölogical specimens, and the letter was forwarded to him by his wife. As the Professor was in the highest Andes, where no white man had ever penetrated, the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea-pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. One-half of his time he gave to the duties of his agency; the other half was devoted to the guinea-pigs. Long before Professor Gordon received the president's letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

"About them dago pigs," it said, "what shall I do they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan reached for a telegraph blank and wrote:

"Agent, Westcote. Don't sell pigs."

He then wrote Flannery a letter calling his attention to the fact that the pigs were not the property of the company but were merely being held during a settlement of a dispute regarding rates. He advised Flannery to take the best possible care of them.

Flannery, letter in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry-goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the express office to make a large and airy home for them, and went about his business. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required attention and took most of his time. Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied:

"There be now one hundred sixty of them dago pigs, for heavens sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what."

"Sell no pigs," Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president of the express company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and

scholarly letter, but the point was that the guinea-pig was the *Cavia aparoea* while the common pig was the genus *Sus* of the family *Suidae*. He remarked that they were prolific and multiplied rapidly.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "Twenty-five cent rate applies."

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A6754, and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote Flannery that as he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day herding his charges through a narrow opening in their cage so that he might count them.

"Audit Dept.," he wrote, when he had finished the count, "you are way off there may be was one hundred and sixty dago pigs once, but wake up don't be a back number. I've got even eight hundred, now shall I collect for eight hundred or what, how about sixty-four dollars I paid out for cabbages?"

It required a great many letters back and forth before the Audit Department was able to understand why the error had been made of billing one hundred and sixty instead of eight hundred, and still more time for it to get the meaning of the "cabbages."

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. The day after Flannery had counted the guinea-pigs there were eight more added to his drove, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for eight hundred Flannery had given up all attempts to attend to the receipt or the delivery of goods. He was hastily building galleries around the express office, the above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for! More were arriving daily.

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another and then they telegraphed:

"Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee."

Flannery read the telegram and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all

the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. The house stared at him with vacant eyes. The windows were bare of curtains and he could see into the empty rooms. A sign on the porch said, "To Let." Mr. Morehouse had moved! Flannery ran all the way back to the express office. Sixty-nine guinea-pigs had been born during his absence. He ran out again and made feverish inquiries in the village. Mr. Morehouse had not only moved, but he had left Westcote. Flannery returned to the express office and found that two hundred and six guinea-pigs had entered the world since he left it. He wrote a telegram to the Audit Department.

"Can't collect fifty cents for two dago pigs consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do? Flannery."

The telegram was handed to one of the clerks in the Audit Department, and as he read it he laughed.

"Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is to return the consignment here," said the clerk. He telegraphed Flannery to send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin.

When Flannery received the telegram he set to work. The six boys he had engaged to help him also set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, making cages out of soap boxes, cracker boxes, and all kinds of boxes, and as fast as the cages were completed they filled them with guinea-pigs and expressed them to Franklin. Day after day the cages of guinea-pigs flowed in a steady stream from Westcote to Franklin, and still Flannery and his six helpers ripped and nailed and packed—relentlessly and feverishly. At the end of the week they had shipped two hundred and eighty cases of guinea-pigs, and there were in the express office seven hundred and four more pigs than when they began packing them.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long enough to wire back, "Can't stop," and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company's inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of guinea-pigs at all hazards. As his train drew up at Westcote station he saw a cattle-car standing on the express company's siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express wagon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea-pigs from the office and dumping them into the wagon. Inside the room Flannery, with his coat and vest off, was shoveling guinea-pigs into

bushel baskets with a coal scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger.

"Wan wagonload more an' I'll be quit of thim, an' niver will ye catch Flannery wid no more foreign pigs on his hands. No, sur! They near was the death o' me. Nixt toime I'll know that pigs of whativer nationality is domistic pets—an' go at the lowest rate."

He began shoveling again rapidly, speaking quickly between breaths.

"Rules may be rules, but you can't fool Mike Flannery twice wid the same thrick—whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this expriss office—pigs is pets—an' cows is pets—an' horses is pets—an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is pets—an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints."

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, annyhow," he said cheerfully, " 'tis not so bad as ut might be. What if thim dago pigs had been elephants!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the double meaning of the title?

2. Where does the introduction to the story end? How does the introduction foretell, or foreshadow, the mood of the story?

3. Make a list of the communications sent regarding the guinea pigs. Indicate from whom and to whom each was sent.

4. Does the story hinge on character or on situation? Which character is especially well drawn? Describe him. How is Professor Gordon linked to the plot? To what extent is the story told through conversation?

5. Write a series of letters to adjust a misunderstanding. The trouble may be about postage stamps you have ordered for your collection, or a bicycle you wish to buy on the installment plan, or a dog you desire as a pet.

6. Can you find another story about animals which has the quality of humor? Are animals funny or is it because they show traits of human beings?

7. Read one of the following: A story by Ellis P. Butler, "The Great American Pie Company" or such essays by him as "The New Novel Menace" and "It Ran Over Rabbits" in *Hunting the Wow.*

B

IMAGINATION

1. THERE IS NO FRIGATE LIKE A BOOK

EMILY DICKINSON

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

2. THIS IS MY LETTER

EMILY DICKINSON

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

3. IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL

EMILY DICKINSON

If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.

But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting.

4. TO FIGHT ALOUD IS VERY BRAVE

EMILY DICKINSON

To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom,
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,
Who fall, and none observe,
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Would the poem, "This Is My Letter," make an appropriate introduction to this section? Explain.

2. Which is the gayest of the poems? What makes it so? Which might be called a love poem? Which would serve as a letter?

3. Show by examples that these poems are full of meaning. What is

universal in appeal in them, written by a poet who lived a most secluded life?

4. Read and tell about several of Emily Dickinson's poems. Include "The Chariot," which Allen Tate considers one of the perfect poems in English.

5. Write on:

Emily Dickinson's Poetry as a Frigate
The World of Emily Dickinson
A Frugal Chariot
Emily Dickinson as Revealed in Her Poems (for her poetry has been termed "a magnificent confession").

5. NIGHT CLOUDS

AMY LOWELL

Read this poem for the picture that it gives.

The white mares of the moon rush along the sky
Beating their golden hoofs upon the glass Heavens:
The white mares of the moon are all standing on their hind legs
Pawing at the green porcelain doors of the remote Heavens.
Fly, mares!
Strain your utmost,
Scatter the milky dust of stars,
Or the tiger sun will leap upon you and destroy you
With one lick of his vermilion tongue.

6. A LADY

AMY LOWELL

This little poem is like a miniature portrait painted on ivory.

You are beautiful and faded,
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir.

In your eyes
Smolder the fallen roses of outlived minutes,

And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice-jars.
Your half-tones delight me,
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colors.

My vigor is a new-minted penny,
Which I cast at your feet.
Gather it up from the dust
That its sparkle may amuse you.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of the descriptive adjectives with the nouns they modify. What is fanciful or grotesque in the poems? Point out contrasts the poet makes.

2. In the first two stanzas of "A Lady" notice the range of comparisons: tone, light, scene, nature, fragrance, and color. Try to suggest more expressive comparisons.

7. LET IT BE FORGOTTEN

SARA TEASDALE

Let it be forgotten as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,
Let it be forgotten forever and forever;
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks say it was forgotten
Long and long ago,
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

8. NIGHT SONG AT AMALFI

SARA TEASDALE

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love—

It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishermen go—
It answered me with silence,
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
My whole life long?

9. THE WAYFARER

SARA TEASDALE

Love entered in my heart one day,
A sad, unwelcome guest;
But when he begged that he might stay,
I let him wait and rest.

He broke my sleep with sorrowing,
And shook my dreams with tears,
And when my heart was fain to sing,
He stilled its joy with fears.

But now that he has gone his way
I miss the old sweet pain,
And sometimes in the night I pray
That he may come again.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "Let It Be Forgotten" is notable for its musical effect. Point out the words and letter-sounds that assist in giving the poem its effect. Which is the most musical line of the poem?

2. Look up Amalfi. Why does the author refer to the sky and the sea? How is it possible to have a "sweet pain"? What strains of sorrow or wistfulness do you find in the poems?

3. Find the points of likeness and difference in the poems of Amy Lowell and Sara Teasdale.

10. PLANTER'S CHARM

FAY YAUGER

Slowly Nan the widow goes
Up and down the furrowed rows,

Corn-bags chafing her waist, her hips
As the kernels fall from her finger-tips:

"One for the buzzard—
One for the crow—
One to rot—and—
One to grow!"

Once she had dreams (but not of late)
Of another life, of a kinder fate:

Of quiet streets in foreign towns,
Of dancing tunes, and men, and gowns.

But all of her dreams were dreamed before
Tim Slade drew rein outside her door.

"One for the buzzard"—Tim was dead
With a bullet hole through his reckless head:

Tim with his cheating ways and words—
Marked from the first for the wart-necked birds:

Tim who had left her sorrowing days,
The farm, and a pair of sons to raise.

Lon was her first-born: "One for the crow!"
Where had he gone? She'd never know

For there was a price upon his head—
"A chip off the old block," people said.

Then "One to rot!" Her thoughts go back,
Like hunting-dogs on an easy track,

To the girl she'd been before she came
To love Tim Slade and bear his name;

And something as stinging and hot as sand
Slides down her cheek and strikes her hand.

And she sees the field through a shimmering blur
For what has marriage meant to her

But a heel of bread in a roofless hut,
Or a crawling course through a mouldy rut?

As if in answer, over the ditch
A boy comes riding a willow switch:

Her second-born of whom no one
Could say in truth "His father's son,"

For his chin is firm, and his mouth is grave,
And the dreams in his eyes are bright and brave.

And she, remembering farm-hand talk,
"You lose three seeds to get one stalk,"

Stands tall and proud and her pale cheeks glow
As she drops a kernel—"One to grow!"

Slowly Nan the widow moves
Up and down the furrowed grooves,

Peace in her heart and a smile on her lips
As the kernels fall from her finger-tips:

"One for the buzzard—
One for the crow—
One to rot—and—
One to grow!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Note the skilful use of the old folk-saying as a refrain and to suggest the meaning of the poem.

11. ELDORADO

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Eldorado is the name applied to an imaginary place of great richness or happiness. Poe uses it as the name of something sought for and greatly desired.

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow;
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In the years near 1849 why may Poe have chosen this subject for a poem?

2. Regard this poem as an allegory. The gallant knight is a spirited young man striving to achieve an ideal. The pilgrim shadow knows where Eldorado is. What does the pilgrim shadow represent? Where is Eldorado

to be found? What does one need to find it? How much joy of an Eldorado may come from searching rather than from reaching the goal?

3. What is the mood of the poem,—gay, sad, serious, humorous, or what?

4. In most of Poe's poems you will find repetition, a device used in old English ballads. What does Poe repeat in this poem?

5. Read Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and Robert Louis Stevenson's essay "El Dorado."

12. ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

This is one of the famous love poems of our literature. It was written as a memorial to Poe's wife. Like all of the author's poems, it needs to be read aloud to bring out the full beauty of the lines.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and *I* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
 I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud by night
 Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud chilling
 And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The name "Annabel Lee" was made up by the poet. Why did he select it? Compare the themes of "Annabel Lee" and "Ulalume." Is the first stanza or the last more poetical? Give definite reasons.

2. Read "The Poe Cottage," by Nathalia Crane, in *Venus Invisible and Other Poems.*

13. ROMANCE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Poe was twenty when he published this poem. Note the autobiographical elements.

Romance, who loves to nod and sing
With drowsy head and folded wing
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted paroquet
Hath been—a most familiar bird—
Taught me my alphabet to say,
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild-wood I did lie,
A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal condor years
So shake the very heaven on high
With tumult as they thunder by,
I have no time for idle cares
Through gazing on the unquiet sky:
And when an hour with calmer wings
Its down upon my spirit flings,
That little time with lyre and rhyme
To while away—forbidden things—
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.

14. THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Read this story without an interruption. Was Poe interested chiefly in characterization, plot, or setting?

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The

abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the Red Death.

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each

window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fête; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the mas-

queraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani*. There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had uterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there

arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bound of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now,

with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpselike mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In this story was Poe interested chiefly in characterization, plot, or setting? What impression did the story make on you?

2. Describe the palace of Prospero. If you can, draw a diagram of the

rooms. What was the color scheme? Tell what you think of Prospero's taste in interior decoration.

3. Throughout the story what mixture of gayety and tragedy appear? Explain the effect of the combination. Why did Poe emphasize the gigantic ebony clock? What became of it?

4. What is the only conversation in the story? How is it introduced?

5. Why has the last paragraph often been called one of the finest examples of musical prose in our literature?

6. For a contrast to the unreality of "The Masque of the Red Death" read "The Gold-Bug," by Poe.

C

MYSTERY

1. THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

FRANK R. STOCKTON

At the time of its publication no short story had probably been so widely discussed as this one. It became a popular social event to arrange situations so that the guests might make guesses as to whether it was the lady or the tiger. On many such occasions Stockton himself was asked to be present in order to have him unexpectedly say what had been his intention. So far as known he never told which it was. Which do you think it was?

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself.

The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vault, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased. He was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his Majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence.

It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection. The king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady. He opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair—they were positively determinate. The accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and if innocent he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough

of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until, one day, the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his Majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred—never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena, and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact. But the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, while crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity!

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal partly opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king. But he did not think at all of that royal

personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there. But her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

Not only did she know in which room stood the lady, ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together. It was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space. It may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess, and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her

nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery, and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question, "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth and torn her hair when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the

wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set up myself as the one person able to answer it. So I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. When you come to the classroom, hand in a slip of paper answering the question in the title and the last sentence of the story. Base your answer, as the author suggests, upon "a study of the human heart." Choose a committee to tabulate and report the results. Discuss the problem in class.

2. It is said that magazine editors discourage the writing of stories with inconclusive endings. Account for this if you can. Try to find stories written today with a dilemma for an ending.

3. Throughout the story there is unusual balance. The title offers one example. How might the title apply to the princess? What balance appears in the nature of the king?

4. Find expressions that are apparently serious, but are actually humorous because of conflicting ideals: such expressions as "impartial and incorruptible chance," "the rich growth of his barbaric idealism," and "if he found himself guilty."

5. When and where *did* the story take place? Note Stockton's cleverness in his choice of the setting.

6. Upon what does this story depend for its success: on the setting, the characters, the plot, or the manner in which it is told? Go into detail.

7. Bret Harte lived at the same time as Frank Stockton. Turn to Harte's story on page 161 and compare their ways of writing.

8. Why has Frank Stockton sometimes been compared to Charles Lamb?

9. Read other stories by Frank Stockton. "The Discourager of Hesitancy" is called "A Continuation of 'The Lady or the Tiger?'." See also:

a. "The Remarkable Wreck of Thomas Hevke"

b. "A Tale of Negative Gravity"
c. "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine"
d. "The Transferred Ghost"
e. "The Pie Ghost"
f. "The Widow's Cruise"

10. For volunteers: Write a story balancing chances. If you wish, you may begin with "Once upon a time." If you prefer to be serious, you may weigh reasons for first traveling extensively in America against reasons for first traveling abroad; for selecting one vocation or college against another. You may offer the solution or let the class decide.

11. Could "The Lady or the Tiger" be made into a successful radio play? Give reasons for your answer. What characters would you use? What sound effects? How many scenes? Which would be the easiest to portray? Why would the last scene be very difficult to enact?

2. A MUNICIPAL REPORT

O. HENRY

O. Henry lived in many places and drew the material for his stories from all kinds of people. He was born and reared in a small town in North Carolina; he rode the range on a Texas ranch and clerked in Austin; in his dark prison days he lived among broken and defeated men; later he mingled with the "four million" of New York City; and before he died, he was the friend of great literary persons. He knew that all places and all people are interesting to one who can see beneath the surface. His firm belief that there is much good in the heart of the common man is reflected in many of his stories.

Do you ever wish that you might live in some place other than your home town where "nothing ever happens"? O. Henry wrote the following story as an answer to the sneer of Frank Norris that nothing worth writing about could happen in Nashville, Tennessee.



The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountainside,
That from her burthened beach.

R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.

FRANK NORRIS.

East is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows' Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P.M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brickyard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means twenty thousand dollars' worth of new marble pillars,

tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time-table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette.*

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with —no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare" instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street-cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation; and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few, pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

> Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
> And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue —he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the Major seized the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays

"Dixie" I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and—well—order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter reëchoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most of the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice-water. Good-night."

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the

ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry-goods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one-o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in color. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it has to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to

complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack-line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, suh."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack.

But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly: "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion.

Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate-post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that eight-sixty-one was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest, I handed my Jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, suh," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle): "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'm *obleeged* to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh, after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down to my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew;* HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy, lifted the rope, and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint-brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception-room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa, and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne, and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and

found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than two thousand barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more color—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair. "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings —print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile

that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and

to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster, and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any——"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. " 'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to eight-sixty-one again to-morrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack-driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffeckly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of

blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Drivers' Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—" Then I fell asleep.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to eight-sixty-one. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word, she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired, and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Cæsar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought, the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of them two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Cæsar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly.

And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster, and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's puffickly clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral——"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug-store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the

immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug-store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white-pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why did the writer go to Nashville? When does he tell you? When might he have told you?

2. At the end of the story what is the significance of the yellow horn overcoat button? Was its appearance a commonplace happening or a surprise? Why is the last sentence printed in italics?

3. How real are the characters? Consider whether their names and

personalities will linger in your memory. Have they souls or are they puppets?

4. The vocabulary of O. Henry is worth examination. It is said that "for years the dictionary was his favorite reading." Point out:
 a. Biblical references
 b. Literary allusions
 c. Accurate use of words
 d. Rich vocabulary

5. What exaggeration is in the story? In what ways is the story more like the work of a reporter than of a man of letters?

6. Was Stephen Leacock justified in including "A Municipal Report" in his work, *The Greatest Pages of American Humor?* Several years ago a question was raised in *The New York Times* whether the story is humorous.

7. Other stories by O. Henry:
 a. "Mammon and the Archer"
 b. "The Third Ingredient"
 c. "A Chaparral Prince"
 d. "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen"
 e. "The Gift of the Magi"
 f. "The Cop and the Anthem"
 g. "A Lickpenny Lover"
 h. "The Making of a New Yorker"

8. What was Vachel Lindsay's attitude toward O. Henry in the poem "The Knight in Disguise"?

9. O. Henry frequently read de Maupassant. Compare "The Necklace" or "The Piece of String" with "A Municipal Report."

10. Write on one of the following:

A City Full of Pride (Refer to the verses by Kipling preceding the story)
A Romance of —— (any city)
The Challenge
Excitement in ——
The Clue
A Faithful Servant
Traced by a Coin
An Interrupted Tea Party

D

ADVENTURE

1. THE BATTLE OF THE WAGON BOXES

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

One of the most famous fights in the history of Indian warfare in the West occurred when thirty-two soldiers were attacked by Red Cloud's force of Sioux warriors numbering two or three thousand. The exact number, of course, was never known. The soldiers had been sent out from a fort to protect men who were cutting firewood for the fort. The battle takes its name from the fact that the soldiers set their wagon boxes in a circle and took shelter behind them.

The Indians called soldiers "Long knives." Can you give any reason for the name?

Meanwhile
Once more the solitude of Piney Isle
Was startled with a brawl of mules and men.
The Long Knives' wagons clattered there again;
The axes bit and rang, saws whined and gnawed;
And mountain valleys wakened to applaud
The mighty in their downfall, meanly slain.

Now close to Piney Isle there lay a plain
Some three long bow-shots wide. Good grazing land
It was, and empty as a beggar's hand.
Low foothills squatted round with bended knees,
And standing mountains waited back of these
To witness what the hunkered hills might view.
They saw a broad arena roofed with blue
That first of August. Where the mid-plain raised
A little knoll, the yellow swelter blazed
On fourteen wagon-beds set oval-wise—
A small corral to hold the camp supplies,

Flour, salt, beans, ammunition, grain in sacks.
Therein, forestalling sudden night attacks,
The mules were tethered when the gloaming starred
The laggard evening. Soldiers, sent to guard
The logging crew, had pitched their tents around.
And all of this was like a feeble sound
Lost in the golden fanfare of the day.
Across the Piney Fork, a mile away,
Unseen among the pines, the work-camp stood;
And trundling thence with loads of winter wood,
Stript wagon-trucks creaked fortward.

Twilight awe
Among the pines now silenced axe and saw.
With jingling traces, eager for their grain,
Across the creek and up the gloaming plain
The work mules came, hee-hawing at the glow
Of fires among the tents. The day burned low
To moonless dusk. The squat hills seemed to lift,
Expectant. Peaks on shadow-seas adrift,
Went voyaging where lonely wraiths of cloud
Haunted the starry hushes. Bugs grew loud
Among the grasses, cynic owls laughed shrill;
Men slept. But all night long the wolves were still,
Aware of watchers in the outer dark.
And now and then a sentry's dog would bark,
Rush snarling where it seemed that nothing stirred.
But those who listened for a war-cry, heard
The skirling bugs, the jeering owls, the deep
Discordant snoring of the men asleep
Upon their guns, mules blowing in the hay.

At last the blanching summits saw the day.
A drowsy drummer spread the news of the morn.
The mules began to nicker for their corn
And wrangle with a laying back of ears.
Among them went the surly muleteers,
Dispensing feed and sulphurous remarks.
The harness rattled, and the meadow larks
Set dawn to melody. A sergeant cried
The names of heroes. Common men replied,

Sing-songing down the line. The squat hills heard
To seize and gossip with the running word—
Here! Here! Here! Coffee steaming in the pot,
Wood-smoke and slabs of bacon, sizzling hot,
Were very good to smell. The cook cried "chuck!"
And when the yellow flood of sunrise struck
The little prairie camp, it fell on men
Who ate as though they might not eat again.
Some wouldn't, for the day of wrath arose.
And yet, but for a cruising flock of crows,
The basking world seemed empty.

Now the sun
Was two hours high. The axes had begun
Across the Piney yonder. Drowsy draws
Snored with the lagging echoes of the saws.
The day swooned windless, indolently meek.
It happened that the pickets by the creek
Were shaken from a doze by rhythmic cries
And drumming hoofs. Against the western skies,
Already well within a half a mile,
Came seven Indians riding single file,
Their wiry ponies flattened to the quirt.
A sentry's Springfield roared, and hills, alert
With echoes, fired a ghostly enfilade.
The ball fell short, bit dust and ricocheted.
The foremost pony, smitten in the breast
Went down amid the rearing of the rest
And floundered to a dusty somersault.
Unhurt, the tumbled brave emerged to vault
Behind a comrade; and the seven veered
To southward, circling round the spot they feared
Where three far-stinging human hornets stood.
Now one of these went running to the wood
To see what made the logging camp so still.
Short breath sufficed to tell the tale of ill
He brought—the whole crew making off in stealth
And going to the mountains for their health,
The mules stampeded!

Things were looking blue.
With shaking knees, uncertain what to do,

The pickets waited. Whisperings of death
Woke round them, and they felt the gusty breath
Of shafts that plunked and quivered in the sod.
As though men sprouted where the ponies trod,
The circling band now jeered them, ten to one.
They scanned the main camp swinking in the sun.
No signal to return! But all the men
Were rushing round there, staring now and then
To where the foothills, northward broke the flat.
A pointing sentry shouted: "Look at that!
Good God! There must be thousands over there!"
Massed black against the dazzle of the air. . . .

"I guess we'd better hustle out of here,"
The sergeant said. To left, to right, in front,
Like starving kiotes singing to the hunt,
Yet overcautious for a close attack,
Scores pressed the fighting trio, falling back
Across the Piney campward. One would pause
To hold the rear against the arrow-flaws,
The pelting terror, while the two ran past;
Then once again the first would be the last,
The second, first.

So fleeing up the slope
The pickets battled for the bitter hope
Of dying with their friends. . . .

So at last
They reached the camp where, silent and aghast,
The men stood round and stared with haunted eyes.
'Tis said a man sees much before he dies.
Were these not dying? O the eighty-one
Bestrewn down Lodge Trail River to Peno Run. . . .

And Captain Powell spoke: "Get ready, boys;
Take places; see their eyes, then shoot to kill."
Some crouched behind the boxes, staring still
Like men enchanted. Others, seeming fain
To feel more keenly all that might remain
Of ebbing life, paced nervously about. . . .

Then suddenly, with wolfish battle-cries
And death-songs like the onset of a gale
And arrows pelting like a burst of hail,
The living tempest broke. There was no plain;
Just head-gear bobbing in a toss of mane,
And horses, horses, horses plunging under.
Paunch-deep in dust and thousand-footed thunder,
That vertigo of terror swarmed and swirled
About the one still spot in all the world—
The hushed cyclonic heart. Then that was loud!
The boxes bellowed, and a spurting cloud
Made twilight where the flimsy fortress stood;
And flying splinters from the smitten wood
And criss-cross arrows pricked the drifting haze.
Not now, as in the recent musket days,
The foe might brave two volleys for a rush
Upon the soldiers, helpless in a hush
Of loading. Lo, like rifles in a dream
The breech-fed Springfields poured a steady stream
That withered men and horses roaring in!
And gut-shot ponies screamed above the din;
And many a wounded warrior, under-trod
But silent, wallowed on the bloody sod—
Man piled on man and horses on the men!
They broke and scattered. Would they come again? . . .
With doubled wrath, the howling horsemen came.
Right down upon the ring of spurting flame
The quirted ponies thundered; reared, afraid
Of that bad medicine the white men made,
And, screaming, bolted off with flattened ears.
So close the bolder pressed, that clubs and spears
Were hurled against the ring.

Again they broke,
To come again. Now flashing through the smoke,
Like lightning to the battle's thunder-shocks,
Ignited arrows, streaming to the nocks,
Fell hissing where the fighting soldiers lay;
And flame went leaping through the scattered hay
To set the dry mule-litter smouldering. . . .

Upon a hilltop half a mile away
To eastward, Red Cloud presently appeared
Among his chieftains, gazing where the weird
Susurrous swelled and deepened in the west;
And to and from him dashed along the crest
Fleet heralds of some new-begotten hope.

Once more the Piney spread along the slope
A dizzy ruck of charging horse. They broke
Before those stingers in a nest of smoke,
Fled back across the creek, and waited there.
For what?

The voice of it was everywhere—
A bruit of waters fretting at a weir.
The woman-peopled summits hushed to hear
That marching sound.

Then suddenly a roar,
As from the bursting open of a door,
Swept out across the plain; and hundreds, pressed
By hundreds crowding yonder from the west,
Afoot and naked, issued like a wedge,
With Red Cloud's nephew for the splitting edge,
A tribe's hot heart behind him for a maul.
Slow, ponderously slow, the V-shaped wall
Bore down upon the camp. The whirlwind pace
Of horsemen seemed less terrible to face
Than such a leisure. Brave men held their breath
Before that garish masquerade of Death
Aflaunt with scarlets, yellows, blues and greens. . . .

Again the Springfields crashed;
And where the heavy bullets raked and smashed
The solid front and bored the jostling mass,
Men withered down like flame-struck prairie grass;
But still the raging hundreds forged ahead
Pell-mell across their wounded and their dead,
Like tumblebugs. The splitting edge went blunt.
A momentary eddy at the front
Sucked down the stricken chief. The heavy rear,
With rage more mighty than the vanward fear,

Thrust forward. Twenty paces more, and then—
'Twould be like drowning in a flood of men.
Already through the rifts one saw their eyes,
Teeth flashing in the yawn of battle-cries,
The sweat-sleek muscles straining at the bows.

Forgotten were the nooses for the toes.
Tomorrows died and yesterdays were naught.
Sleep-walkers in a foggy nowhere fought
With shadows. So forever from the first,
Forever so until this dream should burst
Its thin-blown bubble of a world. And then,
The shadows were a howling mass of men
Hurled, heavy with their losses, down the plain
Before that thunder-spew of death and pain
That followed till the last had disappeared.
The hush appalled; and when the smoke had cleared,
Men eyed each other with a sense of shock
At being still alive.

'Twas one o'clock!

One spoke of water. Impishly the word
Went round the oval, mocking those who heard.
The riddled barrel had bled from every stave;
And what the sun-stewed coffee-kettles gave
Seemed scarcely wet.

Off yonder on the hill
Among his chieftains Red Cloud waited still—
A tomcat lusting for a nest of mice.
How often could these twenty-nine suffice
To check his thousands? Someone raised a sight
And cursed, and fell to potting at the height;
Then others. Red Cloud faded into air.

What fatal mischief was he brewing there?
What ailed the Fort? It seemed beyond belief
That Wessels yonder wouldn't send relief!
The hush bred morbid fancies. Battle-cries
Were better than this buzzing of the flies

About Jenness and Haggirty and Doyle.
Wounds ached and smarted. Shaken films of oil
Troubled the yellow dazzle of the grass.
The bended heavens were a burning glass
Malevolently focussed. Minutes crawled.
Men gnawed their hearts in silence where they sprawled,
Each in the puddle of his own blue shade.

But hear! Was that a howitzer that bayed?
Look! Yonder from behind the eastward steep
Excited warriors, like a flock of sheep
That hear the wolves, throng down the creekward slope
And flee along the Piney!

Slow to hope,
Men searched each other's faces, silent still.
Then case-shot, bursting yonder on the hill,
Sent dogging echoes up the foe-choked draws.
And far hills heard the leather-lunged hurrahs
And answered, when the long blue skirmish line
Swept down the hill to join the twenty-nine
Knee-deep in standing arrows.

Abridged.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What help does the note preceding the poem give you?
2. Search for some of the facts of the narrative:
 a. What was the date of the opening of the poem?
 b. How long did the battle last?
 c. Which did the Indians use first, infantry or cavalry?
 d. Which did the soldiers think was easier to face?
 e. Name four soldiers.
 f. Who commanded the Indians?
 g. What makes a chorus or refrain for the tragedy?
 h. How many of the thirty-two soldiers survived?
 i. Who commanded the Fort?
 j. Did the fort send help?
 k. To the poet what kind of men are heroes?
3. Draw a diagram to indicate the wagon boxes and the work-camp. What else should be included? (You will find a map of the section in a school edition of *The Song of the Indian Wars,* from which this poem is a selection.)

4. Beginning with the third stanza what hints of trouble are given?

5. In the past what was the outcome of a struggle? What was the advantage of the Springfield rifle?

6. What is poetic in the description of the night? What is realistic in the description of the morning?

7. Read a passage descriptive of a shadow world and then of the return to reality.

8. Find figures of speech that make for an economy of words, such figures as "empty as a beggar's hand."

9. Explain the following passages:

a. And mountain valleys wakened to applaud
The mighty in their downfall, meanly slain.

b. A sergeant cried
The names of heroes. Common men replied.

c. Brave men held their breath
Before that garish masquerade of death.

d. Tomorrows died and yesterdays were naught.

10. With whom does the poet sympathize, the Indians or the white men? To answer this fairly, you should consult other poems by Mr. Neihardt and such books by him as *Black Elk Speaks*.

11. Discuss Mr. Neihardt's statement: "I have neither fictionized my material nor sentimentalized my characters."

2. OLD EPHRAIM, THE GRIZZLY BEAR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Although Theodore Roosevelt was the son of a rich and prominent New York family, he was at heart a Westerner. For three years he lived on a ranch in Dakota, sharing the problems and hardships of his companions in the business of raising cattle. It was during these years that he developed a taste for big-game hunting, and for the remainder of his life he was never happier than when he was living in a camp in game country.

The king of the game beasts of temperate North America, because the most dangerous to the hunter, is the grizzly bear; known to the few remaining old-time trappers of the Rockies and the Great Plains, sometimes as "Old Ephraim" and sometimes as "Moccasin Joe"—the last in allusion to his queer, half-human footprints, which look as if made by some misshapen giant walking in moccasins.

Bears vary greatly in size and color, no less than in temper and habits. Old hunters speak much of them in their endless talks over the camp-fires and in the snow-bound winter huts. They insist on many species; not merely the black and the grizzly, but the brown, the cinnamon, the gray, the silvertip, and others with names known only in certain localities.

But, in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, most old hunters are very untrustworthy in dealing with points of natural history. They usually know only so much about any given game animal as will enable them to kill it. They study its habits solely with this end in view; and once slain they only examine it to see about its condition and fur. With rare exceptions they are quite incapable of passing judgement upon questions of specific identity or difference. One hunter will assert that the true grizzly is found only in California. Another hunter will call any big brindled bear a grizzly, no matter where it is found; and he and his companions will dispute by the hour as to whether a bear of large, but not extreme, size is a grizzly or a silvertip.

Nevertheless, it is no easy task to determine how many species or varieties of bear actually do exist in the United States, and I cannot even say without doubt that a very large set of skins and skulls would not show a nearly complete intergraduation between the most widely separated individuals. However, there are certainly two distinct types which exist in the same localities in most heavily timbered portions of the Rockies.

One is the small black bear, a bear which will average about two hundred pounds in weight, with fine, glossy, black fur, and with the foreclaws but little longer than the hinder ones; in fact, the hairs of the forepaw often reach to their tips. This bear is a tree climber. It is the only kind found east of the great plains, and it is also plentiful in the forest-clad portions of the Rockies, being common in most heavily timbered tracts throughout the United States. The other is the grizzly, which weighs three or four times as much as the black, and has a pelt of coarse hair, which is in color gray, grizzled, or brown of various shades. It is not a tree climber, and the foreclaws are very long, much longer than the hinder ones. It is found from the great plains west of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. This bear inhabits indifferently lowland and mountain; the deep woods and the barren plains, where the only cover is the stunted growth fringing the streams. These two types are very distinct in every way, and their differences are not at all dependent upon mere geographical

considerations; for they are often found in the same district. Thus I found them both in the Bighorn Mountains, each type being in extreme form. The huge, grizzled, long-clawed beast, and its little, glossy-coated, short-clawed, tree-climbing brother roamed over exactly the same country in those mountains; but they were as distinct in habits, and mixed as little together, as moose and caribou.

A full-grown grizzly will usually weigh from five to seven hundred pounds; but exceptional individuals undoubtedly reach more than twelve hundredweight. The skin of an Alaskan bear I saw was a good deal larger than the average polar bear skin; and the animal when alive, if in good condition, could hardly have weighed less than 1400 pounds. Bears vary wonderfully in weight, even to the extent of becoming half as heavy again, according as they are fat or lean; in this respect they are more like hogs than any other animals.

The grizzly is now chiefly a beast of the high hills and heavy timber; but this is merely because he has learned that he must rely on cover to guard him from man and has forsaken the open ground accordingly. In old days, and in one or two very out-of-the-way places almost to the present time, he wandered at will over the plains. It is only the wariness born of fear which nowadays causes him to cling to the thick brush of the large river bottoms throughout the plains country. When there were no rifle-bearing hunters in the land, to harass him and make him afraid, he roved hither and thither, at will, in burly self-confidence. Then he cared little for cover, unless as a weather-break, or because it happened to contain food he liked. If the humor seized him he would roam for days over the rolling or broken prairie, searching for roots, digging up gophers, or perhaps following the great buffalo herds either to prey on some unwary straggler which he was able to catch at a disadvantage in a washout, or else to feast on the carcasses of those which died by accident. Old hunters, survivors of the long-vanished ages when the vast herds thronged the high plains and were followed by the wild red tribes and by bands of whites who were scarcely less savage, have told me that they often met bears under such circumstances; and these bears were accustomed to sleep in a patch of rank sagebrush, in the niche of a washout, or under the lee of a boulder, seeking their food abroad even in full daylight. The bears of the Upper Missouri basin—which were so light in color that the early explorers often alluded to them as gray or

even as "white"—were particularly given to this life in the *open*.

However, the grizzly is a shrewd beast and shows the usual bear-like capacity for adapting himself to changed conditions. He has in most places become a cover-haunting animal, sly in his ways, wary to a degree, and clinging to the shelter of the deepest forests in the mountains and of the most tangled thickets in the plains. Hence he has held his own far better than such game as the bison and elk. He is much less common than formerly, but he is still to be found throughout most of his former range; save, of course, in the immediate neighborhood of the large towns.

In most places the grizzly hibernates during the cold season, precisely as does the black bear; but, as with the latter species, those animals which live farthest south spend the whole year abroad in mild seasons. The grizzly rarely chooses that favorite den of his little black brother, a hollow tree or log, for his winter sleep, seeking or making some cavernous hole in the ground instead. The hole is sometimes in a slight hillock in a river bottom, but more often on a hill-side, and may be either shallow or deep. In the mountains it is generally a natural cave in the rock, but among the foothills and on the plains the bear usually has to take some hollow or opening, and then fashion it into a burrow to his liking with his big digging claws.

Before the cold weather sets in, the bear begins to grow restless, and to roam about seeking for a good place in which to "hole up." One will often try and then abandon several caves or partially dug-out burrows in succession before finding a place to its taste. It always endeavors to choose a spot where there is little chance of discovery, taking great care to avoid leaving too evident trace of its work. Hence it is not often that the dens are found.

Once in its den the bear passes the cold months in lethargic sleep: yet, in all but the coldest weather, and sometimes even then, its slumber is but light, and if disturbed it will promptly leave its den, prepared for fight or flight as the occasion may require. Many times when a hunter has stumbled on the winter resting-place of a bear and has left it, as he thought, without his presence being discovered, he has returned only to find that the crafty old fellow was aware of the danger all the time, and sneaked off as soon as the coast was clear. But in very cold weather hibernating bears can hardly be wakened from their deep sleep.

The length of time a bear stays in its den depends, of course,

on the severity of the season and the latitude and altitude of ıe country.

When the bear first leaves its den the fur is in very fine order, ıut it speedily becomes thin and poor, and does not recover its :ondition until the fall. Sometimes the bear does not betray any ;reat hunger for a few days after its appearance; but in a short vhile it becomes ravenous. During the early spring, when the voods are still entirely barren and lifeless, while the snow yet ies in deep drifts, the lean, hungry brute, both maddened and veakened by long fasting, is more of a flesh eater than at any ›ther time. It is at this period that it is most apt to turn true ›east of prey, and show its prowess either at the expense of the wild game or of the flocks of the settler and the herds of the ·anchman.

I spent much of the fall of 1889 hunting in Idaho and Mon-:ana. During the last fortnight my companion was an old moun-tain man, a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he had surly, moody ways and was very quarrel-some. Finally, his conduct becoming unbearable, I one day struck off homeward through the woods on my own account.

We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which pos-sessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing-kit. A frying-pan, some salt, flour, baking-powder, a small chunk of salt pork, and a hatchet made up a light pack, which, with the bedding, I fastened across the saddle. My cartridges and knife were in my belt; my compass and matches, as always, in my pocket. I walked, while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having to hold the lariat which served as halter.

The country was for the most part fairly open, as I kept near the foothills where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest. The trees were of small size. There was no regular trail, but the course was easy to keep, and I had no trouble of any kind save on the second day. That afternoon I was following a stream which at last "cañoned up"—that is, sank to the bottom of a cañon-like ravine impassable for a horse. I started up a side valley, intending to cross from its head coulies to those of another valley which would lead in below the cañon.

However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at

the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnick berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on the mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

For half a mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodgepole pines, which on the ridges grew close together, with tall slender trunks, while in the valleys the growth was more open. Though the sun was behind the mountains there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterward found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hill-side, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I aimed behind the shoulder, and my bullet found the lower end of his heart. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, so that I saw the gleam of his white

ings; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, and then aimed, but the bear neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired again and leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, but recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but, as he did so, his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over.

As it was already twilight, I left the carcass, and trotted back to camp. Next morning I returned and with much labor took off the skin. The fur was very fine, the animal being in excellent trim, and unusually bright-colored. Unfortunately, in packing it out I lost the skull, and had to supply its place with one of plaster. The beauty of the trophy, and the memory of the circumstances under which I procured it, make me value it perhaps more highly than any other in my house.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated. At the beginning of the present century, when white hunters first encountered the grizzly, he was doubtless an exceedingly savage beast, prone to attack without provocation, and a redoubtable foe to persons armed with the clumsy, smallbore, muzzle-loading rifles of the day. But at present, bitter experience has taught him caution. He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous enemy to stock, until, save in the very wildest districts, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and to avoid man's presence almost as carefully as the most timid kind of game. Except in rare cases he will not attack of his own accord, and, as a rule, even when wounded his object is escape rather than battle.

Still, when fairly brought to bay, or when moved by a sudden fit of ungovernable anger, the grizzly is a very dangerous antagonist. The first shot, if taken at a bear a good distance off and previously unwounded and unharried, is not usually fraught with much danger, the startled animal being at the outset bent merely

on flight. It is always hazardous, however, to track a wounded and worried grizzly into thick cover. Such a beast, when it does turn, will usually charge again and again and fight to the last with unconquerable ferocity.

An experienced hunter is rarely rash, and never heedless; he will not, when alone, follow a wounded bear into a thicket, if by the exercise of patience, skill, and knowledge of the game's habit he can avoid the necessity; but it is idle to talk of the feat as something which ought in no case to be attempted. While danger ought never to be needlessly incurred, it is yet true that the keenest zest in sport comes from its presence, and from the exercise of the qualities necessary to overcome it. The most thrilling moments of an American hunter's life are those in which, with every sense on the alert, he is following alone into the heart of its forest fastness the fresh footprints of an angered grizzly; and no other triumph of American hunting can compare with the victory to be thus gained.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What species of bear does Roosevelt say are found in the United States? Compare with information given in an encyclopedia.

2. The scientific name for bear is *ursus horribilis*. *Ursus* is the Latin word for bear. Account for the name *horribilis*. How large does the grizzly become? Show that the grizzly is shrewd. Why is he "the king of game beasts of temperate North America"?

3. Why was Roosevelt alone in the woods? What was his camp outfit? What was his attitude toward killing wild animals?

4. Other books by Roosevelt:
 a. *Letters to His Children*
 b. *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*
 c. *The Wilderness Hunter*
 d. *African Game Trails*

MORE BOOKS OF FUN, IMAGINATION, MYSTERY, AND ADVENTURE

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ADE, George: *Fables in Slang.*

Humorous modern fables written in a breezy slang.

BANGS, John Kendrick: *The Houseboat on the Styx.*

The account of a party attended by the spirits of great men who died long years ago. It is certainly not to be taken seriously.

URGESS, Gelett: *Two O'Clock Courage.*
A pretty well-written detective story.

YRD, Richard Evelyn: *Little America.*
Aerial exploration in the Antarctic regions, ending in a flight over the South Pole.

YRD, Richard Evelyn: *Skyward.*
Flying over the North Pole.

ABELL, James Branch: *Beyond Life.*
A book of literary criticism in which the author makes a most intelligent defense of imaginative literature.

'ABELL, James Branch: *The Certain Hour.**
Imaginative stories about great writers done in the fragile but beautiful prose style of Mr. Cabell.

'OBB, Irvin S.: *Old Judge Priest.**
Amusing and touching stories of Cobb's most famous character. The Kentucky background, so admiringly described, adds much to the appeal of the stories.

'RAWFORD, F. Marion: *In the Palace of the King.**
A romance of the court of Philip II of Spain in the sixteenth century. The leading character is the romantic Don Juan of Austria, half-brother of the king.

DAVIS, Richard Harding: *Notes of a War Correspondent.*
The adventures of an intrepid correspondent in several wars.

DAVIS, Richard Harding: *Soldiers of Fortune.**
Sketches and stories of swash-buckling adventurers.

DUNNE, Finley Peter: *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War.*
Humorous monologs of a famous Irish wit and philosopher. For more than ten years, 1898 to 1912, Dunne was the Will Rogers of his day.

DUNNE, Finley Peter: *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.*
More of the irresistible Dooley.

FINGER, Charles J.: *David Livingston, Explorer and Prophet.*
The life of the explorer, physician, and preacher whose work opened up vast areas in Africa. Livingston's indomitable will and his zeal for his work made his life a series of adventures.

FITCH, George H.: *At Good Old Siwash.**
A very green freshman goes to Siwash College and meekly endures a variety of hilarious adventures.

GLASPEL and COOK: *Suppressed Desires.*
Very funny little play.

HOWARD, O. O.: *My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians.*
General Howard was commander of the troops in several frontier wars.

JOHNSON, Martin Elmer: *Lion.*
The experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in photographing lions in the African jungle.

KAUFMAN and FERBER: *The Royal Family.*
A most amusing play about a family of highly gifted but very temperamental actors.

KELLY, George: *The Torch-Bearers.*
Humorous play about a group of amateur actors. Their attempts to hold high the torch of culture result in some great laughs.

LARDNER, Ring: *Round-Up.**
The best stories of the finest humorist of our time. Ring Lardner was far more than a humorist, but if the reader sees only humor in these stories, it still must be granted that they are eminently worth reading.

LARDNER, RING: *You Know Me, Al.**
Letters from an incredibly "dumb" baseball player.

LINDBERGH, Charles A.: *We.*
The very modest account of Lindbergh's epoch-making flight from New York to Paris.

LONDON, Jack: *The Call of the Wild.**
*White Fang.**
Two of the best stories of dogs ever written. Alaska background.

MARK Twain: *Pudd'nhead Wilson.**
Mark Twain's nearest approach to a mystery story. It tells of an exchange of babies in a Missouri village so that the slave grew up free, and the free boy grew up a slave.

MARQUIS, Don: *Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith.*
Delightful humor.

MILLAY, Edna St. Vincent: *Poems Selected for Young People.*
A collection of poems that appeal particularly to younger readers.

MILLAY, Edna St. Vincent: *Renascence.*
Second April.
The Harp-Weaver.
The Buck in the Snow.
These four volumes contain some of the finest lyric poems in the entire range of American literature.

MOELLER, Phillip: *Five Somewhat Historical Plays.*
Very light, but very funny.

MORLEY, Christopher: *Shandygaff.*
Essays, sketches, and short stories, all done with grace and good humor.

NATHAN, Robert: *Autumn.**
The simple but poetic story of Mr. Jeminy, the old village schoolmaster, makes a charming little book.

NATHAN, Robert: *The Fiddler in Barly.**
Poetic fantasy of common life.

NATHAN, Robert: *One More Spring.**
A lightly humorous fantasy with the depression as the not-too-depressing background.

NATHAN, Robert: *The Puppet Master.**
A beautiful fantasy with many overtones of serious thought. Mr. Nathan is a most sensitve and intelligent writer.

NORDHOFF, Charles B.: *Pearl Lagoon.**
A boy goes pearl-fishing on a voyage that brings adventures with pirates and sharks. The South Sea Islands are the background of the story

O'NEILL, Eugene: *Lazarus Laughed.*
A highly imaginative drama built around the experiences of Lazarus after he was raised from the dead. Many feel that this play is Mr. O'Neill's finest work.

POE, Edgar Allan: *Murders in the Rue Morgue.**
The grandfather of our present detective stories.

POE, Edgar Allan: *The Pit and the Pendulum.**
*The Tell-Tale Heart.**
*The Black Cat.**
*The Fall of the House of Usher.**
Four typical short stories by Poe that leave the impression of gloom, horror, impending fate, or sheer terror. They are all poems in prose.

REMINGTON, Frederic: *The Way of an Indian.**
The life of a Cheyenne brave from 1849 to Custer's defeat in 1876.

RINEHART, Mary Roberts: *The Man in Lower Ten.**
*The Circular Staircase.**
Light mystery stories.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore: *African Game Trails.*
Account of the hunting expedition in Africa after Roosevelt retired from the presidency.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore: *Hunting the Grizzly.*

Tales of adventures in the wilds told by one of our most strenuous Americans.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore: *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.*

The book is just what the title says it is. Moreover, it is good reading.

SABIN, E. L.: *General Crook and the Fighting Apaches.**

A story of adventures among the war-like tribe of the Southwest.

SHEPARD, Esther: *Paul Bunyan.**

Tall tales of the mythical logger, the Blue Ox, and their super-human deeds in the deep woods of the Northwest.

SINGMASTER, Elsie: *John Baring's House.**

A brother and sister move to Gettysburg where they find a mystery hanging over the house and name of their grandfather. The solution of the mystery supplies the main interest of the book.

STEVENS, James: *Paul Bunyan.**

Sketches of the giant woodsman of the Northwest logging camps. These stories have the resinous tang of evergreen forests.

STEWART, Donald Ogden: *Perfect Behavior.*

A bit of humor at the expense of Emily Post and those other writers who tell us just what to do in all situations.

STOCKTON, Frank R.: *A Tale of Negative Gravity.**

A fantastic short story by a master of that type of fiction.

TARKINGTON, Booth: *Monsieur Beaucaire.**

Fashionable English life in the eighteenth century is the background of this glittering story of intrigue, concealed identity, and love.

TEASDALE, Sara: *Rivers to the Sea.*

Finely imaginative and musical lyrics.

VAN DINE, S. S.: *The Dragon Murder Case.**
*The Canary Murder Case.**

Two detective stories by a very popular writer of that type of fiction. S. S. Van Dine is the penname assumed by Willard Huntington Wright, a distinguished art critic and historian.

WALKER, Stuart: *Portmanteau Plays.*

This collection of short plays includes the well-known *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil.*

WILSON, Harry Leon: *Merton of the Movies.**

Hilarious take-off of the motion picture "artist."

VI

HOW AMERICANS HAVE LIVED TOGETHER



VI

HOW AMERICANS HAVE LIVED TOGETHER

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."

ALMOST a hundred years ago, when Emerson wrote these brave words, they might have been called the motto of all Americans. Today we study Emerson in the classroom, and his bold sentence is no longer a challenge to our courage and a guide to our lives. It is something to read, not an injunction to be obeyed. What is worse, we are in the habit of saying that Emerson did not expect his words to be taken at face value. He was overstating his case, we explain, in order to catch public attention. Such an explanation is totally wrong; it explains nothing.

Emerson said exactly what he meant, and he said what many another person in his day thought. It was perfectly natural for Americans of a hundred years ago to be self-reliant. They lived in a land where food, clothing, and shelter were easily obtained and where unusual prosperity might come to those who chose to exert themselves. The rapid increase in business and industry in the cities and the existence of an enormous quantity of free land on the frontier were constant invitations to all men to accumulate wealth by taking advantage of the opportunities so freely offered. Benjamin Franklin had his Poor Richard say, "God helps them that help themselves," and the Americans who came after Franklin were eager to begin helping themselves.

Emerson was addressing a generation that lived under a democratic government founded on the ideas of freedom and equality and maintained in accordance with the saying of Thomas Jefferson that "that government is best which governs least." The thought of political freedom was exhilarating to the point of intoxication, but even more exciting was the physical freedom of America. So large was the country that there was elbow-room for all. In short, everything combined to make the individual trust himself and manage his own affairs without consulting the nearest official of the government or any other representative of society.

Under such conditions Emerson indulged in no boasting when he said, "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think." To Emerson the compulsion implied in the word "must" came from his own heart and conscience, not from the will of others.

Now the statement quoted above does not mean that the American of Emerson's day was more lawless than we are today. It meant, among other things, that there were not nearly so many laws then as we have now. It also meant that the American of 1840 felt little need of his neighbor's advice, assistance, or approval. Emerson expressed this idea in an early poem:

> I would be free; I cannot be
> While I take things as others please to rate them.
>
> Henceforth, please God, forever I forego
> The yoke of men's opinions.

In Emerson's day, when the individual counted for so much and society for so little, it was frequently said that a man would be better off were he to live apart from others. This theory sounded so attractive to Henry Thoreau that he resolved to put it to a practical test. His good friend, Emerson, owned a tract of land on Walden Pond, a beautiful little lake less than two miles from Concord, Massachusetts. From him Thoreau readily gained permission to build a small house on the bank of Walden. Here he lived, a mile from the nearest neighbor, for two years and two months, earning his livelihood by the labor of his hands. At the end of the time he had proved to his own satisfaction that a man could very agreeably live apart from society. When the theory was proved, Thoreau went back to his former home in Concord. He had no wish to live the life of a hermit, and remaining longer at Walden would have prolonged the experiment unduly. He had proved that the individual was self-sufficient; society was unnecessary. Thoreau tells all about the experiment in his book *Walden*.

Emerson and Thoreau were not alone in celebrating the importance of the individual. Walt Whitman opened his longest poem with the characteristic words:

> I celebrate myself and sing myself . . .

This line sounds as if the poet were preparing to praise himself to the exclusion of all other people, but his next line shows that his towering egotism never trampled on the rights of others.

And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

As in the case of Emerson, it is foolish to try to explain that Whitman meant something other than what he plainly said. His words are so simple that they admit no debate as to their meaning.

The unfailing faith that men like Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman had in themselves gave their utterances a striking tone of confidence. Emerson's essays, Whitman's poems, and Thoreau's account of his Walden experiment were all written by men who were supremely sure of themselves. Their words are straightforward expressions of men untroubled by the doubts and hesitations and fears of our day. Thoreau recognizes this fact in his description of a good literary style: "The most attractive sentences . . . are spoken conclusively and firmly, as if the speaker had a right to know what he says. . . . A sentence should read as if its author, had he held a plow instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end."

So strong a faith in the individual, so deep a trust in the self, naturally created a feeling of cheery optimism. The individual was good, and his goodness was matched by the goodness of life. "Clear and sweet is my soul," sang Walt Whitman, "and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul." A more sweeping declaration of universal goodness is impossible.

Today this optimism has all but vanished, and there is no better place to see the change than in our different attitudes toward life on the farm. If we read an old-time poem of the country like Whittier's "Snow-Bound," we get a feeling of peace, plenty, and satisfaction. Even farm work had its pleasures. Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself" contains this short passage in celebration of the ordinary work of hay-making.

The big doors of the country barn stand open and ready,
The dried grass of the harvest-time loads the slow-drawn wagon,
The clear light plays on the brown gray and green intertinged,
The armfuls are packed to the sagging mow.

I am there, I help, I come stretch'd atop of the load,
I feel its soft jolts, one leg reclined on the other,
I jump from the cross-beams and seize the clover and timothy,
And roll head over heels and tangle my hair full of wisps.

The joy in farm work was short-lived. One of Hamlin Garland's friends said of his life as a farmer, "A man like me is helpless;

just like a fly in a pan of molasses. There is no escape for him; the more he tears around the more liable he is to rip his legs off." Garland sadly concludes that farmers must live and die practically as he saw them. There are reasons for the change from the cheery attitude of Whitman and Whittier. The free land of the frontier had disappeared, and the population increased more rapidly than did the jobs in the cities and villages. It did slight good to leave the farm in hope of getting work in a factory. Elbow-room had disappeared, and in place of the free, independent, and self-reliant individual of the earlier period we had a crowded population oppressed by debts and harassed by the threat of unemployment. Under such conditions self-reliance and individualism gave way suddenly to a feeling of dependence on society. Today we may read Henley's ringing lines:

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul,

but the moment that our voices die, we are keenly aware that something is amiss. The buoyant jubilation of the words is not matched by a buoyant jubilation of our spirits. We are dependent upon the government, upon some organization to which we may belong, or upon society as a whole.

It may be that this dependence is not desirable. Certainly it is not a good thing for people to lose self-reliance and the ability to help themselves, for when such things are gone we may lose a cheerful readiness to accept any situation with a feeling of ability to dominate it. There is also the genuine danger that we may lose our self-respect if we lose too much of our self-confidence.

The problem before us is easily stated. It is, in short, to create a society in which an intelligent person may feel the satisfaction and security that such men as Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman had at an earlier day and in a simpler society. How we can reach the desired end is the subject of much recent literature. Almost every writer has some kind of answer to the problem. Vachel Lindsay seemed to favor a return to the conditions of life in the villages and on the farms of the old frontier. He chants:

> O you who lose the art of hope,
> Whose temples seem to shrine a lie,
> Whose sidewalks are but stones of fear,
> Who weep that Liberty must die,
> Turn to the little prairie towns,
> Your higher hope shall yet begin.

Who can pass a district school
Without the hope that there may wait
Some baby-heart the books shall flame
With zeal to make his playmates great . . .

Edgar Lee Masters is like Lindsay in his admiration of frontier virtues, but when he looked at the village of Spoon River, he was saddened to see that the little country town had acquired many of the faults and vices of the city. Yet despite this depressing discovery, which he reports so often in *The Spoon River Anthology*, he still feels that the old virtues can be enjoyed by the resolute and the vigorous:

What is this I hear of sorrow and weakness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes,
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

Robert Frost seems to find happiness at work on a hill-farm of New England, but he is quite aware that no man lives wholly unto himself. Frost is no Thoreau, eager to prove his independence of society. In one of his poems he says:

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

Above all Frost is a friendly man. Much sorrow, he intimates, might be avoided or softened by the bestowal of friendliness.

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod, I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

Still other writers feel that little can be done by the individual toward rebuilding society. The problems are too great, they say, to be solved by individual effort. Society must devise a plan and put it into effect by law. Nearly always the suggested plans provide for increased control of the individual by the state. Only

in this way, it is argued, can each man be insured a fair share of the wealth and income of society, and it is only by such assurance that we can recapture our old feeling of security and satisfaction. It is useless for us to pursue the argument here. It belongs to economics and politics, not to literature. It is true, however, that many writers have advocated such a plan.

In the following section four subdivisions present different aspects of the way that Americans have lived together. The first subdivision is about the simplest form of our social organization, our home life. Mary Wilkins Freeman's "The Revolt of Mother" is one of our little classics of domestic life. Every reader recognizes the love and toil and pathos in the mother's battle for a good home. Stanley Vestal shows with shrewd humor how the younger Indians end old feuds, and suggests indirectly how we can banish many of our inherited prejudices. Dorothy Scarborough's "The Porcher" praises the joy and restfulness of a quiet home. "Sham" ridicules people who pretend to know a great deal about collecting art when they are really ignorant and gullible.

The second subdivision presents individualism, the historic American social philosophy. Emerson and Thoreau give us the doctrine of self-reliance in vogue a hundred years ago. James Truslow Adams is one of the most popular writers of American history. In *The Epic of America* he has most interestingly pictured the realization of America's dream in the different phases of our history. In the selection in this book, Mr. Adams discusses the difficulties that one meets today in attempting to put that doctrine into practice. William Allen White's touching obituary of his young daughter brings before us a true individual whose example might well be followed by many of us.

The third and fourth subdivisions show how Americans have lived together in the country and in the city. The outstanding selection of these two groups is Willa Cather's "The Sculptor's Funeral," the story of an artist who was misunderstood and misjudged by his home town. Whittier and Frost tell of the homely work of New England farms, as Riley and Norris do of the Middle West. Stephen Vincent Benét's humorous poem, "The Mountain Whippoorwill," describes the simple pleasures enjoyed by some of the mountaineers of the South. Courtesy prevails in Stark Young's plantation life. Will Irwin, in "The City That Was," gives a sketch of life in colorful San Francisco in the days before the great fire of 1906. Lexie Dean Robertson's oil boom town is violent and rough. Sandburg loves Chicago, a proud city, as Whitman

loves New York; and John Thomason finds the small Texas town in which he grew up a good place for a boy.

The Americans have lived and worked together.

R. B.



A

HOME LIFE

1. THE REVOLT OF MOTHER

MARY E. WILKINS

One of the characteristics of American literature is that it reveals the interesting differences in the various sections of our country. Of what section was Miss Wilkins so worthy a representative?

"Father!"

"What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"Father!"

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs," the old man said then. He ran his words together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over th horse, and started forth from the barn.

"*Father!*" said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, jouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out-buildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"What are they digging for, mother?" said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new barn."

"Oh, mother, he ain't going to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in a smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

"Sammy, did you know father was going to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy!"

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair. "Yes, I s'pose I did," he said, reluctantly.

"How long have you known it?" asked his mother.

" 'Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"Didn't think 'twould do no good."

"I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl, in her sweet, slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of a gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl-papers. She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered muscles.

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is he goin' to buy more cows?" said she.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in the hips, that made his loose home-made jacket tilt up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many this mornin'."

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she,

"don't you think it's too bad father's going to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You ain't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here, after all. The roof don't leak—ain't never but once—that's one thing. Father's kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlor."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I ain't complained either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked, her soft milk-white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate work.

"We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long,"

said Mrs. Penn. "Talk about not havin' things, it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove-pipe out there."

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled pies had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince-pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking soft sly lopes out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.

"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," said he. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl-papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

When Nanny was gone, Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it!"

"I want to see you jest a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to helped me. You hadn't ought to let him go to school so early."

"I want to see you jest a minute."

"I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother."

"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, father," said she; "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"I want to know what you're buildin' that new barn for, father?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

"I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here" —Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have sence I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls. We ain't had no new paper on it for ten year, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but ninepence a roll. You see this room, father; it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband ain't got half the means you have but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a

mahogany card-table. An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. "There, father," said she—"there's all the room I've had to sleep in forty year. All my children were born there—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'. I was sick with a fever there."

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into the small, ill-lighted pantry. "Here," said she, "is all the buttery I've got—every place I've got for my dishes, to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk-pans in. Father, I've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give me more to do in it."

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father," said she, "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more lady-like one than Nanny, an' that's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so good as your horse's stall; it ain't so warm an' tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," said she, "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you wouldn't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty year now, an' you've been makin' more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I ain't complained: I've got along forty year, an' I s'pose I should forty more, if it wa'n't for that—if we don't have another house. Nanny she can't live with us after she's married. She'll have to go somewheres else to live away from us, an' it don't seem as if I could have it so, noways, father. She wa'n't ever strong. She's got considerable color, but

there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an' ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so, noways, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram rose clumsily.

"Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?" said Mrs. Penn.

"I've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?"

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bed-room. When she came out, her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needlework. She had taken down her curl-papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," said she.

"What say?"

"I've been thinking—I don't see how we're goin' to have any—wedding in this room. I'd be ashamed to have his folks come if we didn't have anybody else."

"Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongin's."

"We might have the wedding in the new barn," said Nanny, with gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin'," said she.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dump cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman charioteer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.

It seemed to her all through the spring months that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said, confidentially, to Sammy one day.

Sammy only grunted after an odd fashion for a boy; he had learned it from his father.

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter, which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post-office," said he, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"

"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.

"I dun' know but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin', but the ten-acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse round here to suit me, nohow, an' I've got to have another for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."

"I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn calmly.

She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving-water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "*If* them cows come today, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn," said he; "an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there."

Well," replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door-step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.

She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding-day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

"Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?" she asked.

"A little."

Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guide-posts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.

"S'posin' I *had* wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry—"s'posin' I had wrote, an' father's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a providence." Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.

"Nothin'."

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed—"stop!"

The men stopped and looked; Sammy upreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.

"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one."

"Why, he said to put it in here," returned one of the haymakers, wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.

"Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.

Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said, wonderingly.

"It's all right," replied her mother.

Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.

"I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father's gone," said his mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

"What you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pie.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up-stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."

"Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny.

"You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's

storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all their little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box-stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bed-rooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up-stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.

At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as homelike as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There

was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handled the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' it's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course, if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty year. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down? How is Mis' Hersey?"

"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.

He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When

Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Towards sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown-bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long wild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. "What on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face

was pale and frightened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.

"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother!"

Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.

And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah went out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved: he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll—put up the—partitions, an'—everything you—want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as all this comes to."

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Why does the title challenge attention?
2. What is the background of the story? How much space does the author give to it? What do you think of Mrs. Penn's attention to her husband's wants? Account for her "revolt."
3. With which group of villagers do you agree: with those that thought Sarah insane, or with those that thought her lawless and rebellious? Or what view do you hold?
4. Tell how these sentences fit into the plot, background, or characters:
 a. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guide-posts of the Lord to the new roads of life."
 b. "Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet."
5. Give examples of the author's staccato style. Point out the realism and the romance in the story.
6. The author's characterizations are skillful.
 a. Find an example of repression.
 b. Explain the importance of the minister.
 c. Why are the characters called Millet-like?
7. Give reasons why this may be called one of the best of American short stories.
8. In connection with this story volunteers report on "A New England Prophet" and "A New England Nun," by Mary E. Wilkins. Dip also into Sarah Orne Jewett's *Deephaven*.
9. Write on a subject suggested by the story:
 A Farmer's Home
 Local Color
 The Revolt of Father
 Strategy in the Home
 The Force of Patience.

2. DAKOTAH COURTSHIP

STANLEY VESTAL

Stanley Vestal, whose real name is Walter Stanley Campbell, has lived most of his life in Oklahoma. He has hunted and camped with Indians, and he is one of the few white men before whom the older tribesmen speak freely of their traditions and ideals. He has also taught young Indians and understands the difficulties they encounter in learning white ways. Stanley Vestal admires the courage, intelligence, and loyalty of the Indian race; but he does not portray them as romantic heroes or villains. In his stories Indians are just interesting human beings.

This story of how two young Americans ended the old quarrel between their families is as true a picture of the Indians of today as are the more warlike narratives of the red men long ago. It also shows the inevitable conflict between the older and the younger generations. Stanley Vestal makes this episode amusing but he is also very sympathetic toward the characters.

Joe Lone Bear was a confident young man with a long reach and a steady eye, and plenty proud of his battered, stripped-down car, daubed all over with what Joe believed were the latest collegiate mottoes: MEN AT WORK, CHICKEN COOP, THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN, SOCKO, SO LONG, EXCUSE MY DUST. But as Joe gradually approached the gate of Chief Hardtack's allotment, his young heart missed almost as often as his chugging engine. Lillie Fineweather lived there.

That motor trouble in Joe's fighting heart was not entirely due to Lillie's near presence, however. Lillie and Joe had mostly got along fine—at the Indian Boarding School. The pocket of his blue shirt contained a well-thumbed letter in her firm Spencerian hand, assuring him, in a curious mixture of school slang and Indian poetry, that she loved him: *"Hurry up, Big Boy. I'm crazy about you. All time you way off in South Dakota, my lips are still on your lips."*

Lillie was okay. One in a million. But now he had to face old Mrs. Hardtack and her stuffy old man, and hurdle their objections. Dakotah and Crow had been enemies from away back. When a Dakotah boy came courting a Crow girl, there was likely to be trouble.

Lillie had warned Joe that her grandma was terrible old-

fashioned. Lillie said Joe couldn't wrangle the old lady single-handed. So Joe had brought along his own grandparents to make the match in the old-time way. But now, as he rolled in through Hardtack's gate, Joe began to get cold feet about that.

Anxiously, he shouted to caution the aged warrior at his elbow. Chief Lone Bear sat braced against the gale, clutching his splintered stiff straw hat with gnarled fingers, staring fiercely through the windshield. "Grandfather," Joe yelled, "the wars are over. We are friends with these people now. Remember that!"

The old Dakotah shifted his moccasins to a firmer position upon the hot floorboards, turned red-rimmed eyes upon his grandson, and showed his yellow teeth in a grin of pleasurable anticipation. "Make your heart strong, my grandson," he quavered. "I know how to handle the Crows. I have killed plenty of them in my day, and made them run like rabbits. *He-han!* Who is this Hardtack? He has seen only seventy-six winters. I have nothing to fear from that boy!"

The old man's words upset Joe. Then and there he killed his engine. The car jolted to a stop.

It was a good long hundred yards across the blistering prairie to Hardtack's unpainted shack and the brush arbor alongside. But Joe was too disheartened to try to start the car again. Chances were it wouldn't start, anyhow, and he did not want the visit to begin by Lillie's folks having the laugh on him. It would be less humiliating to pretend that he had meant to stop right there, and walk the rest of the way.

Joe jumped out, landing on the heels of his tan Oxfords. Chief Lone Bear stepped down, catlike, in the manner of a man who has worn moccasins all his life. Old Mrs. Lone Bear, after a moment's silent dismay at the distance to be covered afoot, heaved her two hundred pounds up from the rumble-seat and slowly clambered to the ground.

The spry old man went first, bright-eyed, bow-legged, stooping over his polished cane. Joe nervously hitched up his blue jeans and followed. The old woman pulled her bright new blanket—the price of her participation—over her meaty shoulders, and plodded along behind.

Just as they started, Joe saw Lillie leave the arbor and hurry into the shack. It was clear that the Hardtacks knew what was up. Nobody came from the arbor to greet them. The three Dakotahs halted and stood in a row just outside.

Joe lowered his head and peered in. Chief Hardtack, hatless

and barefoot, lay at his ease in the checkered shadows of the arbor, puffing his long pipe and looking out indifferently through horn-rimmed spectacles. The frames held no glass, but Joe was in no mood to laugh. Hardtack was a big, vital man, and tough as a mule.

But when Joe laid eyes on the old woman, he held his breath. Mrs. Hardtack was formidable. She sat upright on the ground—one leg stretched straight out before her. Her flat, uncompromising face was painted red. She had a short hooked nose, like the beak of an owl, and her dark gaze was so searching and hostile that Joe wondered what ailed him. She wore an old-time calico dress with open flaps for sleeves. A regular squaw—even if she was Lillie's grandma.

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. Each party waited for the other to make the first move. Chief Lone Bear would not enter until the Crow had made him welcome. The Hardtacks were ready to sit still forever rather than welcome a Dakotah on such an errand. In the silence, Joe heard the dog scratching himself.

Joe couldn't stand it. He broke the ice. *"How!"* he said.

At that word, old Mrs. Hardtack drew herself up triumphantly. Her hard face set in lines of scorn. "Dakotah!" she sneered.

Hardtack now came suddenly to life. *"Sho-da-gee!"* he cried, in hospitable greeting now that the others had begun the talk. Chief Lone Bear stepped over the pots and firewood, grasped Hardtack's hand quickly, and seated himself on his host's left side—the side nearest his heart. Mrs. Lone Bear, making a purring sound of pleasure, waddled in and found a place beside her hostess. All four of them seemed to be in high good humor, eager to begin the business. All four of them completely ignored Joe.

Joe felt like a rank outsider. For a minute he stood still, not knowing what to do. Then he turned hastily and retreated. Nobody wanted him around.

Chief Hardtack's allotment was a flat, uncompromising square of short Montana grass surrounded by a sagging fence of rusty barbed wire. The sun beat down on it with all the steady purpose of an August afternoon. Joe decided to wait in the car. It would be hot—but what the heck!

To reach the car, Joe had to pass the shack. The door was open, and the aroma of boiling coffee caught his nostrils. Lillie Fineweather stood inside, looking anxiously out towards the arbor through the grimy windowpane. Joe halted in his tracks. "Hey, Lillie. Is that you?"

She turned towards him, shamefaced. "Believe it or not," she said defiantly. "Go on and laugh. I know I look awful Grandma made me do it."

She hardly looked the bobbed-haired beauty Joe had dated and dragged to the movies at school. Her hair still had the lustre of a new gun-barrel, but it was parted down the middle now and plaited into two stubby braids made long with strands of colored yarn. Instead of her usual shirt and dungarees, she had on a red calico dress with a yoke and frill—Crow Reservation, fashion 1890—and high button shoes too big for her. Yet somehow, she was pretty in spite of it.

Joe could not help laughing. "Are you the kid I come all this way to marry?"

"You don't have to," she countered. Relenting, she added, "No kidding, Joe. I thought you was never coming. One more day in this lousy dump, and I'll be coocoo."

"Okay. Let's skip," Joe prompted.

"Nothing doing, Big Boy. Grandma's got me buffaloed. I'm scared to marry without her okay—supposing you can get it."

Joe laughed. "Me? What I got to do with it? I'm just a bystander." He moved his pursed lips in the direction of the old folks. "Well, I guess the war is on." Joe started to enter.

Lillie raised her hand to stop him. "Keep out, Joe. If Grandma catches you alone with me, she'll sure raise the roof. She'll call the whole thing off. She's terrible old-fashioned, like I told you. She don't approve of necking."

Joe halted. "Who said anything about necking?" he complained.

"Nobody. But somebody might think of it. Whyn't you set on the stoop outside? It's shady there. That way we can talk, and watch the old folks at the same time. They can't understand each other's talk. They'll have to use the sign language."

"Okay, sweetheart." Joe sat on the stoop, and ran his fingers through his shock of stiff black hair. Looking sideways he could see every movement in the arbor—not a dozen yards away. Lillie was watching through the window.

Already Mrs. Lone Bear had begun. Her thick fingers moved in the staccato sequences of the sign talk, in gestures known to all Plains Indians. "My grandson told me he wants to marry your granddaughter. Me and my man come to see this girl. We want a good wife for our grandson."

Mrs. Hardtack smiled with marked condescension. "Is that

puny boy your grandson? He would be lucky, if she ever looked at him. She could marry any man in the Crow nation."

Mrs. Lone Bear settled her weight more comfortably, as if for a long session. Her plump, copper-colored fingers moved with blandly slow precision. "He is strong and brave. His lodge will be full of meat all times. He has many horses."

"How many?" Mrs. Hardtack demanded, ticking off the question dubiously on the upraised fingers of her left hand. Her deliberate gesture implied that Joe could not possess more than one, one and a half, or two horses at the outside.

Mrs. Lone Bear smiled in a superior way, ignoring the question. "He also has a fast wagon. Look."

Mrs. Hardtack laughed. "I see it. It runs slow and stops quick. I would be afraid to have my granddaughter ride in that."

Mrs. Lone Bear's smile turned a little sour. "Moreover, he learned to fight with fists like white men, wearing mittens of leather, in a rope corral. I saw him. He knocked down every young man his size in the school, and four white boys." Mrs. Lone Bear cocked her head on one side, and made a decisive gesture to end her speech: "Cut!"

"How many horses has he?" Mrs. Hardtack persisted.

"Plenty. Heaps. We come from far to see this girl. Where is she? Why is she hiding? She must be ugly."

Then Mrs. Hardtack charged. "My daughter does not think of marriage. She would not look at a Dakotah. Your grandson must be crazy to follow her. She is a wife for a chief. She can cook and sew and wash and tan hides. She makes fine beadwork. She is beautiful and modest and strong as a horse. On top of that she belongs to a family of warriors and feastmakers. Her great grandfather was a famous horsethief!"

Joe looked over his shoulder. "Attagirl, Lillie. Grandma and me think you're tops."

Lillie giggled at him. "Tune in, Big Boy. Your time's coming."

Mrs. Hardtack never faltered. "Look at my husband. He got his name stealing bread from the soldiers at the fort. He was the meanest boy we ever had. When he was little he used to steal his mother's butcher knife and slash holes in the tent. She could not stop him. He was bad. Heap bad. Always making trouble." She beamed.

"*Hot dog! What a naughty boy!*" Joe jeered.

Lillie stiffened. "*Lay off my folks,*" she cautioned.

"How about mine?" Joe demanded.

"They ain't so hot, I guess," she answered, and kept her face to the window.

"Our family is related to Sitting Bull's," Mrs. Lone Bear explained with steady hands. "You Crows all remember him. He stole plenty horses from you—every winter, they say. But he was never mean to women—not even Crow women."

Mrs. Hardtack laughed unpleasantly. "He never had a chance to be."

Mrs. Lone Bear replied with emphatic gestures. "I was told his warriors gave him a Crow woman. They captured her. Sitting Bull gave her a good horse and sent her home."

"No Crow woman would have married him," Mrs. Hardtack snapped back. "She would die first." Her black eyes shone fiercely. "That is the way when Dakotah and Crow marry. They are never happy."

Mrs. Lone Bear could not resist that opening. With gusto she signaled, "That was what Sitting Bull said."

Joe called to Lillie, in genuine alarm. "Hey, the old girls will be in each other's hair in a minute. Can't you stop 'em?"

Lillie scowled at him. Then her face relaxed. "Okay. Coming up. I'll give 'em coffee. But don't pull any fast ones about my folks. I can't take it."

"Cross my heart, Lil. Give 'em some eats. They can't swallow and bite at the same time. And put plenty of sugar in the coffee."

Hastily, Lillie Fineweather caught up the kettle of stew and the pot of coffee, hurried to the arbor, and placed the food before her grandmother. Then she came back. For a while there was no sound in the arbor but that of resolute mastication. Chewing, for the old folks, was a chore that demanded concentration.

The old men, having been served first, finished before the women. Hardtack was host, and had to use both hands to fill and light his pipe. Lone Bear had his chance at last. He smacked his lips, and gestured to catch Hardtack's eye. Then, making sure the women were also watching, he began to make signs.

"When I was young, there were many Crow captives among my people. The Crows were always getting killed and captured. They did not know how to take care of themselves. There is a Crow captive now living at Standing Rock Agency. He refused to go back to his people. He was happier with us. It will be so with your granddaughter."

Hardtack stopped filling his pipe, and used his hands in talk. "Crows killed plenty Dakotahs. I was not born yesterday."

Hardtack went back to work, tamping in the tobacco with his thumb, firmly. Even from the shack, Joe could see how the old man's hands trembled with rage.

Lone Bear smacked his lips again and grinned. "The Dakotahs killed Long Hair and hundreds of his soldiers. Their bodies covered the hills like a big blue blanket. I saw it. I was in the fight. You were only a boy then, too young to fight. That was your good luck. But we did not kill many Crows that day. They ran away."

Joe groaned. "Zowie! Now Granddad is talking about the Custer battle."

"The Custer Massacre," Lillie corrected him, sharply.

Joe bristled. "Massacre nothing. Them soldiers came looking for trouble, and found it. They died fighting—with guns in their hands and cartridges in their belts. That was a fair fight, and no massacre."

"That's what *you* think," Lillie snapped. "I know. Some of my relatives were there."

Joe swayed with restless irritation. "They did not stay long," he countered. Then, suddenly, he whirled on her. "Hey, Lil. Don't let it get you too. We got to stand together. I'm going to marry you."

"Maybe," she said, her eyes brimming with angry tears.

"Okay, Lillie, if that's the way you feel." Joe turned his back on her.

"Oh, for the love of Mike, shut up," she scolded. "The more we talk, the worse it is. I can't help it, I tell you. I was raised that way."

Joe said no more, and watched the old men. Chief Lone Bear was clapping his hands in rapid imitation of rifle-fire. "The soldiers shot fast that day. But we made them run, we killed them. It was a great day. Every little while I picked up a feather for my cap. I cannot remember how many I killed that day."

"My relatives told me it was a hard fight to the end," the Crow objected.

Lone Bear ignored the interruption. "I was there. I saw. We Dakotahs made the Crows who came with the white men run for their lives. I have heard that they did not stop running for three days. Some of them are running still, maybe." Lone Bear laughed.

Hardtack threw up his head. His eyes glittered. "There are too many tongues. That day the Crows fought well. They cap-

tured the ponies of your people. Long Hair told them to do that. The Crows charged ahead of the soldiers, and ran off the ponies. But they were not told to stand and die. When they saw that the soldiers could not win, they ran away. If the soldiers had been smart, they would have run away too. A good warrior knows when to charge and when to retreat. The Crows did both better than the white soldiers."

Lone Bear gave a hearty gesture of assent. "The Crows ran well that day." He laughed. "I chased them."

Hardtack sucked flame into his pipe-bowl as if he would swallow it. He inhaled two savage puffs. Then he saw that Lone Bear was preparing to make signs again. Quickly, Hardtack handed the pipe to the Dakotah—to keep his hands still.

"I have seen Dakotahs running," he signaled. "I will tell you. That was my first warpath. I had seen only sixteen winters. I was too young to be scared. There were eight of us. Big Shoulders was leader. We found a Dakotah camp on the Yellowstone River. It was winter, and the snow was deep.

"We kept hidden while Big Shoulders threw dirt on the ice to make a road for the horses. He saw five Dakotahs coming horseback. He ran back to us. Then I ran up to the hilltop and looked over. The Dakotahs sat down to smoke, and their ponies pawed the snow to find something to eat. Then one Dakotah came riding up my hill to look around. I was reckless. I stood up. The four Dakotahs who were smoking saw me. They yelled to warn their friend. Twice they yelled. But it was cold, he had a shawl tied over his ears. He could not hear them.

"Then my friend Bear-All-the-Time shot that lone Dakotah's horse. The horse did not fall, but lunged along, and its foreleg swung back and forth, loose—like a rope. The man on that horse jumped off into the snow and tried to get away. The snow was hip-deep there. We all rode after him.

"The first Crow hit the Dakotah and took his gun. The other one claimed the horse. The two of them began to wrestle for the gun. I was third. I shot that Dakotah dead. The four Dakotahs who had been smoking got on their horses and ran. They ran well. Maybe they are running yet. But the man I shot did not run. He was dead. I killed him. I have heard that his name was Running Hawk."

Lillie turned on Joe, her eyes burning. "Get that, you lousy Dakotah?" she triumphed. "The Crows are not so dumb."

Lone Bear sat with hanging head, and sang a sad song.

Joe glared at Lillie. He was breathing hard through his nostrils. "Running Hawk was a relative of mine," he said, sternly.

"Joe! Is that true?" Lillie turned to him, her face stricken. "Oh, Big Boy, I'm so sorry. Look here, Joe. The old folks know we are watching them. I bet they are trying us out. That's what. If we can't take it, they don't want us to marry."

Joe stared at her. He looked quickly at the group in the arbor. "Kid, you're smart. You've said a mouthful. That's it, all right. It's just like them old-time peace treaties Granddad tells about. They got together and insulted each other—to make sure the peace would stick!"

Lillie nodded.

Joe got up. "Look here, Lil. This has gone far enough. If they keep on, they'll make saps of us. We got to stop it. Come on. I don't give a darn if he was my relative. That was ages ago. It's got nothing to do with us."

The old women were weeping. The old men beamed at each other. "A Dakotah and a Crow will always be fighting," Hardtack declared, with satisfaction.

"True," Lone Bear assented, with gusto. "They are like two mean dogs. If they fight, you can pull them apart. But if you turn them loose, they will go right back to fighting again."

But Joe and Lillie were in the arbor, each talking as fast as possible—the one in Crow, the other in Dakotah, and both in the sign language. "The past is rubbed out. All this talk is no good. We want to get married. We ain't old-time Indians. We got to forget the past, and think about the future."

The old folks sat still, astonished at the outburst. One by one they subsided. They sat staring at the ground, with disappointed faces. The women wiped their tears with the corners of their blankets. The old men hung their heads. The happy game of bluff and brag was over.

When the young folks stopped talking, they stood there, a little frightened at their own rashness. But after a time, Lone Bear took the floor. He was the oldest man—a man of experience. His face lighted with a smile. He stood up, and began to move his hands in his best oratorical manner.

"My grandson is right. The trail behind is lost. The rains and snows of many winters have filled it with mud. It is covered with grass. Here and there it has been plowed under. When I was young, I used to come upon the bones of a man lying on the prairie. Sometimes they were the bones of a Crow, sometimes

of a Dakotah. But now I never find bones lying on the prairie. The old trail is lost. The young men cannot find it.

"Yet it is good to remember the old ways. Ours was a good trail. Once I had a Crow woman in my lodge. She was my fifth wife. I stole her. She was a fine woman, and we were happy. It is true, I made her very jealous. I never knew when she would whip out her knife and try to stab me. She used to hide my clothes to keep me at home. But now she is dead, and these grandchildren of ours want to get married. That is good. I am willing, we are all willing. It is time to forget the past and think of the days ahead. It is time for us to do something for our grandchildren. They will marry, and set up a lodge of their own, and have a son. That boy must have a good name. What shall we call him?"

"Yes. A good name," Mrs. Lone Bear assented.

"The name of some friendly animal," Mrs. Hardtack insisted, firmly.

Chief Hardtack sat up grandly. "Above all, a famous name."

"The child will be a Dakotah, like his father. He should be called Sitting Bull," Lone Bear advised.

"No," Hardtack objected. "The husband lives with his wife's folks. That is the custom. The child will be Crow. He ought to have a Crow name."

"My woman goes with me," Joe gestured, positively. "She does not like it here."

Lillie turned on him. "Oh, yeah? That's what you think. What's the matter with Crow country, I'd like to know?"

"Why, Lil, you told me yourself——"

"You're crazy. Anyhow, if we did marry and have a kid, like as not it would be a girl."

"My kid a girl?" he protested, grappling with the new idea.

"Sure. Why not? What's wrong with a girl? I thought you was modern."

"But Lillie——"

"I say it's a girl, Joe. That's flat. And you bet I won't have no girl named Sitting Bull!"

"Skip it, Lil. Call her Prairie Flower, Milkweed, Sagebrush, Cactus, or Hollers-all-night. We got plenty of time to name the kid. Let's get married. Come on. We can find the missionary in town in ten minutes."

"Don't get tough, Big Boy. We got to make the old folks like it, or the kid won't have no grandparents to look after it."

"Lucky kid," Joe groaned.

Lillie's eyes blazed. "You think I'm going to stay home all day with that baby? I ain't no squaw. I want some fun out of life."

"Fun!" Joe barked. "They'll be plenty of fun, if you don't take care of my kid. Let's get going. All this fuss makes me sick. Come on." Joe took her by the arm.

Stung by the shame of having him touch her in the presence of her relatives, Lillie struggled to wrench herself free. "Let go of me," she raged. "Where do you think you are anyhow?" She slapped him hard across the cheek. Joe let go.

Breathless, she stood poised, with open mouth, watching his face. She whirled and ran. The moment she moved, Joe was after her. Two strides brought him close. Lillie heard him coming, stepped to one side quickly, and stuck out her foot. She tripped him. Joe hit the grass on his face.

Lillie laughed at him. "Don't you try to boss me, Big Boy. You ain't big enough." She ran into the shack and slammed the door.

Joe got up. The old folks were laughing. Joe hitched up his jeans and stalked off to his car. He was still trying to start it when Lillie Fineweather passed by on her way to the gate. She sailed past in her new sneakers, blue dungarees, and a clean white shirt. Her shining bob swung free. Joe thought she looked swell. She was headin' for town, sure. Joe tried to catch her eye. "Where you goin', Lillie?"

"Nowhere with you," she replied. "And don't you follow me neither—if you ever do get that thing started. You Dakotah, I'm through."

Joe stamped on the starter furiously, and held his foot down. Lil went on, and he saw her halt at the gate. A truck was rolling down the road in a cloud of dust. Lillie raised her thumb and waggled it in the air above her head. Joe saw the truck slow to pick her up.

"No you don't," Joe muttered, and jumped from his seat. He sprinted to the gate. The truck had stopped. The driver was a big red-faced bruiser, thick in the neck and wide in the shoulders. Fat, though. Automatically, Joe judged the man outweighed him twenty pounds.

The big roughneck looked Lillie up and down. "Goin' to town? Hop in, Sister."

Lillie grasped the handbar and set foot on the board. Joe

jerked her back to earth with a single movement, shoved her to one side. He did not hear her protests. "Get going, you big ape," Joe commanded, "or I'll knock you cold."

The driver appraised Joe, and laughed. "You and how many more, you Indian!"

Joe swung himself up, hanging to the truck with one hand, jabbing with the other. The driver raised his feet suddenly, pivoted to face Joe, planted his boots with a violent shove on Joe's middle, then let drive with all his force. As the man's legs straightened, Joe shot backward into the ditch. He did not get up. He lay there, both hands on his belt, gasping for breath.

The driver jumped down. "Just a minute, Sister, till I tromp him." He sprang towards Joe.

Lillie said nothing. She stuck out her foot. She tripped him. The driver was a heavy man; when he hit the ground, he grunted.

But he was soon up, and whirling on the girl to strike her. His first blow barely reached her shoulder, but it sent her staggering.

Joe got up then, stumbling across the ruts to slug the big hick scientifically and hard, first on one jaw, then on the other, in spite of the clutching pain at his midriff. The driver put up a fight. But as Joe's wind came back, the other's left him. A final clip on the chin sent the driver back to collapse against the front fender of the truck. He got up blinking, warded off Joe's fists with open hands, and crawled back into his cab.

As the engine roared to a start, the driver yelled some words at Lillie Fineweather. She could not make them out, but she saw his face. She made a gesture, as if she were throwing dirt at it. The truck lurched away.

Joe stood panting, looking admiringly at the girl. "Gee, Lil. You sure pack a wicked foot."

Lillie's eyes showed fire. "Nobody's going to call you names while I'm around," she declared. "Say, Big Boy, will your old bus start? This dump is getting me. Folks around here do nothing but fight. You got some cash, I guess. Tomorrow the rodeo starts at Sheridan. You promised me we could see it."

"Boy howdy. You sure can—after we see the missionary. But what'll I do with my old folks?"

"Park them here," Lillie advised sagely. "It's a cinch they can't pull out till you get back. They'll love it; they ain't had a good fight for fifty years. Two-three days here will get it out of their system. Then they'll kiss and make up."

Together they walked to the car. Joe got in and fiddled with things on the dash, while Lillie waited to see whether it would go or not. At last, by some method which Joe pretended to understand, but did not, he managed to start the engine.

"Hop in, Lillie," he commanded.

She stood looking back at the arbor. She seemed troubled. "Hold on, Joe. We forgot the name for the kid. We've got to settle that now, or we'll never have peace in the family."

Joe laughed. "That's easy. I already done it. You looked so cute and friendly back there, when you tripped that big bozo, it come to me all at once. I got it."

"No soft-soap, Joe. My name won't do. You heard the old folks. All Crow and Dakotah names are out." She remained standing beside the car.

"Sure," he answered. "I got it. A good name, an animal name, above all a famous name. Hop in. We'll call the kid Mickie Mouse!"

Lillie Fineweather stood open-mouthed at the dazzling wisdom of his idea. She climbed in obediently, and snuggled close to Joe. "Big Boy," she whispered, "you're wonderful!"

Joe Lone Bear made himself look even bigger than he was. He threw in the clutch, the car sailed off, cutting a wide circle through the grass on its way back to the gate. Joe felt like a champion.

But by the time that circle was completed, Lillie Fineweather was herself again. She sat up straight beside Joe, and her face was set. When she spoke, she spoke firmly.

"Listen, Joe. We're going to call her *Minnie Mouse!*"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare this comedy of young lovers with the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Observe that the Indian boy and girl also are very respectful of the customs of their families. Could Romeo and Juliet have solved their problem as happily as Joe and Lillie if the Montagues and Capulets had tried to talk things over peaceably?

2. Note the fondness of the young Indians for slang. Why? Does their slang sound as stylish as they think it does?

3. Compare the sudden ending of the plot with the ending of one of O. Henry's stories.

3. THE PORCHER

DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

This familiar essay is written in a light, whimsical mood. Like much good conversation, it is only half serious. Nevertheless, the author expresses the need of busy people for leisure and quiet.

During the summer I am a porcher. My occupation is not so bad as it sounds, however, being not at all burglarious, for I am not a climber but a sitter. During the long, delightful summer, I do nothing but sit on a porch by the side of the road and watch the world go by, what time I am not lying on a swinging couch. The verb *porch,* not yet included in Sir James Murray's otherwise complete English dictionary, means to live on a porch. According to etymological analogy, it is an impeccably constructed word, and a *porcher* is one who lives on a porch. Compare it with *farmer, rancher, scholar,* and so forth, and you will recognize its right to existence. Porching may seem to some a parlous task, an occupation inactive, devoid of thrills, but not so to me. It has its joys for those who know to snatch them—and personally, I've always been considered a pretty good snatcher!

I must porch steadily in the summer, because it is only in vacations that I may indulge in this enterprise dear to my body and my soul. In fall, winter, and spring, my life is very different, delightful, it is true, but antipodic to this. At those seasons I live elsewhere, on a certain densely, highly, and variously populated island, but I do not think of it as my home. My real home could never be a place where one sits decorously inside steam-heated—or worse still, *not* steam-heated—walls. My soul cries out for porches, for rocking-chairs and white dresses, for the wide spaces of old Virginia gardens. Oh, those gardens of old Virginia—how their beauty wrings my heart!

Porching, in the real sense of the word, cannot be done in the gregarious rockers on hotel piazzas, where idle women crochet industriously and embroider linen and the truth about their neighbors. On the contrary, it is a high calling apart. In the South the porch is the true center of the home, around which life flows on gently and graciously, with an open reserve, a charming candor. One does not stay inside the house more than is absolutely necessary, for all such pleasant occupations as eating and sleeping, reading, studying, working, and entertaining one's

friends are carried on on some companionable piazza or other. There are porches to meet all needs, all moods, and all hours. As the sun travels, one migrates from porch to porch, though there are some widely shaded verandas that are inhabitable at all times. With numberless porches upstairs and down, one can always find solitude if one wishes, or discover some congenial soul to talk or be silent with.

In the South, when a person plans a home, he first builds a porch, and then if he has any money left, he adds few or more rooms according to his needs, but the porch is the essential thing. One college professor that I know, who had only a limited sum with which to build a home, insisted that he must have at least a bathroom in addition to his veranda, all other quarters being, if necessary, dispensable. But the rise in contractors' prices, with no corresponding elevation of professional salaries, had reduced him to the necessity of relinquishing either the one or the other. Since he could not have a bathroom and a porch, he said he would put his bathtub on his porch. Even so, he would have a home, for while in New York every man's house is his prison, in the South every man's porch is his home.

.

In case I wish to write, I can do so lounging luxuriously in a swinging couch, with a pair of wrens in the nest under the eaves above me giving me warbly assistance, and with a foxhound puppy licking my idle hand. A chipmunk creeps out and runs along the low stone wall near by, at the crest of the hill, and sits watching me to see if I mean well. A mockingbird that has a nest in the Cherokee rose-vine near by the tulip poplar tree is singing divinely, pouring out liquid light and dancing melody and dreams set to music that may never be imitated. I pause with my pencil dropping from my hand, for how can one but listen to that joyous bird? I think I'd choose to be a mockingbird in my next incarnation rather than anything else, because I've always so longed to sing and have not been able to in this life. . . .

It is only on some magic porch or other that the lost art of loafing can be recaptured. What if that were permanently lost to the world? How terrible to contemplate! On a porch one relapses into gentility—one realizes that it is vulgar to be always in a hurry. It is vulgar because it is self-centered. The Arabs—wise souls!—have an adage that leisure is God-given but haste is of the Evil One. The Arabs, doubtless, have little earthen porches

in front of their tents in the desert, whence comes their sane philosophy.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find pictures of houses that illustrate the statement, "In the South the porch is the true center of the home."
2. Charles Lamb wrote many delightful familiar essays. Read one to compare with this. In what ways is Miss Scarborough's style like Lamb's?
3. Look up the meaning of ten new words in this essay.

4. SHAM *

(A Social Satire)

FRANK G. TOMPKINS

CHARACTERS

CHARLES, *the householder;* CLARA, *his wife;* THE THIEF: THE REPORTER.

SCENE. *A darkened room.*

(*After a moment the door opens, admitting a streak of light. A man peers in cautiously. As soon as he is sure that the room is unoccupied, he steps inside and feels along the wall until he finds the switch which floods the room with light. He is dressed in impeccable taste—evidently a man of culture. From time to time he bites appreciatively on a ham sandwich as he looks about him, apparently viewing the room for the first time. Nothing pleases him until a vase over the mantel catches his eye. He picks it up, looks at the bottom, puts it down hard, and mutters, "Imitation." Other articles receive the same disdainful verdict. The whole room is beneath his notice. He starts to sit down before the fire and enjoy his sandwich. Suddenly he pauses to listen, looks about him hurriedly for some place to hide, thinks better of it, and takes his stand opposite the door, smiling pleasantly and expectantly. The door opens and a young woman enters with a man at her heels. As she sees the* THIEF *she stifles a scream and retreats, backing the man out behind her. The* THIEF *smiles and waits. Soon the door opens, and the man enters with the woman clinging to him. They stand opposite the* THIEF *and stare at him, not sure what they ought to say or do.*)

THIEF (*pleasantly*). Good evening! (*Pause.*) Good evening,

* Copyright, 1920, D. Appleton and Company. All rights reserved. Reprinted from "The Appleton Modern Plays," edited by Frank Shay. The professional and amateur stage rights on this play are strictly reserved by the author. Applications for permission to reproduce this play should be made to Mr. Frank Shay, care of D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, N. Y.

good evening. You surprised me. Can't say I expected you home so soon. Was the play an awful bore? *(Pause.)* We-e-ell, can't one of you speak? I CAN carry on a conversation alone, but the question-and-answer method is usually preferred. If one of you will ask me how I do, we might get a step farther.

CLARA *(breathlessly).* You—you— *(with growing conviction)* you're a thief!

THIEF. Exactly. And you, madame? The mistress of the house, I presume. Or are you another thief? The traditional one that it takes to catch the first?

CLARA. This—this is OUR house. Charles, why don't you do something? Don't stand there like a— Make him go away! Tell him he mustn't take anything *(advancing toward the* THIEF *and speaking all in one sentence).* What have you taken? Give it to me instantly. How dare you! Charles, take it away from him.

CHARLES *(apparently not afraid, a little amused, but uncertain what to do, finally adopting the bullying tone).* I say, old man, you'd better clear out. We've come home. You know you can't —come now, give it up. Be sensible. I don't want to use force—

THIEF. I don't want you to.

CHARLES. If you've got anything of ours— We aren't helpless, you know. *(He starts to draw something black and shiny from his overcoat pocket. It might be a pistol, but he does not reveal its shape.)*

THIEF. Let's see those glasses. Give them here. *(Takes them from the uncertain* CHARLES.*)* Perhaps they're better than mine. Fine cases. *(Tries them.)* Humph! Window glass! Take them back. You're not armed, you know. I threw your revolver down the cold-air shaft. Never carry one myself—in business hours. Yours was in the bottom of your bureau drawer. Bad shape, those bureau drawers were in. Nice and neat on top; rat's nest below. Shows up your character in great shape, old man. Always tell your man by his bureau drawers. Didn't it ever occur to you that a thief might drop in on you some night? What would he think of you?

CHARLES. I don't think—

THIEF. You should. I said to myself when I opened that drawer: "They put up a great surface, but they're shams. Probably streak that runs through everything they do." You ought to begin with real neatness. This other sort of thing is just a form of dishonesty.

CLARA. You! Talking to US about honesty—in our house!

THIEF. Just the place for honesty. Begins at home. Let's—

CLARA. Charles, I won't stand this! Grab hold of him. Search him. You hold him. I'll telephone.

THIEF. You can't.

CLARA. You've cut the wires.

THIEF. Didn't have to. Your telephone service has been cut off by the company. I found that out before I came. I suspect you neglected the bill. You ought not to, makes no end of trouble. Inconvenienced me this evening. Better get it put in right away.

CLARA. Charles, do I have to stand here and be insulted?

THIEF. Sit down. Won't you, please! This is your last ham sandwich, so I can't offer you any, but there's plenty of beer in the cellar, if you care for it. I don't recommend it, but perhaps you're used to it.

CLARA *(almost crying)*. Charles, are you going to let him preach to us all night! I won't have it. Being lectured by a thief!

CHARLES. You can't stop a man's talking, my dear, especially this sort of man. Can't you see he's a born preacher? Old man, while advice is going around, let me tell you that you've missed your calling. Why don't you go in for reform? Ought to go big.

CLARA. Oh, Charles! Don't talk to him. You're a good deal bigger than he is.

THIEF. Maybe I'll jiu-jitsu him.

CLARA. He's insulting you now, Charles. Please try. I'll hold his feet.

THIEF. No doubt you would. But that wouldn't stop my talking. You'd be taking an unfair advantage, too; I couldn't kick a lady, could I? Besides, there are two of you. You leave it to Charles and me. Let's have fair play, at least.

CLARA. Fair play? I'd like to know—

THIEF. Pl-e-ease, don't screech! My head aches and your voice pierces so. Let's sit down quietly and discuss the situation like well-bred people, and when we've come to some understanding, I'll go.

CLARA. Yes, after you've taken everything in the house and criticized everything else you can't take, our manners and our morals.

CHARLES. But he isn't taking anything now, is he? Let the poor chap criticize, can't you? I don't suppose he often meets his

—er—customers socially. He's just dying for a good old visit. Lonesome profession, isn't it, old man?

CLARA. If you WON'T do anything, I'll call the neighbors.

THIEF. No neighbors to call. Nearest one a block away, and he isn't at home. That comes of living in a fashionable suburb. Don't believe you can afford it, either. WON'T you sit down, madame? I can't till you do. Well, then I shall have to stand, and I've been on my feet all day. It's hardly considerate. *(Plaintively.)* I don't talk so well on my feet, either. It will take me much longer this way. *(*CLARA *bounces into a chair, meaningfully.)* Thank you, that's better. *(Sighs with relief as he sinks into the easy chair.)* I knew I could appeal to your better nature. Have a cigarette? (CHARLES *accepts one from his beautiful case.)* And you, madame?

CLARA *(puts out her hand, but withdraws it quickly).* Thank you, I don't care to smoke—with a thief.

THIEF. Right. Better not smoke, anyway. I'm so old-fashioned, I hate to see women smoke. None of the women in my family do it. Perhaps we're too conventional—

CLARA. I don't know that I care to be like the women of your family. I *will* have one, if you please. No doubt you get them from a man of taste.

THIEF. Your next-door neighbor. This is—was—his case. Exquisite taste. Seen this case often, I suppose? *(He eyes them closely.)* Great friends? Or perhaps you don't move in the same circles. (CLARA *glares at him.)* Pardon me. Tactless of me, but how could I guess? Well, here's your chance to get acquainted with his cigarettes. Will you have one now?

CLARA. I don't receive stolen goods.

THIEF. That's a little hard on Charles, isn't it? He seems to be enjoying his.

CHARLES. Fine cigarette. Hempsted's a connoisseur. Truth is —we don't know the Hempsteds. They've never called.

THIEF. That's right, Charles. Tell the truth and shame *(with a jerk of his head toward* CLARA)—you know who.

CLARA. Charles, there isn't any reason, I'm sure—

THIEF. Quietly, please. Remember my head. I'm sorry, but I must decline to discuss your social prospects with you, and also your neighbors' shortcomings, much as we should all enjoy it. There isn't time for that. Let's get down to business. The question we've got to decide and decide very quickly is, What would you like to have me take?

CLARA *(aghast)*. What would we—what would we like to have you take? Why—why—you can't take anything now; we're here. Of all the nerve! What would we like—

THIEF. It gains by repetition, doesn't it.

CHARLES. You've got me, old man. I may be slow, but I don't for the moment see the necessity for your taking anything.

THIEF. I was afraid of this. I'll have to begin farther back. Look here now, just suppose I go away and don't take anything. *(With an air of triumph.)* How would you like that?

CHARLES. Suits me to a "T." How about you, my dear? Think you can be firm and bear up under it?

THIEF. Don't be sarcastic. You're too big. Only women and little men should be sarcastic. Besides, it isn't fair to me, when I'm trying to help you. Here am I, trying to get you out of a mighty ticklish situation, and you go and get funny. It isn't right.

CHARLES. Beg pardon, old man. Try us in words of one syllable. You see this is a new situation for us. But we're anxious to learn.

THIEF. Listen, then. See if you can follow this. Now there's nothing in your house that I want; nothing that I could for a moment contemplate keeping without a good deal of pain to myself.

CLARA. We're trying to spare you. But if you care to know, we had the advice of Elsie de Wolfe.

THIEF *(wonderingly)*. Elsie de Wolfe? Elsie, how could you! Now, if you had asked me to guess, I should have said—the Pullman Company. I shudder to think of owning any of this bric-a-brac myself. But it must be done. Here am I offering to burden myself with something I don't want, wouldn't keep for worlds, and couldn't sell *(growing a little oratorical)*. Why do I do this?

CHARLES. Yes, why do you?

CLARA. Hush, Charles: it's a rhetorical question; he wants to answer it himself.

THIEF. I do it to accommodate you. Must I be even plainer? Imagine that I go away, refusing to take anything in spite of your protests. Imagine it's to-morrow. The police and the reporters have caught wind of the story. Something has been taken from every house in Sargent Road—except one. The nature of the articles shows that the thief is a man of rare discrimination. To be quite frank—a connoisseur.

CLARA. A connoisseur of what? Humph!

THIEF. And a connoisseur of such judgment that to have him pass your Rubens by is to cast doubt upon its authenticity. I do not exaggerate. Let me tell you that from the Hempsteds—*(*CLARA *leans forward, all interest.)*—but that would take too long. *(She leans back.)* The public immediately asks, Why did the thief take nothing from 2819 Sargent Road? The answer is too obvious: there is nothing worth taking at 2819 Sargent Road.

CHARLES *(comprehendingly)*. Um-hu-m!

THIEF. The public laughs. Worse still, the neighbors laugh. What becomes of social pretensions after that? It's a serious thing, laughter is. It puts anybody's case out of court. And it's a serious thing to have a thief pass you by. People have been socially marooned for less than that. Have I made myself clear? Are you ready for the question? What would you like to have me take?

CHARLES. Now, old man, I say that's neat. Sure you aren't a lawyer?

THIEF. I have studied the law—but not from that side.

CLARA. It's all bosh. Why couldn't we claim we'd lost something very valuable, something we'd never had?

THIEF *(solemnly)*. That's the most shameless proposal I've ever heard. Yes, you could *lie* about it. I can't conceal from you what I think of your moral standards.

CHARLES. I can't imagine you concealing anything unpleasant.

CLARA. It's no worse than—

THIEF. Your moral sense is blunted. But I can't attend to that now. Think of this: Suppose, as I said, I should take nothing and you should publish that barefaced lie, and then I should get caught. Would I shield you? Never. Or suppose I shouldn't get caught. Has no one entered your house since you have been here? Doesn't your maid know what you have? Can you trust her not to talk? No, no, it isn't worth the risk. It isn't even common sense, to say nothing of the moral aspects of the case. Why do people never stop to think of the practical advantages of having things stolen! Endless possibilities! Why, a woman loses a $5 brooch and it's immediately worth $15. The longer it stays lost, the more diamonds it had in it, until she prays God every night that it won't be found. Look at the advertising she gets out of it. And does she learn anything from it? Never. Let a harmless thief appear in her room and she yells like a hyena instead of saying to him, like a sensible woman: "Hands up: I've

got you right where I want you; you take those imitation pearls off my dresser and get out of here. If I ever see you or those pearls around here again, I'll hand you over to the police." That's what she ought to say. It's the chance of her life. But unless she's an actress, she misses it absolutely. A thief doesn't expect gratitude, but it seems to me he might at least expect understanding and intelligent coöperation. Here are you facing disgrace, and here am I willing to save you. And what do I get? Sarcasm, cheap sarcasm!

CHARLES. I beg your pardon, old man. I'm truly sorry. You're just too advanced for us. Clara, there's an idea in it. What do you think?

CLARA. It has its possibilities. Now if he'll let me choose—Isn't there a joker in it somewhere? Let me think. We might let you have something. What do you want?

THIEF *(indignantly)*. What do I want? I—don't want—anything. Can't you see that? The question is, What do you want me to have? And please be a little considerate. Don't ask me to take the pianola or the ice-box. Can't you make up your minds? Let me help you. Haven't you got some old wedding gifts? Everybody has. Regular white elephants, yet you don't dare get rid of them for fear the donors will come to see you and miss them. A discriminating thief is a godsend. All you have to do is write: "Dear Maude and Fred: Last night our house was broken into, and of course the first thing that was taken was that lovely Roycroft chair you gave us." Or choose what you like. Here's opportunity knocking at your door. Make it something ugly as you please, but something genuine. I hate sham.

CLARA. Charles, it's our chance. There's that lovely, hand-carved—

THIEF. Stop! I saw it *(shuddering)*. It has the marks of the machine all over it. Not that. I can't take that.

CLARA. Beggars shouldn't be—

THIEF. Where's my coat? That settles it.

CLARA. Oh, don't go! I didn't mean it. Honestly I didn't. It just slipped out. You mustn't leave us like this—

THIEF. I don't have to put up with such—

CLARA. Oh, please stay, and take something! Haven't we anything you want? Charles, hold him; don't let him go. No, that won't do any good. Talk to him—

CHARLES. Don't be so sensitive, old man. She didn't mean it. You know how those old sayings slip out—just say themselves.

She only called you a little beggar anyway. You ought to hear what she calls me sometimes.

THIEF. I don't want to. I'm not her husband. And I don't believe she does it in the same way, either. But I'm not going to be mean about this. I'll give you another chance. Trot out your curios.

CHARLES. How about this? Old luster set of Clara's grandmother's. I'm no judge of such things myself, but if you could use it, take it. Granddad gave it to her when they were sweethearts, didn't he, Clara?

THIEF. That! Old luster? That jug won't be four years old its next birthday. Don't lay such things to your grandmother. Have some respect for the dead. If you gave more than $3.98 for it, they saw you coming.

CLARA. You don't know anything about it. You're just trying to humiliate us because you know you have the upper hand.

THIEF. All right. Go ahead. Take your own risks.

CLARA. There's this Sheffield tray?

THIEF. No.

CHARLES. Do you like Wedgwood?

THIEF. Yes, where is it? *(Looks at it.)* No.

CLARA. This darling hawthorn vase—

THIEF. Please take it away. It isn't hawthorn.

CHARLES. I suppose cloisonné—

THIEF. If they were any of them what you call them. But they aren't.

CHARLES. Well, if you'd consider burnt wood. That's a genuine burn.

THIEF. Nothing short of cremation would do it justice. Of course I've got to take one of them, if they're all you've got. But honestly, there isn't one genuine thing in this house, except Charles—and—and the ham sandwich.

CLARA *(takes miniature from cabinet).* I wonder if you would treasure this as I do. It's very dear to me. It's grandmother—

THIEF *(suspiciously).* Grandmother again?

CLARA. As a little girl. Painted on ivory. See that quaint old coral necklace. And those adorable yellow curls. And the pink circle comb. Would you like it?

THIEF. Trying to appeal to my sympathy. I've a good notion to take it to punish you. I wonder if it IS your grandmother. There isn't the slightest family resemblance. Look here!—it is! —it's a copy of the Selby miniature! Woman, do you know who

that IS? It's Harriet Beecher Stowe at twelve. What have you done with my overcoat?

CHARLES. I give up. Here it is. Clara, that was too bad.

CLARA. I wanted to see if he'd know.

CHARLES. There's no use trying to save us after this. We'll just have to bear the disgrace.

THIEF. Charles, you're a trump! I'll even take that old daub for YOU. Give it to me.

CHARLES. Wait a minute. You won't have to. Say, Clara, where is that old picture of cousin Paul? It's just as bad as it pretends to be, if genuineness is all you want.

THIEF *(suspiciously)*. Who is cousin Paul? Don't try Daniel Webster on me.

CHARLES. Cousin of mine. Lives on a farm near Madison, Wisconsin.

THIEF. You don't claim the picture is by Sargent or Whistler?

CLARA. It couldn't be—

THIEF *(ignoring her pointedly)*. Do you, Charles?

CHARLES. Certainly not. It's a water color of the purest water, and almost a speaking likeness.

THIEF. I'll take Cousin Paul. Probably he has human interest.

CHARLES. That's the last thing I should have thought of in connection with Cousin Paul.

THIEF. Bring him, but wrapped, please. My courage might fail me if I saw him face to face.

CHARLES *(leaving room for picture)*. Mine always does.

THIEF. While Charles is wrapping up the picture, I want to know how you got back so early. Your maid said you were going to the Garrick.

CLARA. We told her so. But we went to the moving pictures.

THIEF. You ought not to go to the movies. It will destroy your literary taste and weaken your minds.

CLARA. I don't care for them myself, but Charles won't see anything else.

THIEF. You ought to make him. Men only go to the theater anyway because their wives take them. They'd rather stay at home or play billiards. You have a chance right here. Charles will go where you take him. By and by he will begin to like it. Now to-night there was a Granville Barker show at the Garrick, and you went to the movies.

CHARLES *(entering, doing up picture)*. Silly old films, anyway. But Clara *will* go. Goes afternoons when I'm not here, and then

drags me off again in the evening. Here's your picture, as soon as I get it tied up. Can't tell you how grateful we are. Shall we make it unanimous, Clara?

CLARA. I haven't the vote, you know. Clumsy! give me the picture.

THIEF. Don't try to thank me. If you'll give up this shamming I'll feel repaid for my time and trouble. *(Looking at watch.)* By Jove! it's far too much time. I must make tracks this minute. I'll feel repaid if you'll take my advice about the theater for one thing, and—why don't you bundle all this imitation junk together and sell it and get one genuine good thing?

(CLARA *leaves, apparently for more string.)*

CHARLES. Who'd buy them?

THIEF. There must be other people in the world with taste as infallibly bad as yours.

CHARLES. Call that honest?

THIEF. Certainly. I'm not telling you to sell them as relics. You couldn't in the first place, except to a home for the aged and indigent blind. But I know a man who needs them. They'd rejoice his heart. They'd be things of beauty to him. I wish I could help you pick out something with your money. But I don't dare risk seeing you again.

CLARA *(re-entering, with the picture tied.)* Why not? There's honor among thieves.

THIEF. There *is.* If you were thieves, I'd know just how far to trust you. Now, I'd be willing to trust Charles as man to man. Gentleman's agreement. But *(looking at* CLARA) I don't know—

CHARLES. Clara is just as honest as we are—with her own class. But your profession puts you outside the pale with her; you're her natural enemy. You haven't any rights. But you've been a liberal education for us both.

THIEF. I've been liberal. You meet me—listen!—there are footsteps on the porch. I—I've waited too long. Here I've stood talking—

CHARLES. Well, stop it now, can't you? I don't see how you've ever got anywhere. Hide!

THIEF. No, it can't be done. If you'll play fair, I'm safe enough here in this room, safer than anywhere else. Pretend I'm a friend of yours. You will? Gentleman's agreement? *(He shakes hands with* CHARLES.)

CHARLES. Gentleman's agreement. My word of honor.

CLARA *(offers her hand as* CHARLES *starts for the door).* Gentleman's agreement, but only in this. I haven't forgiven you for what you've said. If I ever get you in a tight place—look out.

THIEF *(taking her hand).* Don't tell more than the one necessary lie. It's so easy to get started in that sort of thing. Stick to it that I'm a friend of the family and that I've been spending the evening.

CLARA. I'll try to stick to that. But can't I improvise a little? It's such fun!

THIEF. Not a bit. Not one little white lie.

CHARLES *(entering with a young man behind him).* It's a man from the *News*. He says he was out here on another story and he's got a big scoop. There's been some artistic burglary in the neighborhood and he's run onto it. I told him we hadn't lost anything and that we don't want to get into the papers; but he wants us to answer a few questions.

REPORTER. Please do. I need some stuff about the neighborhood.

CLARA. I don't know, Charles, but that it's our duty. *(She smiles wickedly at the* THIEF.) Something we say may help catch the thieves. Perhaps we owe it to law and order.

REPORTER. That's right. Would you object if I used your name?

(CHARLES *and the* THIEF *motion to* CLARA *to keep still, but through the rest of the conversation she disregards their frantic signals, and sails serenely on.)*

CLARA. I don't know that we should mind if you mention us nicely. Will the Hempsteds be in? I shan't mind, if they don't.

REPORTER. Good for you. Now, have you—

CLARA. We *have* missed something. We haven't had time to look thoroughly, but we do know that one of our pictures is gone.

(The men are motioning to her, but she goes on sweetly.)

REPORTER. A-a-ah! Valuable picture. He hasn't taken anything that wasn't best of its class. Remarkable chap. Must be the same one that rifled the Pierpont collection of illuminated manuscripts. Culled the finest pieces without a mistake.

THIEF *(interested).* He made one big mistake. He— *(Stops short.)*

REPORTER. Know the Pierponts?

THIEF. Er—ye-es. I've been in their house. *(Retires from the conversation.* CLARA *smiles.)*

REPORTER. Well, believe me, if he's taken anything, your

reputation as collectors is made. Picture, eh? Old master, I suppose?

CLARA. A family portrait. We treasured it for that. Associations, you know.

REPORTER. Must have been valuable, all right. Depend on him to know. He don't run away with any junk. Who was the artist?

CLARA. We don't know—definitely.

REPORTER. Never heard it attributed to anybody?

CLARA. We don't care to make any point of such things. But there have been people who have thought—it was not—a—a Gilbert Stuart.

CHARLES. Clara!

CLARA. I don't know much about such things myself. But our friend, *(nods toward the* THIEF*)* Mr.—Mr. Hibbard—who has some reputation as a collector, has always said that it was—not. In spite of that fact, he had offered to take it off our hands.

CHARLES. Clara, you're going too far—

REPORTER. She's quite right. You're wrong, Mr. Hibbard. You may be good, but this fellow KNOWS. Too bad you didn't take it while the taking was good. This fellow never sells. Of course he can't exhibit. Just loves beautiful things. No, sir, it was real.

THIEF *(between his teeth)*. It wasn't. Of all the—

CLARA *(smiling)*. You take your beating so ungracefully, Mr. Hibbard. The case, you see, is all against you.

THIEF. Be careful. The picture may be found at any minute. Don't go too far.

CLARA. I hardly think it will be found unless the thief is caught. And I have such perfect confidence in his good sense that I don't expect that.

REPORTER. Lots of time for a getaway. When was he here?

CLARA. He was gone when we came from the theater. But we must almost have caught him. Some of our finest things were gathered together here on the table ready for his flight. How he must have hated to leave them, all the miniatures and the cloisonné. I almost feel sorry for him.

CHARLES. I do.

CLARA. You see, we went to the Garrick for the Granville Barker show. Mr. Hibbard took us. *(She smiles sweetly at him.)* I'm devoted to the best in drama and I always insist that Charles and Mr. Hibbard shall take me only to the finest things. And now we come home to find our—You're sure it was a Gilbert Stuart?—gone.

THIEF. I've got to be getting out of here! Can't stay a minute longer! Charles, I wish you luck in that reform we were speaking of, but I haven't much hope. *(Looking at* CLARA.*)* There is such a thing as total depravity. Oh, here! *(Taking package from under his arm.)* What am I thinking of? I was running away with your package. *(Hands it to* CLARA.*)*

CLARA *(refusing it)*. Oh, but it's yours, Mr. Hibbard. I couldn't think of taking it. Really, you must keep it to remember us by. Put it among your art treasures at home, next to your lovely illuminated manuscripts, and whenever you look at it remember us and this delightful evening, from which we are all taking away so much. You must keep it—that's part of the bargain, isn't it? And now are we even?

THIEF. Even? Far from it. I yield you your woman's right to the last word, and I admit it's the best. *(Stoops and kisses her hand.)* Good-night, Clara. *(To the* REPORTER.*)* May I give you a lift back to town?

REPORTER. Thanks. As far as the Hempsteds' corner. Good-night. Thank you for this much help. *(Exeunt.)*

CHARLES. Thank goodness, they've gone. What relief! That pace is too rapid for me. You had me running round in circles. But he's got the picture, and we're safe at last. But don't you think, Clara, you took some awful risks? You goaded him pretty far.

CLARA. I had to. Did you hear him call me Clara?

CHARLES. He had to. *(Chuckling.)* He doesn't know our name. But he wasn't a bad fellow, was he? I couldn't help liking him in spite of his impudence.

CLARA. You showed it. You took sides with him against me all the time the reporter was here. But, you know, he was right about our house. It's all wrong. The Hempsteds would see it in a minute. I believe I'll clear out this cabinet and have this room done over in mahogany.

CHARLES. Too expensive this winter.

CLARA. Birch will do just as well—nobody knows the difference. Listen! is he coming back?

REPORTER *(in the doorway)*. Excuse me—listen. Mr. Hibbard says you've given him the wrong package. He says you need this to go with the picture of your grandmother. And he says, sir, that you need to get wise to your own family. He's waiting for me. Good-night! *(Exit.)*

CHARLES *(angrily)*. Get wise to my own family? He may

know all about art *(undoing the picture)*, but I guess I know my own relatives. *(Holds up picture so that audience can see it, but he can't.)* And if that isn't a picture of my own cousin Paul, I'll eat—*(sees* CLARA *laughing. Looks at picture, which represents George Washington.)* Clara! you did that! *(Laughs uproariously.)* *You little cheat!*

CURTAIN

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. On the stage what would be effective in the play before one word is spoken?

2. List the evidences of sham in the home of Charles and Clara.

3. Why does Charles call the thief a born preacher? Was the thief a sham? Explain.

4. Explain the thief's remark: "I have studied the law—but not from that side." What did he call "the practical advantages of having things stolen"? How sincere was Charles in saying: "But you've been a liberal education for us both"?

5. What was the thief's opinion of Clara? What is yours?

6. Tell why the play is a social satire. Does it give a true or a false picture of American life? Be prepared to defend your answer.

7. Try to write a play on American home life.

8. Develop one of these subjects:

One Genuine Good Thing
"It's a Serious Thing, Laughter Is."
My Taste in —— (plays, silver, furnishings, books, motion pictures)
A Piece of Cauliflower as a Carnation
Deceiving Yourself

9. In *The Servant in the House*, Charles Rann Kennedy treats a problem in a very different way. Compare the methods.

10. *Prunella or Love in a Dutch Garden* is a charming fantasy by Laurence Housman and H. Granville-Barker.

B

INDIVIDUALISM

1. LIVING AT WALDEN

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Ralph Waldo Emerson, on whose land Thoreau built his house by Walden Pond, wrote of his friend: "He was a born protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and action for any narrow craft or profession, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well. . . . Never idle or self-indulgent, he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labor agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world. It would cost him less time to supply his wants than another. He was therefore secure of his leisure."

In this selection Thoreau gives some of his reasons for withdrawing from society.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of

it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our busi-

ness, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,—or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe,"—and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the post-office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life—I wrote this some years ago—that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is too often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter,—we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all *news*, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was such a rush, as I hear, the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressure,—news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth, or twelve years, beforehand with sufficient accuracy. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta and Don Pedro and Seville and Granada, from time to time in the right proportions,—they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers,—and serve up a bullfight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter, and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers; and as for England, almost the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649; and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year, you never need attend to that thing again, unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character. If one may judge who rarely looks into the newspapers, nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Tell why Thoreau went to live at Walden Pond. Did he fulfill his purpose? Explain.

2. Keep a record of the way you spend a day. To what extent is your life

"frittered away by detail"? Talk over in class the details on which people fritter away their lives.

3. Explain what Thoreau means by this epigram: "We have the Saint Vitus' dance." Find other examples of Thoreau's power to express himself vigorously, startling and awakening you.

4. Bring a copy of the daily newspaper to class and point out items that support or overthrow this statement: "To a philosopher all *news*, as it is called, is gossip."

5. State Thoreau's opinion of the post office. Do you agree with him? Give reasons. What would his attitude be towards telegraph lines, the radio, and the airplane?

6. John Muir has been quoted as saying: "If I knew only Thoreau, I should think the co-operation of good men impossible." Discuss the proper relation between individualism and co-operation.

7. Become acquainted with one of these books by Thoreau: *The Maine Woods, Cape Cod,* and *Walden,* and with *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals,* edited by Odell Shepard.

8. Do you know some person who reminds you of Thoreau in his love of nature or in his view of life?

2. SELF-RELIANCE

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The message of Emerson to his time can be expressed in two words: trust thyself. This was the doctrine that he preached in his essays, his poems, and his daily life.

As you read this selection, remember that Emerson was not making an argument in favor of self-reliance. He was stating his belief in that doctrine in words that are more poetic than Emerson usually employed in his poems. Also remember that Emerson lived in another age and in another kind of society than ours.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner nor cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors,

obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary ways of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence,—must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the mem-

bers agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant; love thy woodchopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love.

Your goodness must have some edge to it,—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it

is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Abridged.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Emerson believed that motives for actions come through *other* men—in customs, institutions, and conventions; or through an *individual* himself, an individual having strength from God. To which of the two sources of motives does he refer to in "Self-Reliance"? The right answer is the key to this essay.
2. In the first three paragraphs what qualities does Emerson urge? When do such qualities vanish?
3. Discuss Emerson's ideas on charity. How do you account for them? Was he opposed to helping the poor and the distressed? Compare the ideas on charity in the last paragraph with those expressed by Agnes Repplier in "The Beggar's Pouch" in *Compromises* and E. V. Lucas in "Second Thoughts and Third" in *A Fronded Isle and Other Essays.*
4. List situations in which self-reliance should be practiced today.
5. Read *The Story of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* by Hildegarde Hawthorne
6. Write on one of the following:

 The Dynamite in "Self-Reliance"
 Emerson's Essay as a Tonic
 Wise Philanthropists
 Nonconformists
 Winged Words
 Why I Capitulate to Clubs

3. YOUTH AND DUTY

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Emerson's message was a trumpet call to the young man of his time to arise and assert their manhood by their lives and works. The last four lines of this short poem are often quoted.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil, and fray?

Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is meant by "Freedom's fight"? Give examples of Freedom's fight in our own day.
2. Read lines expressing Emerson's supreme confidence in youth.
3. How is the thought in the poem connected with the ideas in the essay on self-reliance?
4. Why are the last four lines placed high in the literature of the English language?

4. THE ART OF LIVING

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Is it true that Americans have lost all sense of self-reliance and individuality? Many critics tell us that it is so. They say that we wear standardized clothing, ride in standardized automobiles, live standardized lives, and, worst of all, think standardized thoughts. Here is a blistering criticism of Americans by one of our distinguished writers.

Americans pride themselves on their courage and individuality and brag of the frontier virtues, but the fact is we are the most cowardly race in the world socially. Read Emerson's essay on *Self-Reliance* and ask yourself honestly how much you dare to be yourself. He has been called the most essentially American of our authors, but would he be so to-day? The old phrases have a familiar ring. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." "My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle." "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think." "Life only avails, not the having lived." "Insist on yourself: never imitate." Every schoolboy knows them, but how many mature Americans dare to practice them?

Take the matter of clothes as a simple touchstone of individuality. Every American woman who goes to London is either shocked, interested, or amused by the variety of women's dress there. Most of it, except sports clothes, is, I admit, extremely bad, but the point is that a woman dresses just as she pleases. Little girls may have long black stockings or legs bare to their full length; older women may have skirts that display the knee or drag the ground; hats of the latest mode from Paris, or from Regent Street when Victoria was a girl. Watching the passing crowd on the Broad Walk is like turning the pages of Punch for half a century. A man may wear any headgear from a golf cap to a pearl satin "topper." Compare this, for example, with New York and the mass antics of the Stock Exchange where if a man wears a straw hat beyond the day appointed by his fellows they smash it down over his eyes, and where he is not safe from similar moronic hoodlumism even in the streets. I mention clothes not as a *Sartor Resartus* but merely as a simple instance of that mass-mindedness which permeates all American life. One has to fight to be one's self in America as in no other country I know.

Not only are most Americans anxious to conform to the standards of the majority, but that majority, and the advertisers, insist that they shall. I recall some years ago when living in a small village and when I was spending many hundreds of dollars more than I could well afford on books and also putting money into travel, that more than one of the village people actually suggested to me that it was rather disgraceful for a man in my position not to drive a better car than a Ford. My answer, of course, was that I did not give a rap about a car except as a means to get about, and I did care about books and travel. Another man, from the city, speaking of the same sore point, said that *I* could afford to use a Ford because everyone knew who my grandfather was, but *he* had to have something better to meet his guests with. In another community, a moderately wealthy friend of mine who had a large house, also a country place, and did a good deal of traveling, was taken to task by a yet wealthier neighbor on the score that, again, "a man in his position" owed it to his wife to give her a better car than a Dodge sedan to make calls in, though both my friend and the wife preferred to spend their money in other ways than in running a Packard or a Cadillac.

Spending one's money in one's own way in America—that is, trying to use the tools of life with sanity and discrimination—

is a good deal like running the old Indian gauntlet. The self-appointed monitors of society to tell other people how they should live, ran, in the cases above, all the way from village store-keepers to a successful New York business man worth many millions, but they are merely typical of that pressure, express or implied, that is brought to bear on any individual who attempts to think out and live his own life. But if our lives are to be based on any art of living, if our souls are not to be suppressed and submerged under a vast heap of standardized plumbing, motor cars, crack schools for the children, suburban social standards and customs, fear of group opinion, and all the rest of our mores and taboos, then the first and most essential factor is courage, the simple courage to do what you really want to do with your own life.

But if courage, especially in America, is essential to an art of living, thought is fundamental. A man has got to think out what sort of life he really wants, what life he is going to try to make for himself. If he refuses to face that problem and merely drifts, he abandons himself to the mould that his neighbors provide for him. He will become both for himself and others the utterly uninteresting nonentity that so many Americans are, simply because they have taken the line of least resistance and become mere replicas of thousands of their fellows. When you have seen one Ford car turned out any year, you have seen the whole four million, or whatever the number is. They may be very good and very useful and very sturdy, but they cannot have the slightest interest as individual specimens for anyone.

You will not find it so easy a task as you may think to decide what sort of life you really do want to make. To do so requires a clear mind, independent thinking, and a knowledge of what the infinite variety of goods and values in life are. Most people dream idly a good deal of what they might like but few have either the ability or power to think through what they really do want, given all the conditions of their own selves and their possibilities. It is not only the young girl who does not know what she wants, who dreams one day of becoming an author because "it must be thrilling to live in Greenwich Village and talk to real writers," and another of becoming a clerk in a store because "it must be wonderful to feel you are really *doing* something." The hard-headed business man who has fought his way up from a shoestring to millions, knows often just as little what he wants, as any number of rich men bored to death with power and leisure

can testify. Perhaps as useful a task of education as any would be to teach young people what the possibilities of life are.

It may as well be confessed that most people cannot become artists in living. That is not snobbery. It is simple truth. The day may come, if democracy insists on continuing to debase all our spiritual coinage, when anyone may aspire to call himself a poet or a musician or a sculptor. However, that won't make him one. There is no more reason to expect that anyone can be a genuine artist in life than to expect everyone to be an artist in words or sounds or colors. If we all cannot aspire to become great artists of any sort, however, there is happily room for us as amateurs in any art, if we care about it; and our own happiness, as well as our interest for others, is greatly increased by trying to express, in any art, our own individuality. The other arts are merely tools for the great all-embracing art, that of living, and we cannot refuse to become amateurs in that art without confession of failure as civilized beings. If all this complex, delicate, and it may as well be confessed, burdensome thing we call civilization is merely to be used to make us more intricate switch-boards of automatic stimuli and reactions, then we might as well smash it and be done with it. Its only excuse is in increasing our liberty of choice, our chance to be more individual among a wider range of goods than can the savage or the barbarian.

Moreover, if one would practise the art of living, he must have the artistic spirit. I do not mean the æsthetic in its narrower meaning, but the spirit of the man who finds joy in his own creating of something beautiful or noble or lovely. Life, as Emerson says, must be for itself and not for a spectacle. Artists may get great pay for their work, but if they have spent their lives with their minds on the pay and not on the work, they have not been artists. It is the work, indeed the working, that counts and that is its own best reward. Nor must we defer the practice of our art. A poet or a painter or a musician does not say to himself, "I will make a million first, and then I will write poetry or paint pictures or compose music." His art is life itself, the best of life, for the genuine artist. Money and freedom may be pleasant and useful but they are not the essence of any art, that of life any more than any other. Keats did not postpone writing his poetry until he could retire from mixing drugs and find a cottage in the country. If he had, there would have been no poetry to make his name immortal. And if anyone says of the art of life, that he will try to order his life artistically when he

has another five thousand a year, or when he is vice-president instead of sales manager or when he can quit, he will never so order it at all. He does not understand and has not got it in him. He will simply take his place in the American procession with the other four million Fords of the year.

If you decide that you have the courage to "be different," if you can decide what you really want of life, then you may achieve an art of living if you have the will to see it through. And you will find, incidentally, that in place of the sheep-like flocks of country-club Joneses you will have as friends and guests a far more interesting group, that your life will have attained to a depth and a richness of experience that is denied to the standardized Joneses and all their kith and kin, and that you are no longer an automaton with inhibitions but a human being expressing your own unique personality: loving, enjoying, experiencing, suffering perhaps, but *alive*. Your life will not be a machine-made product identical with millions of others turned out by the same firm, but a work of art which will give joy to yourself and others because it is like no other.

But if you merely settle down, unthinkingly and uncourageously, in the mould provided for you by your neighbors, if you accept as standards and values merely those of the majority, you will not be an individual or even the useful citizen you may think yourself though you attend every meeting of your association in the year. America can count such men, as she can her motor cars, by the tens of millions. What she needs as useful citizens to-day are men and women who dare to be themselves, who know with Emerson that "life only avails, not the having lived," who can conceive how rich and varied life can be, and who, with the spirit of the artist and at least an amateur's knowledge of tools and technique, will defy the crowd and show what an art of living may be.

Americans have never lacked courage on the fields of battle. It is time they showed some of the golf links. We are more afraid of what our best customer may think or what Mrs. Umpty Bullmarket-Jones may say than our ancestors ever were of what the redskins might do. If I thought mottoes and slogans did any good, I would replace the "God bless our happy home" of a generation or two ago, and the "say it quick" of our offices to-day, with old Emerson's "Be yourself." That is what every artist, every civilized man and woman has got to be, as the very foundation of an art of living. It is, indeed, only the foundation

but it is essential. Every art is social. It is the result of a relation between the artist and his time. Music could not have developed as a result of a succession of individual musicians composing for a society of the deaf, and before we can develop an art of living in America and adjust our machinery of life to its practice as it is adjusted in many ways in Europe, we must develop a taste for individual living in thousands of Americans who will refuse to bow the knee to the crowd, whether city, suburban or village, and insist upon being themselves. The road to conformity is merely the road back to savagery.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain in detail the meaning of the words "art" and "living" as used in the title of this selection. What qualities does the author regard as essential to the art of living?

2. How does the art of living compare in importance with other arts? Point out sentences bearing on the question.

3. Name inventions that have tended to standardize life even in distant places within the United States. Do popular magazines and lists of best sellers have a similar influence? Explain. Do you see any advantages in standardized living?

4. From what you have seen, tell about ways in which Americans are eager to conform to the standards of the majority or the ideas put forth by advertisers. Why is it hard for most people to become artists in living?

5. Would Mr. Adams approve Thoreau's life at Walden? Explain. Would you enjoy a life of this kind?

6. Discuss in relation to this article "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "The Mucker Pose," in *Our Business Civilization,* from which "The Art of Living" was taken. Refer to *Following the Frontier,* page 212, and *The American Band Wagon,* by Charles Merz. Other essays of interest are:

John Galsworthy's *Quality*
Arnold Bennett's *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*
Irwin Edman's *On American Leisure*
Margaret Sherwood's *Our Fear of Excellence*
Katharine F. Gerould's *The Extirpation of Culture*

7. With an endeavor to find joy in creation write on one of the following subjects or on a subject suggested by this selection:

a. My Garden
b. Music in My Life
c. My Most Satisfying Creation
d. A Person Who Has Been Himself
e. Following the Crowd

5. MARY WHITE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Here is a sketch of a high-school girl who was different. The selection, the obituary of the girl, was written by her father.

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet farther on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a high-school boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered, and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless, little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men. Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child, with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted

by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draft of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her school-fellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged high-school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great, spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids" gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw, jam, cakes, preserves, oranges, and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the high school. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who she thought could remedy the evil.

The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most

impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her high-school class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill's Harvard classmen—Heavens, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love," from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's *Symphonic Pathétique,* which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the high school.

That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her high-school principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-by.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight

upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Mention ways in which this obituary differs from most obituaries
2. Point out traits that show that Mary White was a genuine individual. What were her most endearing qualities? How does her father make them clear? How does he use the words "persiflage" and "Peter Pan" in relation to his daughter?
3. Tell about the books Mary White liked. If you are not familiar with them, become acquainted with at least one of them.
4. Describe the community in which Mary White lived. Tell about a high-school boy or girl who reminds you of her.
5. Volunteers report on Emerson's "Threnody," written of his six-year old son; Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Elegy" (in *Second April*) for a college friend; John Crowe Ransom's "Bells for John Whitesides' Daughter"; and Matthew Arnold's "Requiescat."

C

COUNTRY LIFE

1. THE PASTURE

ROBERT FROST

I 'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I 'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

I 'm going out to fetch the little calf
That 's standing by the mother. It 's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

2. THE RUNAWAY

ROBERT FROST

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow 's afraid of the snow.
He is n't winter-broken. It is n't play
With the little fellow at all. He 's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It 's only weather.' He'd think she did n't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."

And now he comes again with a clatter of stone
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight,
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

3. AFTER APPLE-PICKING

ROBERT FROST

The work and autumn are done; winter and sleep are coming on. Such is the spirit of "After Apple-Picking."

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.
I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight
I got from looking through a pane of glass
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough
And held against the world of hoary grass.
It melted, and I let it fall and break.

But I was well
Upon my way to sleep before it fell,
And I could tell
What form my dreaming was about to take.
Magnified apples appear and disappear,
Stem end and blossom end,
And every fleck of russet showing clear.
My instep arch not only keeps the ache,
It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.
I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend.
And I keep hearing from the cellar bin
The rumbling sound
Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much
Of apple-picking: I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.
There were ten thousand thousand fruit to touch,
Cherish in hand, lift down, and not let fall.
For all
That struck the earth,
No matter if not bruised or spiked with stubble,
Went surely to the cider-apple heap
As of no worth.
One can see what will trouble
This sleep of mine, whatever sleep it is.
Were he not gone,
The woodchuck could say whether it's like his
Long sleep, as I describe its coming on,
Or just some human sleep.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What clear-cut pictures do you get from these poems?

2. What is your answer to the invitation in "The Pasture," "You Come Too"? Why?

3. Read aloud the dialogue in "The Runaway." Find evidences of humor in the poem. What does thinking of the "runaway" as youth add to the poem?

4. What is uncanny or mystical in "After Apple-Picking"? Read lines that indicate that the poet had actually picked apples. Explain the statement:

I am overtired
Of the great harvest I myself desired.

5. The rhyme scheme of "The Runaway" is symmetrical. Into what three groups are the verses divided? Note the use of tercets and couplets.

6. "The Pasture" was the fly-leaf poem of Frost's *North of Boston.* Amy Lowell thought it might "very well serve as motto to all Mr. Frost's work." Reread the poem and tell what she meant.

7. In what ways can you contrast this poem with the next by Whittier? In what ways are the two poems alike?

4. THE HUSKERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

On farms in olden days one of the regular tasks was the husking of the corn. It was a practice in some parts of the country to turn the work into an excuse for a social gathering where all assisted with the work. Games and songs were always a part of the entertainment. Whittier has written this poem about the old husking-bees.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as though the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
 Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
 Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
 And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
 Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. "The Huskers" is one of Whittier's *Songs of Labor.* In the poem how far did he accomplish the aim he expressed in the dedication:

> So haply these, my simple lays
> Of homely toil, may serve to show
> The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
> That skirt and gladden duty's ways.
> The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

2. How does Whittier create the atmosphere of the day late in mild October? Who was the singer of "The Corn Song"? Which of two parts of the poem appeals more to you? Explain.

3. Read other *Songs of Labor* or other poems of country life:
 a. Robert Burns, "To a Mouse" and "To a Mountain Daisy."
 b. William Wordsworth, "The Solitary Reaper."
 c. John Keats, "Ode to Autumn."
 d. William Vaughan Moody, "Gloucester Moors."
 e. E. A. Robinson, "The Sheaves," "The Cobbler in Willow Street."
 f. Jesse Stuart, *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plough* (especially 1, 2, 11, 12, 14, 290, and 360).

5. WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and sausage too!
I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on *me*—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What details indicate that Riley was living through the season? What, for example, is the sound of the corn?

2. Where is the expression amusing? In what dialect is the poem?

6. LUCINDA MATLOCK

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Have you ever been disgusted at the sight of a person who is bored with life, who finds no satisfaction in doing anything? The increasing number of such flabby do-nothings is not a good sign for the future welfare and happiness of the human race. In this little poem Edgar Lee Masters has given a portrait of exactly the opposite type of person. In Lucinda Matlock the will to enjoy life was all that was necessary; happiness naturally followed.

I went to the dances at Chandlerville,
And played snap-out at Winchester.
One time we changed partners,
Driving home in the moonlight of middle June,
And then I found Davis.
We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.

I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
I made the garden, and for holiday
Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed—
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.

What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

7. FIDDLER JONES

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

The earth keeps some vibration going
There in your heart, and that is you.
And if the people find you can fiddle,
Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.

What do you see, a harvest of clover?
Or a meadow to walk through to the river?
The wind's in the corn; you rub your hands
For beeves hereafter ready for market;
Or else you hear the rustle of skirts
Like the girls when dancing at Little Grove.

To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust,
Or whirling leaves meant ruinous drouth;
They looked to me like Red-Head Sammy
Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."
How could I till my forty acres
Not to speak of getting more,
With a medley of horns, bassoons and piccolos
Stirred in my brain by crows and robins
And the creak of a wind-mill—only these?

And I never started to plow in my life
That some one did not stop in the road
And take me away to a dance or picnic.
I ended up with forty acres;
I ended up with a broken fiddle—
And a broken laugh, and a thousand memories,
And not a single regret.

8. HARE DRUMMER

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Do the boys and girls still go to Siever's
For cider, after school, in late September?
Or gather hazel nuts among the thickets
On Aaron Hatfield's farm when the frosts begin?
For many times with the laughing girls and boys
Played I along the road and over the hills
When the sun was low and the air was cool,
Stopping to club the walnut tree
Standing leafless against a flaming west.

Now, the smell of the autumn smoke,
And the dropping acorns,
And the echoes about the vales
Bring dreams of life. They hover over me.

They question me:
Where are those laughing comrades?
How many are with me, how many
In the old orchards along the way to Siever's,
And in the woods that overlook
The quiet water?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. These poems are epitaphs from *The Spoon River Anthology.* What do they reveal of country life and of life?
2. What sort of person was Lucinda Matlock? What lines suggest that Fiddler Jones was at heart a fiddler rather than a farmer?
3. Point out prosaic passages and poetical ones in these poems. What gain or loss comes from Masters' use of free verse?
4. Why may the poems be regarded as short stories or as dramatic monologues?
5. What glimpse of the country do you get through Mr. Masters' poem "Johnny Appleseed"?

9. THE PLOWING

FRANK NORRIS

Is the author's purpose to tell of plowing as work or as play?

The plowing thus commenced, continued. The sun rose higher. Steadily the hundred iron hands kneaded and furrowed and stroked the brown, humid earth, the hundred iron teeth bit deep into the Titan's flesh. Perched on his seat, the moist living reins slipping and tugging in his hands, Vanamee, in the midst of this steady confusion of constantly varying sensation, sight interrupted by sound, sound mingling with sight, on this swaying, vibrating seat, quivering with the prolonged thrill of the earth, lapsed to a sort of pleasing numbness, in a sense, hypnotized by the weaving maze of things in which he found himself involved. To keep his team at an even, regular gait, maintaining the precise interval, to run his furrows as closely as possible to those already made by the plow in front—this for the moment was the entire sum of his duties. But while one part of his brain, alert and watchful, took cognizance of these matters, all the

greater part was lulled and stupefied with the long monotony of the affair.

The plowing, now in full swing, enveloped him in a vague, slow-moving whirl of things. Underneath him was the jarring, jolting, trembling machine; not a clod was turned, not an obstacle encountered, that he did not receive the swift impression of it through all his body; the very friction of the damp soil, sliding incessantly from the shiny surface of the shears, seemed to reproduce itself in his finger-tips and along the back of his head. He heard the horse-hoofs by the myriads crushing down easily, deeply, into the loam, the prolonged clinking of trace-chains, the working of the smooth brown flanks in the harness, the clatter of wooden hames, the champing of bits, the click of iron shoes against pebbles, the brittle stubble of the surface ground crackling and snapping as the furrows turned, the sonorous, steady breaths wrenched from the deep, laboring chests, strap-bound, shining with sweat, and all along the line the voices of the men talking to the horses. Everywhere there were visions of glossy brown backs, straining, heaving, swollen with muscle; harness streaked with specks of froth, broad, cup-shaped hoofs, heavy with brown loam, men's faces red with tan, blue overalls spotted with axle-grease; muscled hands, the knuckles whitened in their grip on the reins, and through it all the ammoniacal smell of the horses, the bitter reek of perspiration of beasts and men, the aroma of warm leather, the scent of dead stubble—and stronger and more penetrating than everything else, the heavy, enervating odor of the upturned, living earth.

10. LIFE ON HEAVEN TREES PLANTATION

STARK YOUNG

Heaven Trees was the large Mississippi plantation on which Stark Young's relatives lived before the Civil War. Their hospitality included many interesting and eccentric individuals such as Parson Bates and Miss Mary Cherry.

In the midst of the flowers and graces of Heaven Trees, its scented garden walks and affable ways, there stood an element of character, nevertheless: certain obligations, certain codes, certain points of conscience and honor. In the same way exactly among

the figures of us stood Parson Bates, our county preacher and my Uncle George's friend. In the midst of the Sunday pleasures, the reunion of friends and families and the merriment of cousins and neighbors, with bright good mornings and smiles and news of the week—in the midst of such a Sunday he stood firm and hot. He had character, thunder, conscience, and every form of fiery strength.

Parson Bates was a sight you could look at a long time without guessing who he was or what he did. He had a red face, big red hands, tousled hair, and a more tousled stock about his neck. He dressed in black, with a greenish gloss about the knees and elbows. He looked violent, looked to be made up of very human flesh that had been battered into sanctity; the air of him was strong and aggressive, full of tamed lions and flapping wings. In sum, he might have been a sort of apostolic prize-fighter or a champion wrestler of the church militant, boxing about like a divine Castor and Pollux in a new religion. On week-days he preached in Senatobia or Longtown, on Saturdays nearly always in Sardis. At Cistern Hill, the church my uncle had built for the colored people three miles away, Parson Bates preached twice a year; at which times he gave them hell-fire, heavenly harmony and brimstone enough to last them the rest of the season. They could rise to heaven and wash their feet in milk before the Saviour and eat honey if they behaved themselves, or could roast in torment everlasting; they could take their choice.

On Sundays he preached at our own Fredonia church. He had preached all over north Mississippi and was known in every town, but of late years had settled more and more into Panola; and to Fredonia every Sunday we went, the ladies and little girls in their brightest gowns, the gentlemen at their best, the little boys very stiff and cautioned to be careful. And there we sat and heard him like a flowering meadow at the foot of an oak.

Part of the time Parson Bates served as conductor. The first three days of the week, in fact, he was on the railroad from Memphis, in Tennessee, to Grenada, in Mississippi, a railroad of which my grandfather was chief owner and his brother-in-law, Colonel White, of the South Carolina Whites, was president. There was so far but one engine on this line; it was called after my grandfather; on it was printed in great gilt letters the name *Hugh McGehee.*

I am afraid Parson Bates in this enterprise combined the railroad with the evangelists, drove Elijah's Chariot with steam. I

know that once or twice he ferreted out runaway couples among his passengers, reproved them, and sent them back to their parents, and then talked and bullied their parents into consenting to a wedding. One of these couples once, as soon as they boarded the train, had given what seemed to be good reasons for running away, and for these Parson Bates stopped the train, bought a license and married them on the spot; and when the president of the road, Colonel White, who happened to be aboard, inquired about the delay, Bates said nothing, but collected the fare and the preacher's wedding-fee from the couple and turned to Colonel White. "Here's my money," he said, "and here's yours." This same president he came near putting off the train once for refusing to throw away his cigar; smoking was prohibited on the Bates trains. I don't know what the other conductors did about it. . . .

The church at Fredonia, where Parson Bates preached on Sundays, was of brick with plaster columns across the porch and two huge doors leading inside. Here the light fell through high leaded windows over the plaster of the walls, the black beams and wainscoting, and the black pews, so high that you could see only the heads and bonnets of the congregation. In the gallery at the back a number of darkies sat, and from that place joined sometimes in the singing, not too loud, and moaned a little in the prayers, the older ones among them sometimes saying "Amen" and "Praise' be the Lord." There was a cool quietness and pride dwelling everywhere; it did not seem the house of a very jealous God.

.

How different it must have seemed to my Cousin Ellen that first Sunday she went, how different from the church at home in Pittsford, Vermont! She kept seeing the little town of Pittsford, the rows of elm-trees with their gray, quiet shade, the gentle mountain, the slender voices of the birds, the noiseless houses, not a piano going, nor a man, woman, or child singing out a song. She thought of her uncle and aunt on their way to church, her uncle a little in advance, not very gallantly perhaps, and not giving her aunt his arm as Doctor Clay would have done to her Aunt Martha. Her uncle in his long black coat and polished gaiters; the family walking along with nothing to say to each other but now and then stopping to speak to one of the neighbors. Past the trout-stream they had gone, on Sunday to be re-

garded as troutless, past the post-office, now postless, to the white church beyond. Afterward home again, quietly, a little walk in the afternoon, a short service at night with more hymns. In Pittsford there had been no Sunday display of fineries. And she sat here now in her dress of purple silk with its slight ungodly tightness in the waist—what would God think of her? She thought of Henry.

Into this warm bright light my Cousin Ellen came again when the service was over. And I smile now to think of how that little face must have looked and what trouble or dismay or vague remoteness must have been in those gentle eyes, for she could not have been used to such power and volume in religion. If she had feared lest she fall into the sin of strayed thoughts, thinking of Pittsford and home when she should have heard the sermon at hand, she was mistaken; she had reckoned without her host if she had counted on any absent wandering among these reveries. Little she knew Parson Bates. She did not know that, though he always smiled when he approached the dinner-table, where she had already seen him, he always frowned when he went into the pulpit, where now he was to confront her among the other sinners.

He gave out the hymn in a voice like thunder, so that the congregation when they began to sing, however loud they hit it off, always sounded like mere cowed mortals lifting up their wail to an angry God. Then Parson Bates took his text and preached. Hell-fire and eternal damnation were his central themes. He was one of those old-timers who lived a heavenly example and threatened hell.

Parson Bates had his moments of poetry too and what, I suppose, for his spirit, was a very serene and tranquil loveliness. He spoke of the golden censer in heaven and the golden altar before the throne with golden horns upon it. And once, he said, when the seventh seal was opened, "there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour," which seemed to us quite a time in the midst of such violent offices as Parson Bates's.

He had some locusts, too, that he got from the Book of Revelation somewhere, who came out in smoke from the bottomless pit and were commanded not to hurt the grasses of the earth nor any green thing, nor any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads. The shape of these locusts was like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold and their faces were as the faces

of men. And they had hair as the hair of women, and teeth as the teeth of lions, and they had breastplates as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of the chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months.

These locusts, with the men's faces and women's hair and lions' teeth and stings that hurt you for five months, had a king over them with a pretty Greek name, I used to think, of Apollyon, meaning, Parson Bates said, destroyer; the Hebrew of it was Abaddon, he said.

There were also four angels loosed out of the River Euphrates and prepared for an hour and a day and a month and a year to assail the third part of man, and horses in a vision with breastplates of fire, jacinth, and brimstone, with lion heads, and fire and smoke and brimstone coming out of their mouths and power in their mouths and in their tails. They should make our bellies bitter, Parson Bates said.

My Cousin Ellen had heard him that first day pound and roar and exalt. "What is Behemoth," she thought, "what is Leviathan, to this man?" She felt thumped and thwacked all over. What vitality! What a voice among the beams and rafters! One almost expected heaven to open.

The children's eyes used to be big as saucers during these tremendous accounts of Parson Bates. I am excited when I think of these monstrous marvels even now. But I never was quite overcome, because I kept my eye on Uncle George and how he was taking it. When I was very small I used to slip my hand in his at the most terrifying climaxes, but later on I merely glanced at Uncle George to see how matters stood. He sat back in his pew with a pleased and hearty look on his face, with his gaze on Bates, as if he were peering down into a divine arena where a plucky little boy was raising the dust. He was not afraid of either Bates or God, but I thought he liked both of them better than any of us did.

When church had ended, every one had risen and began pouring into the aisles, carrying my Cousin Ellen with them. What had been heads over the tops of the pews were now bodies. Ranks of hoopskirts bubbled out over the carpets, and little boys who had been hidden away up to now came along with their elders or went wriggling through the worshippers' legs.

The congregation did not seem to Cousin Ellen so very much

damped by the threats of hell and prophecies of fire, though some of the ladies had tears in their eyes as they greeted each other and withdrew into various groups for refreshments. My Aunt Martha was opening a hamper basket, out of which she took cakes and bottles of wine. And now that church was over, and there was still a ride home, every one was taking some of the refreshments and talking at the same time. There were compliments to the sermon and, in the midst of the banter, the old regular joke had come, some one passing the cherry bounce to Miss Mary Cherry and saying that it belonged to her family, and the regular burst of laughter. . . .

They told Cousin Ellen of Ellington Pegues, when she observed a tall shaft with the palm leaves wreathed upon it and asked whose monument that was. Ellington Pegues had been a young preacher in Sardis, a very handsome and romantic young man, of the Carolina Pegueses, killed in a duel for some rivalry over a lady's hand, Rosa Hunt was her name. But the duel, of course, had been fought on some other pretext to spare a lady's honor.

Palm wreaths, marble shafts, duels of pastors, cake and wine, so much pleasantry and conversation, angels and ministers of grace, how far the devout of Heaven Trees and Panola County must have seemed to my Cousin Ellen from her own people in Vermont, how far indeed! Like two races almost they were, different kinds of human beings.

What must she have thought of that other sort of race, a few moments later? For every Sunday, when roads were good and the weather permitted, it was the custom of my cousins, any of them who lived in the same neighborhood, to race one another home when the time came for them to go. And on this Sunday as she sat in my Uncle George's rockaway and every one got settled into his place, my Cousin Ellen had suddenly seen Oscar, the coachman, with Solomon grinning beside him, give the horses a sharp flip with his whip and had felt the carriage leap forward. Uncle George called out: "The wing'd steeds are pawing the courts. Eros and Mars, let us go!" She felt Miss Mary Cherry, who sat beside her fanning herself, suddenly sit bolt upright, snapping her fan to with disapproval. Behind them came Mr. Bobo, his face beaming, in a kind of trap or yellow chaise, as some called it, driving his sorrels and pressing close, in the hope of passing the rockaway and so to win the race.

"But what is this?" Cousin Ellen had asked, and they explained

that they were racing to see who could draw up first at the gate; and she had settled herself back with what thoughts may have been her own to await the end of the contest; her eyes were shining.

Horse-racing on the Sabbath!

Miss Mary Cherry looked down at her: "I don't wonder you inquire! It's sinful, I regard it."

Solomon had given the horses another crack and they went faster yet. The wine-bottles in the hamper rattled together. Behind them in a cloud of yellow dust the smooth rhythm of Mr. Bobo's perfect trotters came louder and louder. He was driving himself. It was not for nothing that his heart dwelt with his horses. Cousin Ellen could hear him talking to them: "Come on, boys! Steady, steady!" "What'll you bet," he called, "what'll you bet, ladies, that we win?"

Miss Mary Cherry, sitting back with her dignified contemplation and godly remoteness, suddenly leaned forward and boxed our driver over the ear with her fan.

"Get up, you fool," she cried; "don't you see he's going to pass us?"

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Write a character sketch of Parson Bates in one paragraph. Have you ever known any one like him?

2. Miss Mary Cherry is a famous character in Stark Young's novel, *So Red the Rose*, which has also been a successful moving-picture show. From what you learn about her in this story, decide upon the best actress to play the part.

3. What customs and details of costume and travel show this episode to have taken place about a century ago?

4. How have improvements in transportation and communication tended to make the customs of different sections of our country more nearly alike than they were one hundred years ago? What have been the effects, if any, of improved transportation and communication on (a) speech, (b) dress, (c) food, (d) houses and their furniture, (e) amusements, (f) national solidarity?

5. What does Stark Young mean when he uses this figure of speech: "And there we sat and heard him, like a flowering meadow at the foot of an oak"? Can you find other figures of speech in this selection?

6. Give synonyms (words having similar meaning) for the following words: affable, sanctity, wainscoting, gaiters, reveries, censer, hamper banter, rockaway, chaise, monstrous.

11. BOOMTOWN PICTURES: THE RUSH

LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

The peaceful quiet of the smooth brown country roads is disturbed by a horde of oil-mad invaders, each eager to be first. In long lines of moving-vans they come, their heavy wheels scarring the quiet country lanes, leaving unseemly gashes and treacherous dust-filled holes in that unbroken smoothness.

Motor trucks plowing heavily through the gray dust-dirt of the road; strong-muscled dray horses pulling a loaded wagon with chairs piled high on top. From a covered wagon peers a face, sunbrowned and careworn, but the eyes are eager with a half-doubtful hope.

Perched on the insecure seat of a ramshackle vehicle is an evil-looking old crone chewing a snuff brush; the rags and tags of her scant household furnishings are trailing half off the broken wagon; the bony ribs of her ancient nag are heaving with struggling gasps for breath, but the old woman leans forward and beats him with a knotty stick. Her eyes are calm . . . even stolid.

Two men, one with bent shoulders and white hair, are driving a hack. It is piled with chairs and tables made from willows down by the creek, tortured into strange unnatural shapes, and made hideous with blobs of gaudy paint. At the rear a little dog runs panting, his pink tongue lolling through the dusk.

And on and on, unceasingly they come. Through the night the trucks grind past, and through the day. Nobody going in the opposite direction—facing west they come—all bound for the stinking Mecca of the oil-fields.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Compare the workers who rush to the oil fields with the earlier pioneers who went West for land.

2. If you have ever lived near an oil field, tell the class how wells are drilled.

3. How does Lexie Dean Robertson's "prose-poem" differ from ordinary prose? Read it aloud, rather dramatically.

4. Volunteers secure a copy of Lexie Dean Robertson's *Acorn on the Roof* and choose selections to read to the class. Get a copy of her "Boomtown Pictures" and note its striking descriptions. "The Rush" is only one section of this prose-poem.

12. THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL

WILLA CATHER

It is an old saying that a prophet is not honored in his own country. "The Sculptor's Funeral" is the story of a man of genius who was not appreciated by his fellow townsmen.

A group of the townspeople stood on the station siding of a little Kansas town, awaiting the coming of the night train, which was already twenty minutes overdue. The snow had fallen thick over everything; in the pale starlight the line of bluffs across the wide, white meadows south of the town made soft, smoke-colored curves against the clear sky. The men on the siding stood first on one foot and then on the other, their hands thrust deep into their trousers pockets, their overcoats open, their shoulders screwed up with the cold; and they glanced from time to time toward the southeast, where the railroad track wound along the river shore. They conversed in low tones and moved about restlessly, seeming uncertain as to what was expected of them. There was but one of the company who looked as if he knew exactly why he was there, and he kept conspicuously apart; walking to the far end of the platform, returning to the station door, then pacing up the track again, his chin sunk in the high collar of his overcoat, his burly shoulders drooping forward, his gait heavy and dogged. Presently he was approached by a tall, spare, grizzled man clad in a faded Grand Army suit, who shuffled out from the group and advanced with a certain deference, craning his neck forward until his back made the angle of a jack-knife three-quarters open.

"I reckon she's a-goin' to be pretty late again to-night, Jim," he remarked in a squeaky falsetto. "S'pose it's the snow?"

"I don't know," responded the other man with a shade of annoyance, speaking from out an astonishing cataract of red beard that grew fiercely and thickly in all directions.

The spare man shifted the quill toothpick he was chewing to the other side of his mouth. "It ain't likely that anybody from the East will come with the corpse, I s'pose," he went on reflectively.

"I don't know," responded the other, more curtly than before.

"It's too bad he didn't belong to some lodge or other. I like an

order funeral myself. They seem more appropriate for people of some reputation," the spare man continued, with an ingratiating concession in his shrill voice, as he carefully placed his toothpick in his vest pocket. He always carried the flag at the G. A. R. funerals in the town.

The heavy man turned on his heel, without replying, and walked up the siding. The spare man rejoined the uneasy group.

"Jim's ez full ez a tick, ez ushel," he commented, commiseratingly.

Just then a distant whistle sounded, and there was a shuffling of feet on the platform. A number of lanky boys, of all ages, appeared as suddenly and slimily as eels wakened by the crack of thunder; some came from the waiting room, where they had been warming themselves by the red stove, or half asleep on the slat benches; others uncoiled themselves from baggage trucks or slid out of express wagons. Two clambered down from the driver's seat of a hearse that stood backed up against the siding. They straightened their stooping shoulders and lifted their heads, and a flash of momentary animation kindled their dull eyes at that cold, vibrant scream, the world-wide call for men. It stirred them like the note of a trumpet; just as it had often stirred the man who was coming home to-night, in his boyhood.

The night express shot, red as a rocket, from out the eastward marsh lands and wound along the river shore under the long lines of shivering poplars that sentineled the meadows, the escaping steam hanging in gray masses against the pale sky and blotting out the Milky Way. In a moment the red glare from the headlight streamed up the snow-covered track before the siding and glittered on the wet, black rails. The burly man with the dishevelled red beard walked swiftly up the platform toward the approaching train, uncovering his head as he went. The group of men behind him hesitated, glanced questioningly at one another, and awkwardly followed his example. The train stopped, and the crowd shuffled up to the express car just as the door was thrown open, the man in the G. A. R. suit thrusting his head forward with curiosity. The express messenger appeared in the doorway, accompanied by a young man in a long ulster and traveling cap.

"Are Mr. Merrick's friends here?" inquired the young man.

The group on the platform swayed uneasily. Philip Phelps, the banker, responded with dignity: "We have come to take charge of the body. Mr. Merrick's father is very feeble and can't be about."

"Send the agent out here," growled the express messenger, "and tell the operator to lend a hand."

The coffin was got out of its rough box and down on the snowy platform. The townspeople drew back enough to make room for it and then formed a close semicircle about it, looking curiously at the palm leaf which lay across the black cover. No one said anything. The baggage man stood by his truck, waiting to get at the trunks. The engine panted heavily, and the fireman dodged in and out among the wheels with his yellow torch and long oil can, snapping the spindle boxes. The young Bostonian, one of the dead sculptor's pupils who had come with the body, looked about him helplessly. He turned to the banker, the only one of that black, uneasy, stoop-shouldered group who seemed enough of an individual to be addressed.

"None of Mr. Merrick's brothers are here?" he asked, uncertainly.

The man with the red beard for the first time stepped up and joined the others. "No, they have not come yet; the family is scattered. The body will be taken directly to the house." He stooped and took hold of one of the handles of the coffin.

"Take the long hill road up, Thompson; it will be easier on the horses," called the liveryman as the undertaker snapped the door of the hearse and prepared to mount to the driver's seat.

Laird, the red-bearded lawyer, turned again to the stranger. "We didn't know whether there would be anyone with him or not," he explained. "It's a long walk, so you'd better go up in the hack." He pointed to a single battered conveyance, but the young man replied, stiffly: "Thank you, but I think I will go up with the hearse. If you don't object," turning to the undertaker, "I'll ride with you."

They clambered up over the wheels and drove off in the starlight up the long, white hill toward the town. The lamps in the still village were shining from under the low, snow-burdened roofs; and beyond on every side the plains reached out into emptiness, peaceful and wide as the soft sky itself, and wrapped in a tangible, white silence.

When the hearse backed up to a wooden sidewalk before a naked, weather-beaten frame house, the same composite, ill-defined group that had stood upon the station siding was huddled about the gate. The front yard was an icy swamp, and a couple of warped planks, extending from the sidewalk to the door, made a sort of rickety footbridge. The gate hung on one hinge, and was

opened wide with difficulty. Steavens, the young stranger, noticed that something black was tied to the knob of the front door.

The grating sound made by the casket, as it was drawn from the hearse, was answered by a scream from the house; the front door was wrenched open, and a tall, corpulent woman rushed out bareheaded into the snow and flung herself upon the coffin, shrieking: "My boy, my boy! And this is how you've come home to me!"

As Steavens turned away and closed his eyes with a shudder of unutterable repulsion, another woman, also tall, but flat and angular, dressed entirely in black, darted out of the house and caught Mrs. Merrick by the shoulders, crying, sharply: "Come, come, mother; you mustn't go on like this!" Her tone changed to one of obsequious solemnity as she turned to the banker. "The parlor is ready, Mr. Phelps."

The bearers carried the coffin along the narrow boards, while the undertaker ran ahead with the coffin-rests. They bore it into a large, unheated room that smelled of dampness and disuse and furniture polish, and set it down under a hanging lamp ornamented with jingling glass prisms and before a "Rogers group" of John Alden and Priscilla, wreathed with smilax. Henry Steavens stared about him with the sickening conviction that there had been a mistake and that he had somehow arrived at the wrong destination. He looked at the clover-green Brussels, the fat plush upholstery, among the hand-painted china placques and panels and vases, for some mark of identification—for something that might once conceivably have belonged to Harvey Merrick. It was not until he recognized his friend in the crayon portrait of a little boy in kilts and curls, hanging above the piano, that he felt willing to let any of these people approach the coffin.

"Take the lid off, Mr. Thompson. Let me see my boy's face," wailed the elder woman between her sobs. This time Steavens looked fearfully, almost beseechingly into her face, red and swollen under its masses of strong, black, shiny hair. He flushed, dropped his eyes, and then, almost incredulously, looked again. There was a kind of power about her face—a kind of brutal handsomeness, even; but it was scarred and furrowed by violence, and so colored and coarsened by fiercer passions that grief seemed never to have laid a gentle finger there. The long nose was distended and knobbed at the end, and there were deep lines on either side of it; her heavy, black brows almost met across her forehead, her teeth were large and square and set far apart—

teeth that could tear. She filled the room; the men were obliterated, seemed tossed about like twigs in an angry water, and even Steavens felt himself being drawn into the whirlpool.

The daughter—the tall, rawboned woman in crêpe, with a mourning comb in her hair which curiously lengthened her long face—sat stiffly upon the sofa, her hands, conspicuous for their large knuckles, folded in her lap, her mouth and eyes drawn down, solemnly awaiting the opening of the coffin. Near the door stood a mulatto woman, evidently a servant in the house, with a timid bearing and an emaciated face pitifully sad and gentle. She was weeping silently, the corner of her calico apron lifted to her eyes, occasionally suppressing a long, quivering sob. Steavens walked over and stood beside her.

Feeble steps were heard on the stairs, and an old man, tall and frail, odorous of pipe smoke, with shaggy, unkempt gray hair and a dingy beard, tobacco stained about the mouth, entered uncertainly. He went slowly up to the coffin and stood rolling a blue cotton handkerchief between his hands, seeming so pained and embarrassed by his wife's orgy of grief that he had no consciousness of anything else.

"There, there, Annie, dear, don't take on so." he quavered, timidly, putting out a shaking hand and awkwardly patting her elbow. She turned and sank upon his shoulder with such violence that he tottered a little. He did not even glance toward the coffin, but continued to look at her with a dull, frightened, appealing expression, as a spaniel looks at the whip. His sunken cheeks slowly reddened and burned with miserable shame. When his wife rushed from the room, her daughter strode after her with set lips. The servant stole up to the coffin, bent over it for a moment, and then slipped away to the kitchen, leaving Steavens, the lawyer, and the father to themselves. The old man stood looking down at his dead son's face. The sculptor's splendid head seemed even more noble in its rigid stillness than in life. The dark hair had crept down upon the wide forehead; the face seemed strangely long, but in it there was not that repose we expect to find in the faces of the dead. The brows were so drawn that there were two deep lines above the beaked nose, and the chin was thrust forward defiantly. It was as though the strain of life had been so sharp and bitter that death could not at once relax the tension and smooth the countenance into perfect peace—as though he were still guarding something precious, which might even yet be wrested from him.

The old man's lips were working under his strained beard. He turned to the lawyer with timid deference: "Phelps and the rest are comin' back to set up with Harve, ain't they?" he asked. "Thank 'ee, Jim, thank 'ee." He brushed the hair back gently from his son's forehead. "He was a good boy, Jim; always a good boy. He was ez gentle ez a child and the kindest of 'em all —only we didn't none of us ever onderstand *him.*" *The tears trickled slowly down his beard and dropped upon the sculptor's coat.*

"*Martin! Martin! Oh,* Martin! come here," his wife wailed from the top of the stairs. The old man started timorously: "Yes, Annie, I'm coming." He turned away, hesitated, stood for a moment in miserable indecision; then reached back and patted the dead man's hair softly, and stumbled from the room.

"Poor old man, I didn't think he had any tears left. Seems as if his eyes would have gone dry long ago. At his age nothing cuts very deep," remarked the lawyer.

Something in his tone made Steavens glance up. While the mother had been in the room, the young man had scarcely seen anyone else; but now, from the moment he first glanced into Jim Laird's florid face and bloodshot eyes, he knew that he had found what he had been heartsick at not finding before—the feeling, the understanding, that must exist in some one, even here.

The man was red as his beard, with features swollen and blurred by dissipation, and a hot, blazing blue eye. His face was strained—that of a man who is controlling himself with difficulty —and he kept plucking at his beard with a sort of fierce resentment. Steavens, sitting by the window, watched him turn down the glaring lamp, still its jangling pendants with an angry gesture, and then stand with his hands locked behind him, staring down into the master's face. He could not help wondering what link there had been between the porcelain vessel and so sooty a lump of potter's clay.

From the kitchen an uproar was sounding; when the dining-room door opened, the import of it was clear. The mother was abusing the maid for having forgotten to make the dressing for the chicken salad which had been prepared for the watchers. Steavens had never heard anything in the least like it; it was injured, emotional, dramatic abuse, unique and masterly in its excruciating cruelty, as violent and unrestrained as had been her grief of twenty minutes before. With a shudder of disgust the

lawyer went into the dining room and closed the door into the kitchen.

"Poor Roxy's getting it now," he remarked when he came back. "The Merricks took her out of the poorhouse years ago; and if her loyalty would let her, I guess the poor old thing could tell tales that would curdle your blood. She's the mulatto woman who was standing in here a while ago, with her apron to her eyes. The old woman is a fury; there never was anybody like her. She made Harvey's life a hell for him when he lived at home; he was so sick ashamed of it. I never could see how he kept himself sweet."

"He was wonderful," said Steavens, slowly, "wonderful; but until to-night I have never known how wonderful."

"That is the eternal wonder of it, anyway; that it can come even from such a dung heap as this," the lawyer cried, with a sweeping gesture which seemed to indicate much more than the four walls within which they stood.

"I think I'll see whether I can get a little air. The room is so close I am beginning to feel rather faint," murmured Steavens, struggling with one of the windows. The sash was stuck, however, and would not yield, so he sat down dejectedly and began pulling at his collar. The lawyer came over, loosened the sash with one blow of his red fist and sent the window up a few inches. Steavens thanked him, but the nausea which had been gradually climbing into his throat for the last half hour left him with but one desire—a desperate feeling that he must get away from this place with what was left of Harvey Merrick. Oh, he comprehended well enough now the quiet bitterness of the smile that he had seen so often on his master's lips!

Once when Merrick returned from a visit home, he brought with him a singularly feeling and suggestive bas-relief of a thin, faded old woman, sitting and sewing something pinned to her knee; while a full-lipped, full-blooded little urchin, his trousers held up by a single gallows, stood beside her, impatiently twitching her gown to call her attention to a butterfly he had caught. Steavens, impressed by the tender and delicate modeling of the thin, tired face, had asked him if it were his mother. He remembered the dull flush that had burned up in the sculptor's face.

The lawyer was sitting in a rocking chair beside the coffin, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. Steavens looked at him earnestly, puzzled at the line of the chin, and wondering why a man should conceal a feature of such distinction under that dis-

figuring shock of beard. Suddenly, as though he felt the young sculptor's keen glance, Jim Laird opened his eyes.

"Was he always a good deal of an oyster?" he asked, abruptly. "He was terribly shy as a boy."

"Yes, he was an oyster, since you put it so," rejoined Steavens. "Although he could be very fond of people, he always gave one the impression of being detached. He disliked violent emotion; he was reflective, and rather distrustful of himself—except, of course, as regarded his work. He was sure enough there. He distrusted men pretty thoroughly, and women even more, yet somehow, without believing ill of them. He was determined, indeed, to believe the best; but he seemed afraid to investigate."

"A burnt dog dreads the fire," said the lawyer, grimly, and closed his eyes.

Steavens went on and on reconstructing that whole miserable boyhood. All this raw, biting ugliness had been the portion of the man whose mind was to become an exhaustless gallery of beautiful impressions—so sensitive that the mere shadow of a poplar leaf flickering against a sunny wall would be etched and held there for ever. Surely, if ever a man had the magic word in his finger tips, it was Merrick. Whatever he touched, he revealed its holiest secret; liberated it from enchantment and restored it to its pristine loveliness. Upon whatever he had come in contact with, he had left a beautiful record of the experience—a sort of ethereal signature; a scent, a sound, a color that was his own.

Steavens understood now the real tragedy of his master's life; neither love nor wine, as many had conjectured, but a blow which had fallen earlier and cut deeper than anything else could have done—a shame not his, and yet so unescapably his, to hide in his heart from his very boyhood. And without—the frontier warfare; the yearning of a boy, cast ashore upon a desert of newness and ugliness and sordidness, for all that is chastened and old, and noble with traditions.

At eleven o'clock the tall, flat woman in black announced that the watchers were arriving, and asked them to "step into the dining room." As Steavens rose, the lawyer said, dryly: "You go on—it'll be a good experience for you. I'm not equal to that crowd to-night; I've had twenty years of them."

As Steavens closed the door after him he glanced back at the lawyer, sitting by the coffin in the dim light, with his chin resting on his hand.

The same misty group that had stood before the door of the express car shuffled into the dining room. In the light of the kerosene lamp they separated and became individuals. The minister, a pale, feeble-looking man with white hair and blond chin whiskers, took his seat beside a small side table and placed his Bible upon it. The Grand Army man sat down behind the stove and tilted his chair back comfortably against the wall, fishing his quill toothpick from his waistcoat pocket. The two bankers, Phelps and Elder, sat off in a corner behind the dinner table, where they could finish their discussion of the new usury law and its effect on chattel security loans. The real-estate agent, an old man with a smiling, hypocritical face, soon joined them. The coal-and-lumber dealer and the cattle-shipper sat on opposite sides of the hard-coal burner, their feet on the nickel-work. Steavens took a book from his pocket and began to read. The talk around him ranged through various topics of local interest while the house was quieting down. When it was clear that the members of the family were in bed, the Grand Army man hitched his shoulders and, untangling his long legs, caught his heels on the rounds of his chair.

"S'pose there'll be a will, Phelps?" he queried in his weak falsetto.

The banker laughed disagreeably, and began trimming his nails with a pearl-handled pocket knife.

"There'll scarcely be any need for one, will there?" he queried in his turn.

The restless Grand Army man shifted his position again, getting his knees still nearer his chin. "Why, the ole man says Harve's done right well lately," he chirped.

The other banker spoke up. "I reckon he means by that Harve ain't asked him to mortgage any more farms lately, so as he could go on with his education."

"Seems like my mind don't reach back to a time when Harve wasn't bein' edycated," tittered the Grand Army man.

There was a general chuckle. The minister took out his handkerchief and blew his nose sonorously. Banker Phelps closed his knife with a snap. "It's too bad the old man's sons didn't turn out better," he remarked, with reflective authority. "They never hung together. He spent money enough on Harve to stock a dozen cattle farms, and he might as well have poured it into Sand Creek. If Harve had stayed at home and helped nurse what little they had, and gone into stock on the old man's bottom farm,

they might all have been well fixed. But the old man had to trust everything to tenants and was cheated right and left."

"Harve never could have handled stock none," interposed the cattleman. "He hadn't it in him to be sharp. Do you remember when he bought Sander's mules for eight-year-olds, when everybody in town knew that Sander's father-in-law give 'em to his wife for a wedding present eighteen years before, an' they was full-grown mules then?"

The company laughed discreetly, and the Grand Army man rubbed his knees with a spasm of childish delight.

"Harve never was much account for anything practical, and he shore was never fond of work," began the coal-and-lumber dealer. "I mind the last time he was home; the day he left, when the old man was out to the barn helpin' his hand hitch up to take Harve to the train, and Cal Moots was patchin' up the fence; Harve he come out on the step and sings out, in his lady-like voice; 'Cal Moots! Cal Moots! please come cord my trunk.'"

"That's Harve for you," approved the Grand Army man. "I kin hear him howlin' yet, when he was a big feller in long pants and his mother used to whale him with a rawhide in the barn for lettin' the cows get foundered in the cornfield when he was drivin' 'em home from pasture. He killed a cow of mine that-a-way onct—a pure Jersey and the best milker I had, an' the old man had to put up for her. Harve he was watchin' the sun set acrost the marshes when the anamile got away."

"Where the old man made his mistake was in sending the boy East to school," said Phelps, stroking his goatee and speaking in a deliberate, judicial tone. "There was where he got his head full of nonsense. What Harve needed, of all people, was a course in some first-class Kansas City business college."

The letters were swimming before Steaven's eyes. Was it possible that these men did not understand, that the palm on the coffin meant nothing to them? The very name of their town would have remained forever buried in the postal guide had it not been now and again mentioned in the world in connection with Harvey Merrick's. He remembered what his master had said to him on the day of his death, after the congestion of both lungs had shut off any probability of recovery, and the sculptor had asked his pupil to send his body home. "It's not a pleasant place to be lying while the world is moving and doing and bettering," he had said with a feeble smile, "but it rather seems as though we ought to go back to the place we came from, in the

end. The townspeople will come in for a look at me; and after they have had their say, I shan't have much to fear from the judgment of God!"

The cattleman took up the comment. "Forty's young for a Merrick to cash in; they usually hang on pretty well. Probably he helped it along with whisky."

"His mother's people were not long lived, and Harvey never had a robust constitution," said the minister, mildly. He would have liked to say more. He had been the boy's Sunday-school teacher and had been fond of him; but he felt that he was not in a position to speak. His own sons had turned out badly, and it was not a year since one of them had made his last trip home in the express car, shot in a gambling-house in the Black Hills.

"Nevertheless, there is no disputin' that Harve frequently looked upon the wine when it was red, also variegated, and it shore made an oncommon fool of him," moralized the cattleman.

Just then the door leading into the parlor rattled loudly and every one started involuntarily, looking relieved when only Jim Laird came out. The Grand Army man ducked his head when he saw the spark in his blue, bloodshot eye. They were all afraid of Jim; he was a drunkard, but he could twist the law to suit his client's needs as no other man in all western Kansas could do, and there were many who tried. The lawyer closed the door behind him, leaned back against it, and folded his arms, cocking his head a little to one side. When he assumed this attitude in the court-room, ears were always pricked up, as it usually foretold a flood of withering sarcasm.

"I've been with you gentlemen before," he began in a dry, even tone, "when you've sat by the coffins of boys born and raised in this town; and, if I remember rightly, you were never any too well satisfied when you checked them up. What's the matter, anyhow? Why is it that reputable young men are as scarce as millionaires in Sand City? It might almost seem to a stranger that there was, some way, something the matter with your progressive town. Why did Ruben Sayer, the brightest young lawyer you ever turned out, after he had come home from the university as straight as a die, take to drinking and forge a check and shoot himself? Why did Bill Merrit's son die of the shakes in a saloon in Omaha? Why was Mr. Thomas's son, here, shot in a gambling-house? Why did young Adams burn his mill to beat the insurance companies and go to the pen?"

The lawyer paused and unfolded his arms, laying one clenched fist quietly on the table. *"I'll tell you why. Because you drummed nothing but money and knavery into their ears from the time* they wore knickerbockers; because you carped away at them as you've been carping here to-night, holding our friends Phelps and Elder up to them for their models, as our grandfathers held up George Washington and John Adams. But the boys were young, and raw at the business you put them to, and how could they match coppers with such artists as Phelps and Elder? You wanted them to be successful rascals; they were only unsuccessful ones—that's all the difference. There was only one boy ever raised in this borderland between ruffianism and civilization who didn't come to grief, and you hated Harvey Merrick more for winning out than you hated all the other boys who got under the wheels. Lord! Lord, how you did hate him! Phelps, here, is fond of saying that he could buy and sell us all out any time he's a mind to; but he knew Harve wouldn't have given a tinker's dam for his bank and all his cattle farms put together; and a lack of appreciation, that way, goes hard with Phelps.

"Old Nimrod thinks Harve drank too much; and this from such as Nimrod and me!

"Brother Elder says Harve was too free with the old man's money—fell short in filial consideration, maybe. Well, we can all remember the very tone in which brother Elder swore his own father was a liar, in the county court; and we all know that the old man came out of that partnership with his son as bare as a sheared lamb. But maybe I'm getting personal, and I'd better be driving ahead at what I want to say."

The lawyer paused a moment, squared his heavy shoulders, and went on: "Harvey Merrick and I went to school together, back East. We were dead in earnest, and we wanted you all to be proud of us some day. We meant to be great men. Even I, and I haven't lost my sense of humor, gentlemen, I meant to be a great man. I came back here to practice, and I found you didn't in the least want me to be a great man. You wanted me to be a shrewd lawyer—oh yes! Our veteran here wanted me to get him an increase of pension, because he had dyspepsia; Phelps wanted a new county survey that would put the widow Wilson's little bottom farm inside his south line; Elder wanted to lend money at five per cent a month, and get it collected; and Stark here wanted to wheedle old women up in Vermont into investing their annuities in real-estate mortgages that are not worth the paper

they are written on. Oh, you needed me hard enough, and you'll go on needing me!

"Well, I came back here and became the damned shyster you wanted me to be. You pretend to have some sort of respect for me; and yet you'll stand up and throw mud at Harvey Merrick, whose soul you couldn't dirty and whose hands you couldn't tie. Oh, you're a discriminating lot of Christians! There have been times when the sight of Harvey's name in some Eastern paper has made me hang my head like a whipped dog; and, again, times when I liked to think of him off there in the world, away from all this hog-wallow, climbing the big, clean up-grade he'd set for himself.

"And we? Now that we've fought and lied and sweated and stolen, and hated as only the disappointed strugglers in a bitter, dead little Western town know how to do, what have we got to show for it? Harvey Merrick wouldn't have given one sunset over your marshes for all you've got put together, and you know it. It's not for me to say why, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, a genius should ever have been called from this place of hatred and bitter waters; but I want this Boston man to know that the drivel he's been hearing here to-night is the only tribute any truly great man could have from such a lot of sick, side-tracked, burnt-dog, land-poor sharks as the here-present financiers of Sand City—upon which town may God have mercy!"

The lawyer thrust out his hand to Steavens as he passed him, caught up his overcoat in the hall, and had left the house before the Grand Army man had had time to lift his ducked head and crane his long neck about at his fellows.

Next day Jim Laird was drunk and unable to attend the funeral services. Steavens called twice at his office, but was compelled to start East without seeing him. He had a presentiment that he would hear from him again, and left his address on the lawyer's table; but if Laird found it, he never acknowledged it. The thing in him that Harvey Merrick had loved must have gone underground with Harvey Merrick's coffin; for it never spoke again, and Jim got the cold he died of driving across the Colorado mountains to defend one of Phelps' sons who had got into trouble out there by cutting government timber.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the central idea in the account of the funeral? When does it first appear? How is it introduced?

2. If you have ever lived in a small town, tell whether you found it at

all like the town described in this story. Where can you find other realistic accounts of the bitterness and sordidness sometimes prevailing in villages and small towns?

3. What would be the attitude of Emerson or Sinclair Lewis toward *an "order funeral"*?

4. According to Steavens what was the real tragedy of Merrick's life? Why did Steavens refer to the palm on the coffin? What is the advantage of having Steavens in the story?

5. What use does the author make of contrast? Point out vivid passages of description, mentioning details that recreate the scenes.

6. How long a period of time does this short story cover? Compare with the usual period.

7. Stories of Willa Cather which you will find of interest are *The Wagner Matinée; My Mortal Enemy*, which Ludwig Lewisohn regards as her masterpiece; *My Antonia* and *Lucy Gayheart*. Note also such poems of hers as "The Palatine," "Prairie Spring," and "Grandmither, Think Not I Forget."

13. THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

Or, How Hill-Billy Jim Won the Great Fiddler's Prize

(*A Georgia Romance*)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Hill-Billy is a term frequently applied to the mountaineers of the South. Read this poem as if it were being sung to an old dance tune.

Up in the mountains, it 's lonesome all the time,
(Sof' win' slewin' thu' the sweet-potato vine).

Up in the mountains, it 's lonesome for a child,
(Whippoorwills a-callin' when the sap runs wild).

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everythin 's as lazy as an old houn' dog.

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet,
Don't want nuthin' an' never got it yet.

Born in the mountains, lonesome-born,
Raised runnin' ragged thu' the cockleburrs and corn.

Never knew my pappy, mebbe never should.
Think he was a fiddle made of mountain laurel-wood.

Never had a mammy to teach me pretty-please.
Think she was a whippoorwill, a-skitin' thu' the trees.

Never had a brother ner a whole pair of pants,
But when I start to fiddle, why, yuh got to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—Kingdom Come—Kingdom Come!
Hear the frogs a-chunkin' "Jug o' rum, Jug o' rum!"
Hear that mountain-whippoorwill be lonesome in the air,
An' I'll tell yuh how I traveled to the Essex County Fair.

Essex County has a mighty pretty fair,
All the smarty fiddlers from the South come there.

Elbows flyin' as they rosin up the bow
For the First Prize Contest in the Georgia Fiddlers' Show.

Old Dan Wheeling, with his whiskers in his ears,
King-pin fiddler for nearly twenty years.

Big Tom Sargent, with his blue wall-eye,
An' Little Jimmy Weezer that can make a fiddle cry.

All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud,
(Listen, little whippoorwill, yuh better bug yore eyes!)
Tun-a-tun-a-tunin' while the jedges told the crowd
Them that got the mostest claps 'd win the bestest prize.

Everybody waitin' for the first tweedle-dee,
When in comes a-stumblin'—hill-billy me!

Bowed right pretty to the jedges an' the rest,
Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table an' said, "There's my callin' card!
An' anyone that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle hard!"

Old Dan Wheeling, he was laughin' fit to holler,
Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller-toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippoorwill spang underneath my chin,
An' petted it an' tuned it till the jedges said, "Begin!"

Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;
He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato vine.
He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree.
He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea.

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked each other raw,
When he finished variations on "Turkey in the Straw."

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play;
He could fiddle all night, he could fiddle all day.

He could fiddle chills, he could fiddle fever,
He could make a fiddle rustle like a lowland river.

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman.
An' they clapped like thunder when he'd finished strummin'.

Then came the ruck of the bob-tailed fiddlers,
The let 's go-easies, the fair-to-middlers.

They got their claps an' they lost their bicker,
An' settled back for some more corn-licker.

An' the crowd was tired of their no-count squealing,
When out in the center steps Old Dan Wheeling.

He fiddled high and he fiddled low,
(Listen, little whippoorwill; yuh got to spread yore wings!)
He fiddled with a cherrywood bow.
(Old Dan Wheeling 's got bee-honey in his strings.)

He fiddled the wind by the lonesome moon,
He fiddled a most almighty tune.

He started fiddling like a ghost,
He ended fiddling like a host.

He fiddled north an' he fiddled south.
He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth.

He fiddled here an' he fiddled there.
He fiddled salvation everywhere.

When he was finished, the crowd cut loose,
(Whippoorwill, they 's rain on yore breast.)
An' I sat there wonderin', "What's the use?
(Whippoorwill, fly home to yore nest.)

But I stood up pert an' I took my bow,
An' my fiddle went to my shoulder, so.

An'—they was n't no crowd to get me fazed—
But I was alone where I was raised.

Up in the mountains, so still it makes yuh skeered.
Where God lies sleepin' in his big beard.

An' I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine,
An' I heard the earth a-breathin' thu' the long night-time

They 've fiddled the rose an' they 've fiddled the thorn,
But they have n't fiddled the mountain-corn.

They 've fiddled sinful an' fiddled moral,
But they have n't fiddled the breshwood-laurel.

They 've fiddled loud, an' they 've fiddled still,
But they have n't fiddled the whippoorwill.

I started off with a *dump-diddle-dump,*
(Oh, Hell 's broke loose in Georgia!)
Skunk-cabbage growin' by the bee-gum stump,
(Whippoorwill, yo 're singin' now!)

Oh, Georgia booze is mighty fine booze,
The best yuh ever poured yuh,
But it eats the soles right offen yore shoes,
For Hell 's broke loose in Georgia.

My mother was a whippoorwill pert,
My father, he was lazy,
But I 'm Hell broke loose in a new store shirt
To fiddle all Georgia crazy.

Swing yore partners—up an' down the middle!
Sashay now—oh, listen to that fiddle!
Flapjacks flippin' on a red-hot griddle,
An' hell broke loose,
Hell broke loose,
Fire on the mountains—snakes in the grass.
Satin 's here a-bilin'—oh, Lordy, let him pass!
Go down Moses, set my people free,
Pop goes the weasel thu' the old Red Sea!
Jonah sittin' on a hickory-bough,
Up jumps a whale—an' where 's yore prophet now?
Rabbit in the pea-patch, possum in the pot,
Try an' stop my fiddle, now my fiddle 's gettin' hot!
Whippoorwill, singin' thu' the mountain hush,
Whippoorwill, shoutin' from the burnin' bush,
Whippoorwill, cryin' in the stable-door,
Sing to-night as yuh never sang before!
Hell 's broke loose like a stompin' mountain-shoat,
Sing till yuh bust the gold in yore throat!
Hell's broke loose for forty miles aroun'
Bound to stop yore music if yuh don't sing it down.
Sing on the mountains, little whippoorwill,
Sing to the valleys, an' slap 'em with a hill,
For I'm struttin' high as an eagle's quill,
An' Hell 's broke loose,
Hell 's broke loose,
Hell 's broke loose in Georgia!

They was n't a sound when I stopped bowin',
(*Whippoorwill, yuh can sing no more.*)
But, somewhere or other, the dawn was growin',
(*Oh, mountain whippoorwill!*)

An' I thought, "I 've fiddled all night an' lost.
Yo 're a good hill-billy, but yuh 've been bossed."

So I went to congratulate old man Dan,
—But he put his fiddle into my han'—
An' then the noise of the crowd began.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What does the title emphasize? In one sentence summarize the story of the ballad.

2. Where does the author keep you in suspense?

3. Why is the poem "A Georgia Romance"? To what extent does the poem succeed in transporting you to Georgia? How does it accomplish that effect?

4. What is the advantage of the first person? Why has the author used italics?

5. Read Stephen Vincent Benét's short story "Uriah's Son"; read some other poems, including the "cinema epic" "John Brown's Body." You should also be acquainted with *A Book of Americans,* by Rosemary and Stephen Benét.

D

THE CITY

1. HYMN OF THE CITY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.



And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. With what city was Bryant associated?
2. What does Bryant see in the city?
3. In what ways does Bryant's poem differ from Whitman's?

2. MANNAHATTA

WALT WHITMAN

Manhattan is the name of the island upon which New York City was founded. Whitman is using a poetic form of the word.

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient.
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb, with tall and wonderful spires;
Rich, hemmed thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising towards clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, towards sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well modelled,
The down-town streets, the jobber houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and the money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river,
passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,
A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men.
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Find clues that this poem dates from an earlier day than our own. It was written in 1860.
2. In this description what differentiates New York from other cities?
3. What is the poet's feeling for New York? Refer also to "Give me the Splendid Silent Sun," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," and "A Broadway Pageant."
4. Discuss names. Stephen Benét wrote a poem called "American Names."
5. Make lists of items that will describe some town or city that you know.
6. How may Stephen Benét's "Burning City" be connected with "Mannahatta"?

3. CHICAGO

CARL SANDBURG

H. L. Mencken may be right in his contention that no capable prose writer has ever written about New York, but Chicago has had its picture drawn by a poet who is intimately acquainted with all aspects of the city. Carl Sandburg knows Chicago as well as most villagers know their own little towns. He sees cruelty and crudeness in it, but he loves it.

In this poem Sandburg admirably catches the spirit of Chicago. Notice how his short, vigorous lines give you a feeling of the restless energy of the city. Think of "Chicago" as if it were a motion picture and note the distinctness of the different "flashes." Does Sandburg gain vividness by picturing the city as a person?

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,

City of the Big Shoulders:
They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at *this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:*
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

For many years poets were not inspired by cities; Wordsworth's "Westminster Bridge" was an exception. Walt Whitman was a pioneer. Find other poems on cities. Do not overlook Robert Browning's "Up at a Villa—Down in the City"; Richard Le Gallienne's "Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn"; and John Gould Fletcher's "Broadway's Canyon."

4. *BLUE ISLAND INTERSECTION*

CARL SANDBURG

There is a place in Chicago where three streets come together. The first stanza of this poem describes the sights and sounds of that intersection during the busy hours of the day. The second is a nocturne, or night-piece, that gives an impression of the same place in the quiet time just before dawn.

Six street-ends come together here.
They feed people and wagons into the center.
In and out all day horses with thoughts of nose-bags,
Men with shovels, women with baskets and baby buggies.
Six ends of streets and no sleep for them all day.
The people and wagons come and go, out and in.
Triangles of banks and drug stores watch.
The policemen whistle, the trolley cars bump:
Wheels, wheels, feet, feet, all day.

In the false dawn when the chickens blink
And the east shakes a lazy baby toe at tomorrow,
And the east fixes a pink half-eye this way,
In the time when only one milk wagon crosses
These three streets, these six street-ends
It is the sleep time and they rest.
The triangle banks and drug stores rest.
The policeman is gone, his star and gun sleep.
The owl car blutters along in a sleep-walk.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Rebecca West begins the preface to *Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg* with the statement: "There is in America an incredible city named Chicago." What do you see in the poem that justifies the epithet "incredible"? What contributes to the impression of the power of the city?

2. Point out imaginative elements in "Chicago." Amy Lowell said of the poem: "This is no mere bald presentation of a city, but an imaginative conception of real grandeur, and, if the grandeur is spattered with coarseness, perhaps that was inherent in the scheme—at the angle from which the poet chooses to take it at any rate."

3. How does "Blue Island Intersection" differ from "Chicago" in point of view, in mood, and in form?

4. Read and tell about "Prairie" and "The Windy City," by Carl Sandburg.

5. MY TOWN

JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

During most of the present century it has been usual for American writers to stress the faults and ugliness of the small town. Two famous examples are *Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters and *Main Street* by Sinclair Lewis. In this textbook Willa Cather's "The Sculptor's Funeral" reveals the narrowness and cruelty of one little town.

This emphasis on the faults of small-town people was partly a reaction against too much sentiment about the farm and village in previous literature. It also arose from the actual faults existing in little communities.

However, not all writers have rebelled against their home villages. John Thomason still loves the town in which he was born. As Texans know, it is a sleepy Southern town. The value of this description is that we see it through Colonel Thomason's eyes, and share his love for it.

He remembers the homely scenes, the little events, the humble people. Like a collector, he cherishes the souvenirs of his boyhood. Yet somehow he manages not to be sentimental. Reading this essay is like looking through the family album in which there are all kinds of pictures—beautiful or amusing or out-of-date, but still one's own family photographs.

John Thomason is rooted in his native town. He doubtless expresses the attachment felt, though not voiced, by thousands of Americans for the towns where they have taken root. We would like to think that all these towns have the decency and simple dignity of Huntsville.

Into this town I was born, and I think I saw almost the same setting that they saw who went out to Virginia behind John Bell Hood. It was a good place for a boy; these things I remember:

The library: a picture of Lee on the wall; the profile picture, calm and grand, with a fine-chiseled nose and the forward-thrusting beard, the head a little lifted; I think I knew that face before any other in a picture. Books: Scott and Thackeray and Dickens; an Encyclopedia of Poetry; long rows of literary classics; a shelf of poets; bound volumes of the *Century,* Sloane's Napoleon in them, and Thomas Nelson Page, with A. B. Frost; and Harry Stillwell Edwards; and Joel Chandler Harris with E. W. Kemble: illustrators that I knew, even then, to be good, and know now to

be better; Gilbert Gual and Waud, and Howard Pyle, and Will Low and Elihu Vedder, and Frederick Remington; and Kipling in the old *McClure's;* and a set of Robert Louis Stevenson; and Abbott's *John Paul Jones;* and the tales of Marryat and Fenimore Cooper; and also a Doré Bible with the family records in it, and another Bible from which, by direction, I read a specified number of chapters week-nights, and so many more on Sundays, for a year. I read it through. I learned to quote high music from the book of Job, and I felt the richness of the Song of Solomon without in the least understanding it. Homer: and the *Idylls of the King,* that were read aloud; and "Ulysses"; and "The Ballad of the Revenge," and "Merlin and the Gleam." We read much aloud in that library.

The dining room: old silver and gleaming wood: where we sat twenty and more to a meal, and were punctual for the grace before; and the cook's pickaninnies who waved chinaberry branches over us before anyone dreamed of screens against the flies. The food—especially the food around hog-killing time, in the winter, with the smokehouse getting fragrantly under way for the season. And the high talk at that table of homely things, and of generals and old battles and forgotten far-off matters somehow touched with glory: and of the kinsfolk, and presiding elders, and evangelists, and brigadiers of the Confederacy who sat to it, all mighty eaters and talkers—we, the children, at my mother's end of it, trained to be seen and not heard. One story I remember: of an eminent local merchant, lately dead, who rode in his carriage and pair to heaven and wasn't admitted: No business here—you wouldn't like it here—Please to go down that way, Sir!—and how Satan came out and took his name, and shook his head regretfully: "I'm sorry, Sir, I just can't let you in. I've knowed you and admired you for a right long time, Sir; but if I let you in here, you'd have a mortgage on Hell in fifteen minutes—and then where'd I be?" A broad story that, and disapproved, as I remember. Such food as is not known these days, or such eaters, or such conversation.

The barns behind the house: where, in those innocent days, we maintained a wallow of hogs, some milk cows, and some horses: and a great wood-pile for the fireplaces that heated the house, and hay in all the lofts: very fine for playing. We were Long John Silver, and Winifred de Ivanhoe: and later we fought Spaniards. The smell of leather and sweat and polish in the harness room: and the wise, patient horses in the stalls: my gray

pony Nellie at one end; Daisy, the blooded saddle mare; Ruby, my mother's buggy horse; the two tall bays that drew the carriage, and another pair for odd jobs; and the big, stolid mules who lived to themselves and did the heavy hauling on the farm.

It was my detail, very early, to drive the cows to and from the pasture west of town: school days, I went out at four o'clock and brought them in. You rode through the square, at no hazard from horse-drawn traffic unless old Mr. Luther was abroad behind his high-stepping trotter, in which case you'd better look out: and past the last dwellings, and into the country to the west. Bluejays and flickers were in the tall trees: red-headed woodpeckers flashed across the road: bluebirds and chickadees nested in old fence posts. Mockingbirds and cardinals sang in the orchards and the thickets. I watched for blue darters, and sharp-shinned hawks that lived on small birds; and I regarded with attention the big marsh hawks that quartered over the sedge-grass by the creek; and I admired the field larks that piped tunefully in the pasture, yellow breast and black gorget blazing in the sun. I saw the quail, quick and slim, going in file across the road; and to this day the wild-goose cry wakes a vague, pleasant restlessness in me. I remember now long wedges of them, black and small against the cold reds of the autumn sunsets. I learned a lot of birds: Seton-Thompson's *Two Little Savages* was new; my grandfather presented it to me the last Christmas of his life; and it gave me an interest in birds and in open country that has never left me.

As soon as I could point a gun, I hunted. It was somehow in my blood: and I remember my first duck, a wood duck on the White House Branch; and my first big green-head mallard, in the slough beyond Town Creek; and my first Canada goose, killed on a tank in the pasture; and my first squirrel, a big red fox squirrel in a pin-oak tree. Yet, my first quail I have forgotten: and the new game that I have taken over the world since I was grown does not impress me.

The woods where I rode: the murmurous tall pines that made me, riding beneath them, my pony's hooves silent on the fragrant fallen needles, feel more religious than has any church. The oak groves; the willows and the cottonwoods, and the water sun-dappled under them; the dark cedar brakes where we looked for suitable limbs to make bows; the plum thickets in the springtime, passed only by crawling along hog paths, while indigo birds and painted buntings sang invisible two yards from our freckled

noses. The fields: the corn standing tall, and the cotton rows that marched off like the files of a battalion in mass; the hay fields, rippling like water under the little winds; and the great sun of Texas; and the first yellow star in the west on winter evenings. These things I remember: and the firelight in the library, when, sitting late, I turned off the light and rested my eyes before I went to bed.

The Negroes—there were always Negroes: Aunt Sue Semmes, who quarreled so over the game I brought in, and would on no account allow another hand to touch it; Uncle Ed, born in slavery, and with my father until he died last year of sheer old age; Elbert, the carpenter around the place, elderly and small and spry, who went in for young and flighty wives, and took much injury from them; America, the washerwoman, whose daughters were called Jane and Arizona; LaFayette (rendered *Lay-Fat*) Williams, Elbert's assistant, who named his children for the Presidents of the United States and, despairing of getting through the list, allotted three or more names to each child, Garfield Cleveland McKinley Williams being my contemporary; Aunt Jane Ward, a very notable character in any company, who organized a grand celebration each year on Emancipation Day—the nineteenth of June in Texas—and who brazenly levied contributions in money and in kind upon her whitefolks for the adornment of the festival of freedom; Aunt Jane, who ran a boarding house which the white neighbors suspected of harboring irregular situations, but who as nearly approximated the Good Samaritan to all the sick and needy of her race as mortals ever may, and who said to my mother once, after some suggested contributions, "Miss Sue, I declah', you treats us as good as if you was a niggeh yo'se'f!" Aunt Jane is gone to her reward, and Huntsville is less interesting because she is gone. It was my father's custom, once a year, to give a dinner to the former slaves of the family. They moved the long dining-room table to our back porch, and served it elegantly; and I remember when there were twelve or fifteen of them—Uncle Sandy, Uncle Mingo, Uncle Tip, Uncle Foster, Uncle Ed—I forget their names; they are all dead now. . . .

Places and distances have shrunk. Back from Cuba, or somewhere, one winter, I went bird-hunting with my cousin in the old fields towards the White House, and we crossed the hole in the White House Branch where I learned to swim. It used to be a long sunny reach of deep water, very formidable; when I became able to swim the width of it and back, I was proud.

Now, I noted that I could spit across it; yet it was the same, I assured myself, because the willow at one end and the pin-oak at the other, where I used to haul out, were still standing. And I was sorry that I went to look at it again.

There are new names around the square, and some of the old names are written today only on the tombstones, where I walked with my father late one evening, the cedars black against a great red November sunset. We paused by the hideous squatty monument over the old General, and I reflected that our people had made good the pronouncement: *Posterity will care for Houston's fame.* On every road the Raven Café is advertised, and the Sam Houston Hotel; food and lodging for tourists are proffered on all sides under Houston's auspices. I think he would be amused that lay quiet for seventy years.

Yet for all that, it is a good town, and a better town than most. People still move in for the school facilities; the church bells sound, strophe and antistrophe, on Sunday mornings. There remains a scholarly tradition around it. Kindliness and simplicity are in the hearts of its men and women. Most of the boys and girls come from school and settle down, and get along well enough, hard times or not. This section has never known any great prosperity, and remains calm. "I like this town," the young Lieutenant of Field Artillery (U. S. Regulars), in charge of CCC Camp 724, said to me—he was down with his unit from Wyoming for the winter. "My boys like it, too. These folks are fine people. They take you right in, and make you feel at home. All you have to do is be decent. It's different, somehow, from those places up yonder——"

So, after all, Huntsville does not greatly change. The scene my son will see—poor fellow, who has lived his life, this far, between Camaguey, Cuba, and Peiping, China, with a range to the north and the south also—may not differ radically from what I saw. Huntsville has received with equanimity the Mexicans and the colonists, the resonant heroes of the Texas Republic, the emissaries of the United States, and the flushed zealots of the Southern Confederacy. It endured the Negro cavalry and the vulturine politicians of the Reconstruction. It sits tolerantly under the Stars and Stripes again and is hospitable to the CCC. It has, I think, that rare and lovely thing called the sense of proportion. It pursues the common round, with only an academic eye cocked at the dubious future; which is, I consider, no bad law for living.

6. CITY SOUNDS[1]

ROBERT LITTELL

What are the sounds which you hear?

⁂

A simple experiment will quickly convince you how feebly developed is your sense of hearing compared with your eyesight. Walk about the city, ride in its conveyances, stand at its corners, with your eyes closed. You will find yourself in a new, baffling world. You will hear things you never noticed before. You will discover that you never knew, all those years that your eyes were your sources of information, how many different kinds of sounds there were in the world.

And I have been lately going about the city with my eyes, as it were, blindfold. This restricts mobility, but it adds enormously to the keenness of one's ears, and makes one sensitive to shadings of sound, and to new sounds, that one had never noticed before.

The noises of New York, 1930, are of course mainly mechanical, and of them the vast majority is produced by automobiles. By streams and currents of automobiles, forever on the move with a swishing roar. Or automobiles in a jam, motors throbbing, horns and claxons uniting in an angry, nervous chorus.

In the confused rumble I can, after a while, as I stand on the corner with my eyes closed, distinguish certain individuals. The slow, humming grind that means batteries and electric drive, the deep, smooth purr of luxurious sedans, the gigantic banging of eight-ton trucks, the put-put of motor cycles, the ascending scale of second gear, the agonized shriek of taxi brakes. . . . Some people can tell cars apart by their sound. With practice this would not be difficult. I am fairly sure of a Ford self-starter and a Packard carburetor and the gears of a Fifth Avenue bus. And that dull thup-thup means that some poor wretch is pounding a deflated tire onto its rim.

The New York of steel and wheels drowns out the New York that walks and talks. There is the intermittent machine-gun woodpecker of the pneumatic rivet. And the shattering roar of that great iron beast that is the elevated. And the constant racket of subway turnstiles, the ruthless hiss of subway doors. And the rising, terrible shriek of the fire siren, whoo-oo, like a brass owl

[1] *New York World,* Dec. 19, 1930.

in pain. And the imperious ding-ding-ding of ambulances. And all the lumbering, thumping and drilling noises that go with excavation. And the landslide rattle of coal down its chute. And the clean small click of trowel against brick; seven stories above the street. And the clank-jug of pumps where the street—as usual —is being torn up and mended.

To hear the noises more intimately connected with our two-footed friends one must seek the comparative quiet of the side streets. That alternating metallic rumble is a child on roller skates. That anonymous, mournful, sing-song bellow is a man trying to sell some kind of vegetables. That booming scrape, followed by a pouring hiss, is the emptying of ash cans into dump carts. People's feet are male, with a rubber-heeled thump, or female, with a quick, light tap. Dogs betray themselves with a quick patter of padded paws. Soft balls bounce, light feet scrape and jump in a game of hop-scotch. A slide and a thump and an "ouch" and laughter mean that schoolboys have found, in this city of steel and asphalt, a small patch of ice.

Such sounds are eternal. More indicative of 1930, in the museum's sound gallery, would be a collection of street whistlings and song snatches and cuss words, or of the miscellaneous yawpings that a dozen radios, all tuned in on different stations, pour into the backyard space between New York tenements.

Or the record could be taken chronologically, to carry one from the morning to the evening of New York noise—from the early clink of milk bottles to the comparative hush of midnight, when the Lexington Avenue car can be heard stopping, starting, and stopping again half a mile away, and when the long whistles of apartment house doormen call mournfully for a late cruising taxicab.

And then, beside those urban sounds, visitors to the museum should be made to hear a less urban record of the noises that New York can never have, that some of its inhabitants never hear all their life long—sleighbells and sheep on a lonely pasture and the brushing of branches against the window and the noise made by small-town children running and rattling a stick against a picket fence.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Perform the simple experiment suggested in the first paragraph. Bring to class a record of the sounds that you hear. Use descriptive adjectives and carefully chosen nouns to indicate shadings.

2. How would the sound gallery of a museum for your city or town

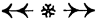
differ from that of New York in 1930, as described by Robert Littell; or of London in 1711, as presented by Addison, in Paper 251 of *The Spectator?*

3. Write a letter to your local newspaper advocating an Anti-Noise Campaign. Such a campaign has been conducted in New York. An account of it, called "Quiet, Please," by Roger Riis, is to be found in *The Reader's Digest* for February, 1936.

7. THE CITY THAT WAS

WILL IRWIN

In April, 1906, San Francisco was almost totally destroyed by a fire that followed an earthquake. A new San Francisco arose from the ashes, but the old one was gone forever. Here is Will Irwin's obituary of the care-free city by the Golden Gate.



The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure loving city of the Western Continent, and in many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may rebuild; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar city by the Golden Gate, have caught its flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a pretty, frivolous woman had passed through a great tragedy. She survives, but she is sobered and different. If it rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere.

San Francisco lay on a series of hills and the lowlands between. These hills are really the end of the Coast Range of mountains, which stretch southward between the interior valleys and the Pacific Ocean. Behind it is the ocean; but the greater part of the town fronts on two sides on San Francisco Bay, a body of water always tinged with gold from the great washings of the mountain, usually overhung with a haze, and of magnificent color changes. Across the Bay to the north lies Mount Tamalpais, about 3,000 feet high, and so close that ferries from the waterfront take one in less than half an hour to the little towns of Sausalito and Belvidere, at its foot.

Tamalpais is a wooded mountain, with ample slopes, and from it on the north stretch away ridges of forest land, the outposts of the great Northern woods of Sequoia sempervirens. This moun-

tain and the mountainous country to the south bring the real forest closer to San Francisco than to any other American city. Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the south. In the suburbs coyotes still stole in and robbed hen roosts by night. The people lived much out of doors. There is no time of the year, except a short part of the rainy season, when the weather keeps one from the fields. The slopes of Tamalpais are crowded with little villas dotted through the woods, and these minor estates run far up into the redwood country. The deep coves of Belvidere, sheltered by the wind from Tamalpais, held a colony of 'arks' or houseboats, where people lived in the rather disagreeable summer months, coming over to business every day by ferry. Everything there invites out of doors.

The climate of California is peculiar; it is hard to give an impression of it. In the region about San Francisco, all the forces of nature work on their own laws. There is no thunder and lightning; there is no snow, except a flurry once in five or six years; there are perhaps half a dozen nights in the winter when the thermometer drops low enough so that in the morning there is a little film of ice on exposed water. Neither is there any hot weather. Yet most Easterners remaining in San Francisco for a few days remember that they were always chilly. . . .

So much for the strange climate, which invites out of doors and which has played its part in making the character of the people. The externals of the city are—or were, for they are no more—just as curious. One usually entered San Francisco by way of the Bay. Across its yellow flood, covered with the fleets from the strange seas of the Pacific, San Francisco presented itself in a hill panorama. Probably no other city of the world, excepting perhaps Naples, could be so viewed at first sight. It rose above the passenger, as he reached dockage, in a succession of hill terraces. At one side was Telegraph Hill, the end of the peninsula, a height so abrupt that it had a one hundred and fifty foot sheer cliff on its seaward frontage. Further along lay Nob Hill, crowned with the Mark Hopkins mansion, which had the effect of a citadel, and in later years by the great, white Fairmount. Further along was Russian Hill, the highest point. Below was the business district, whose low site caused all the trouble.

Except for the modern buildings, the fruit of the last ten years, the town presented at first sight a disreputable appearance. Most

of the buildings were low and of wood. In the middle period of the '70's, when a great part of San Francisco was building, the newly-rich perpetrated some atrocious architecture. In that time, too, every one put bow windows on his house to catch all of the morning sunlight that was coming through the fog; and those little houses, with bow windows and fancy work all down their fronts, were characteristic of the middle class residence districts.

Then the Italians, who tumbled over Telegraph Hill, had built as they listed and with little regard for streets, and their houses hung crazily on a side hill which was little less than a precipice. The Chinese, although they occupied an abandoned business district, had remade their dwellings Chinese fashion. and the Mexicans and Spaniards had added to their houses those little balconies without which life is not life to a Spaniard.

Yet the most characteristic thing after all was the coloring. The sea fog had a trick of painting every exposed object a sea gray which had a tinge of dull green in it. This, under the leaden sky of a San Francisco morning, had a depressing effect on first sight and afterward became a delight to the eye. For the color was soft, gentle and infinitely attractive in mass.

The hills are steep beyond conception. Where Vallejo Street ran up Russian Hill it progressed for four blocks by regular steps like a flight of stairs. It is unnecessary to say that no teams ever came up this street or any other like it, and grass grew long among the paving stones until the Italians who live thereabouts took advantage of this herbage to pasture a cow or two. At the end of four blocks, the pavers had given it up and the last stage to the summit was a winding path. On the very top, a colony of artists lived in little villas of houses whose windows got the whole panorama of the bay. Luckily for these people, a cable car scaled the hill on the other side, so that it was not much of a climb to home.

With these hills, with the strangeness of the architecture and with the green-gray tinge over everything, the city fell always into vistas and pictures, a setting for the romance which hung over everything, which has always hung over life in San Francisco since the padres came and gathered the Indians about Mission Dolores.

And it was a city of romance and a gateway to adventure. It opened out on the mysterious Pacific, the untamed ocean; and through the Golden Gate entered China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, Lower California, the west coast of Central America,

Australia. There was a sprinkling, too, of Alaska and Siberia. From his windows on Russian Hill one saw always something strange and suggestive creeping through the mists of the Bay. It would be a South Sea Island brig, bringing in copra, to take out cottons and idols; a Chinese junk after sharks' livers; an old whaler, which seemed to drip oil, home from a year of cruising in the Arctic. Even the tramp windjammers were deep-chested craft, capable of rounding the Horn or of circumnavigating the globe; and they came in streaked and picturesque from their long voyaging.

In the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of that Bay, the fishing fleet would crawl in under triangular lateen sails; for the fishermen of San Francisco Bay are all Neapolitans who have brought their customs and sail with lateen rigs stained an orange brown and shaped, when the wind fills them, like the ear of a horse.

Along the waterfront the people of these craft met. 'The smelting pot of the races,' Stevenson called it; and this was always the city of his soul. There were black Gilbert Islanders, almost indistinguishable from negroes; lighter Kanakas from Hawaii or Samoa; Lascars in turbans; thickset Russian sailors; wild Chinese with unbraided hair; Italian fishermen in tam o' shanters, loud shirts and blue sashes; Greeks, Alaska Indians, little bay Spanish-Americans, together with men of all the European races. These came in and out from among the queer craft, to lose themselves in the disreputable, tumble-down, but always mysterious shanties and small saloons. In the back rooms of these saloons South Sea Island traders and captains, fresh from the lands of romance, whaling masters, people who were trying to get up treasure expeditions, filibusters, Alaskan miners, used to meet and trade adventures.

There was another element, less picturesque and equally characteristic, along the waterfront. San Francisco was the back eddy of European civilization—one end of the world. The drifters came there and stopped, lingered a while to live by their wits in a country where living after a fashion has always been marvelously cheap. These people haunted the waterfront and the Barbary Coast by night, and lay by day on the grass in Portsmouth Square.

The square, the old plaza about which the city was built, Spanish fashion, had seen many things. There in the first burst of the early days the vigilance committee used to hold its hang-

ings. There, in the time of the sand lot troubles, Dennis Kearney, who nearly pulled the town down about his ears, used to make his orations which set the unruly to rioting. In later years Chinatown lay on one side of it and the Latin quarter and the 'Barbary Coast' on the other.

On this square the drifters lay all day long and told strange yarns. Stevenson lounged there with them in his time and learned the things which he wove into *The Wrecker* and his South Sea stories; and now in the center of the square there stands the beautiful Stevenson monument. In later years the authorities put up a municipal building on one side of this square and prevented the loungers, for decency's sake, from lying on the grass. Since then some of the peculiar character of the old plaza has gone. . . .

Kearney Street, a wilder and stranger Bowery, was the main thoroughfare of these people. An exiled Californian, mourning over the city in his heart, has said:

'In a half an hour of Kearney Street I could raise a dozen men for any wild adventure, from pulling down a statue to searching for the Cocos Island treasure.' This is hardly an exaggeration. It was the Rialto of the desperate, Street of the Adventurers.

These are a few of the elements which made the city strange and gave it the glamour of romance which has so strongly attracted such men as Stevenson, Frank Norris, and Kipling. This life of the floating population lay apart from the regular life of the city, which was distinctive in itself.

The Californian is the second generation of a picked and mixed ancestry. The merry, the adventurous, often the desperate, always the brave, deserted the South and New England in 1849 to rush around the Horn or to try the perils of the plains. They found there a land already grown old in the hands of the Spaniards—younger sons of hidalgo and many of them of the best blood of Spain. To a great extent the pioneers intermarried with Spanish women; in fact, except for a proud little colony here and there, the old, aristocratic Spanish blood is sunk in that of the conquering race. Then there was an influx of intellectual French people, largely overlooked in the histories of the early days; and this Latin leaven has had its influence.

Brought up in a bountiful country, where no one really has to work very hard to live, nurtured on adventure, scion of a free and merry stock, the real, native Californian is a distinctive type; as far from the Easterner in psychology as the extreme Southerner

is from the Yankee. He is easy going, witty, hospitable, lovable, and easy to meet and to know. . . .

Almost has the Californian developed a racial physiology. He tends to size, to smooth symmetry of limb and trunk, to an erect, free carriage; and the beauty of his women is not a myth. The pioneers were all men of good body; they had to be to live and leave descendants. The bones of the weaklings who started for El Dorado in 1849 lie on the plains or in the hill-cemeteries of the mining camps. Heredity began it; climate has carried it on. All things that grow in California tend to become large, plump, luscious. Fruit trees, grown from cuttings of Eastern stock, produce fruit larger and finer, if coarser in flavor, than that of the parent tree. As the fruits grow, so the children grow. A normal, healthy, Californian woman plays out-of-doors from babyhood to old age. The mixed stock has given her that regularity of features which goes with a blend of bloods; the climate has perfected and rounded her figure; out-of-doors exercise from earliest youth has given her a deep bosom; the cosmetic mists have made her complexion soft and brilliant. At the University of California, where the student body is nearly all native, the gymnasium measurements show that the girls are a little more than two inches taller than their sisters of Vassar and Michigan.

The greatest beauty-show on the continent was the Saturday afternoon matinée parade in San Francisco. Women in so-called 'society' took no part in this function. It belonged to the middle class, but the 'upper classes' have no monopoly of beauty anywhere in the world. It had grown to be independent of the matinées. From two o'clock to half-past five, a solid procession of Dianas, Hebes, and Junos passed and repassed along the five blocks between Market and Powell and Sutter and Kearney—the 'line' of San Francisco slang. Along the open-front cigar stores, characteristic of the town, gilded youth of the cocktail route gathered in knots to watch them. There was something Latin in the spirit of this ceremony—it resembled church parades in Buenos Ayres. Latin, too, were the gay costumes of the women, who dressed brightly in accord with the city and the climate. This gaiety of costume was the first thing which the Eastern woman noticed—and disapproved. Give her a year, and she, too, would be caught by the infection of daring dress.

In this parade of tall, deep bosomed, gleaming women, one caught the type and longed, sometimes, for the sight of a more ethereal beauty—for the suggestion of soul within which belongs

to a New England woman on whom a hard soil has bestowed a grudged beauty—for the mobility, the fire, which belongs to the Frenchwoman. The second generation of France was in this crowd, it is true; but climate and exercise had grown above their spiritual charm a cover of brilliant flesh. It was the beauty of Greece.

With such a people, life was always gay. If the fairly Parisian gaiety did not display itself on the streets, except in the matinée parade, it was because the winds made open-air cafés disagreeable at all seasons of the year. The life careless went on indoors or in the hundreds of pretty estates—'ranches' the Californians called them—which fringe the city.

San Francisco was famous for its restaurants and cafés. Probably they were lacking at the top; probably the very best, for people who do not care how they spend their money, was not to be had. But they gave the best fare on earth, for the price, at a dollar, seventy-five cents, a half a dollar, or even fifteen cents.

If one should tell exactly what could be had at Coppa's for fifty cents or at the Fashion for, say thirty-five, no New Yorker who has not been there would believe it. The San Francisco French dinner and the San Francisco free lunch were as the Public Library to Boston or the stockyards to Chicago. A number of causes contributed to this. The country all about produced everything that a cook needs and that in abundance—the bay was an almost untapped fishing pound, the fruit farms came up to the very edge of the town, and the surrounding country produced in abundance fine meats, game, all cereals, and all vegetables.

But the chefs who came from France in the early days and stayed because they liked this land of plenty were the head and front of it. They passed on their art to other Frenchmen or to the clever Chinese. Most of the French chefs at the biggest restaurants were born in Canton, China. Later the Italians, learning of this country where good food is appreciated, came and brought their own style. Householders always dined out one or two nights of the week, and boarding houses were scarce, for the unattached preferred the restaurants. . . .

The foreign quarters are worth an article in themselves. Chief of these was, of course, Chinatown, of which every one has heard who ever heard of San Francisco. A district six blocks long and two blocks wide, housed 30,000 Chinese when the quarter was full. The dwellings were old business blocks of the early days:

but the Chinese had added to them, had rebuilt them, had run out their own balconies and entrances, and had given the quarter that feeling of huddled irregularity which makes all Chinese built dwellings fall naturally into pictures. Not only this; they had burrowed to a depth of a story or two under the ground, and through this ran passages in which the Chinese transacted their dark and devious affairs—as the smuggling of opium, the traffic in slave girls, and the settlement of their difficulties.

In the last five years there was less of this underground life than formerly, for the Board of Health had a cleanup some time ago; but it was still possible to go from one end of Chinatown to the other through secret underground passages. The tourist, who always included Chinatown in his itinerary, saw little of the real quarter. The guides gave him a show by actors hired for his benefit. In reality the place amounted to a great deal in a financial way. There were clothing and cigar factories of importance, and much of the Pacific rice, tea, and silk importing was in the hands of the merchants, who numbered several millionaires. . . .

The Chinese lived their own lives in their own way and settled their own quarrels with the revolvers of their highbinders. There were two theaters in the quarter, a number of rich joss houses, three newspapers, and a Chinese telephone exchange. There is a race feeling against the Chinese among the working people of San Francisco, and no white man, except the very lowest outcasts, lived in the quarter.

On the slopes of Telegraph Hill dwelt the Mexicans and Spanish, in low houses, which they had transformed by balconies into a semblance of Spain. Above, and streaming over the hill, were the Italians. The tenement quarter of San Francisco shone by contrast with those of Chicago and New York, for while these people lived in old and humble houses they had room to breathe and an eminence for light and air. Their shanties clung to the side of the hill or hung on the very edge of the precipice overlooking the Bay, on the verge of which a wall kept their babies from falling. The effect was picturesque, and this hill was the delight of painters. It was all more like Italy than anything in the Italian quarter of New York and Chicago—the very climate and surroundings, the wine country close at hand, the Bay for their lateen boats, helped them.

Over by the ocean and surrounded by cemeteries in which there are no more burials, there is an eminence which is topped by two peaks and which the Spanish of the early days named after the

breasts of a woman. The unpoetic Americans had renamed it Twin Peaks. At its foot was Mission Dolores, the last mission planted by the Spanish padres in their march up the coast, and from these hills the Spanish looked for the first time upon the golden bay.

Many years ago some one set up at the summit of this peak a sixty foot cross of timber. Once a high wind blew it down, and the women of the Fair family then had it restored so firmly that it would resist anything. It has risen for fifty years above the gay, careless, luxuriant, and lovable city, in full view from every eminence and from every valley. It stands to-night, above the desolation of ruins.

The bonny, merry city—the good, gray city—O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. San Francisco has been rebuilt. What charm has it today? Investigate such books as Charles Dobie's *San Francisco A Pageant* and Basil Woon's *San Francisco and the Golden Empire.*

2. Name at least three advantages that San Francisco has because of its location.

3. Explain the phrase *Latin leaven.* Point out the effects of the Latin leaven. How does a native Californian differ from other Americans in psychology and in physiology?

4. What created "the glamour of romance"? What writers enjoyed San Francisco? Describe the foreign quarters.

5. Try to catch the spirit of San Francisco and of California. What authors of articles in this book have portrayed the state? Read "The Pearls of Loreto" in *The Splendid Idle Forties,* by Gertrude Atherton; *Ramona,* by Helen Hunt Jackson; and "A Tourist in San Francisco," by A. Edward Newton, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1934.

WHERE TO READ MORE ABOUT HOW AMERICANS HAVE LIVED TOGETHER

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ANTIN, Mary: *The Promised Land.*
America as it appeared to the immigrant a number of years ago.

BOK, Edward W.: *The Americanization of Edward Bok.*
The rise of a self-made immigrant.

CATHER, Willa: *Shadows on the Rock.**
A quiet but beautiful story of the French settlers of Quebec and their successful attempt in the wilderness of the New World to keep alive some of the charm and culture of life in France.

DELAND, Margaret: *Old Chester Tales.**
Short stories of the author's home town.

FISHER, Dorothy Canfield: *Hillsboro People.**
Sketches and stories of life in New England. Distinctly worth reading

HUSBAND, Joseph: *Americans by Adoption.*
Short biographies of immigrants who achieved success in America. The men discussed are Stephen Girard, John Ericsson, Louis Agassiz, Carl Shurz, Theodore Thomas, Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Jacob Riis.

LEWIS, Sinclair: *Main Street.**
Study of life in a small town of the Middle West. One of the most discussed books of recent years.

PUPIN, Michael: *From Immigrant to Inventor.*
Autobiography of a great scientist who came to this country as a poor Serbian immigrant.

ROOSEVELT, Theodore: *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.*
Charming glimpses of the home life of a great American.

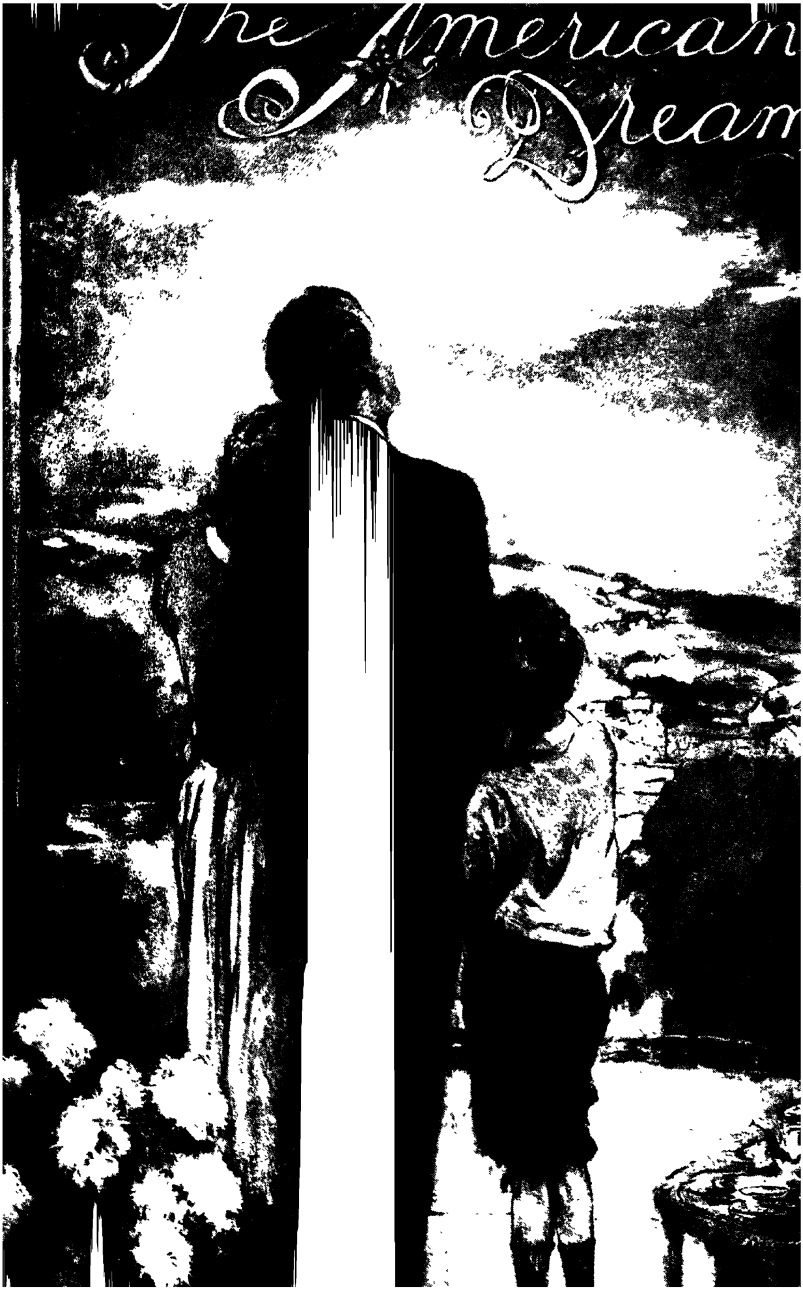
STEINER, E. A.: *From Alien to Citizen.*
The autobiography of a man who went from Ellis Island to a college professorship by way of the Pennsylvania coal mines and the harvest fields of the Middle West.

SUCKOW, Ruth: *Country People.**
Farm life in Iowa described in a very quiet and undramatic book.

TARKINGTON, Booth: *The Gentleman from Indiana.**
Journalism, politics, and love in the small town. This book is a warm defense of the village.

VII

WHITHER AMERICA?


The American
Dream

VII

WHITHER AMERICA?

IN THE last two decades America has experienced greater changes than any that our country had previously undergone in a like period of time. Since the World War events have occurred in our social and economic life that many intelligent students did not deem possible. In our social life, for instance, such problems as unemployment have created situations that Americans of an earlier generation could not have foreseen. In our economic life the closing of thousands of banks and the ruin of many industries are among the changes our own generation has endured. Change, sweeping and unexpected change, has been the order of our lives for twenty years.

Our participation in the World War began a series of sudden and wide-spread changes in our national life. We took some four million men into the army and sent approximately half of this number to France. In addition about eleven million men and women had jobs of one kind or another that were created by the war. Such movements of population were without parallel in our history, and the results were so profound that they have not yet been fully surveyed and described. Naturally it is impossible to give any figures, but it is safe to say that a large percentage of those in the army and in war work did not return to their old ways of life. Many went from farms and villages who never came back, and multitudes of city dwellers found themselves for some reason incapable of holding their old jobs. These were changes that all might see and understand.

Other and more subtle changes also came as a result of the war. Army discipline and the war-time temper of the nation had helped to finish off the jaunty individualism that had long characterized Americans. During the war the government had controlled food, gasoline, fuel, and other necessary commodities so completely that we began to look to officials for permission to use things that previously we had considered our own private

property. Probably the most important step in securing control of the nation came when the government set up a bureau of information with the explicit design of making us all think in the same general direction. College courses were revised at the request of authorities, and classes were taught the official aims of the war as set forth by the President and his advisers. It is small wonder that our nation was never quite the same after a period of such control.

The war ushered in another change of great importance. During the course of the struggle when so many men were in the army or in war industries, the shortage of man-power on the farms resulted in a vast increase in the number of tractors, combined harvesters, and other labor-saving machines. This was a long step toward the mechanization of the country. We have only to think of the automobile, the radio, the talking picture, and the many electric household appliances to realize how completely machinery dominates the lives and habits of Americans. It was during the 1920's that many of these machines came into general use, and those designed for individual use were usually sold on easy terms so that all who wished might purchase. Soon the country was mechanized as it never was before.

As a result of this mechanization American life has been speeded up immensely, and the nation has been brought much closer together. The once isolated farm-house, fifty miles from a railroad, is no longer a day's journey from market. In less than two hours most farmers can reach the railroad. The radio has knit the country so closely together that the President can sit in his study in the White House and make his voice heard in every part of the country. To speak to listeners on the Pacific coast the President in 1850 would have been forced to take a journey of four to six months' duration. Even after the establishment of stage lines across the plains, Abraham Lincoln would have had to travel a month to reach San Francisco from Washington. Theodore Roosevelt could have made the trip in a week. Franklin D. Roosevelt can instantly project his voice through space to the remotest corner of the nation, and he can make the trip by airplane to San Francisco in less than twenty-four hours. The effect of the radio and of other mechanical devices on the life of our nation is one of the things that the future will reveal to us, but we can safely say that machinery has created a new social order in America.

The latest change in our way of life was brought about by the

Great Depression that began in 1929. After the World War the 1920's saw a tremendous business boom. Factories worked to the limit to supply the demands of the country for automobiles, radios, electric washing-machines, and countless other articles ranging from fur coats to tractors. A large percentage of such articles were sold on the installment plan. Millions of people speculated on the stock market, and other millions invested their savings in business and financial enterprises of more or less uncertain safety. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of foreign bonds were sold to investors at ludicrously high prices. As a result of the tremendous business activity prices soared to excessively high levels. On the surface the nation seemed to be enjoying remarkably good fortune, but the prosperity was like a house of cards. Any disturbance was apt to cause it to tumble. The stock market collapsed in November, 1929.

Then business crashed, factories were closed, at least ten million workers were thrown out of employment, building and construction came to a dead stop, the price of farm produce descended to a point that meant actual disaster to the farmer, banks failed in all portions of the country, millions lost their savings, and the nation as a whole was thrown into sudden chaos. Our old business and political leaders were rejected, and it is hardly too much to say that the foundations of our society were shaken and familiar features of our national life were swept away. Whether the old conditions will ever return is another question that only the future can answer. In the whole depression there was nothing more perplexing than the fact that we did not know as a people where we were going. Every one had the idea that we should recapture our former prosperity, but there was no agreement as to how we should proceed. In times of uncertainty and fear cranks and demagogues flourish, and the depression brought forth a bumper crop of dangerous leaders, each extolling his own fantastic scheme for recovery.

Ultimately we shall reach a satisfactory basis, but how this is to be done we do not yet know. Whether our task will be accomplished by governmental assistance or by individual initiative, industry, and thrift, whether we shall succeed in abolishing unemployment or whether we have on our hands a large group that will never be gainfully employed, whether the farmers must permanently reduce their crops to keep prices above ruinous levels or whether they will again sell in foreign markets—all these issues are in the hands of the future.

However uncertain the future may be, of one thing are we sure. We can confidently expect that the social conditions which created our unsolved problems will also give rise to a worthy literature *of the Great Depression. Wherever human hearts break and fears and hopes tremble in the balance, there is to be found the* material for literature. We are too close to the depression to receive its full literary impulse, but already we see some of its effects. We have recent novels about the unemployed young men who wander aimlessly from city to city. We have novels, short stories, and plays about the tenant farmer and his incredibly hard life. We have sketches and stories of the unfortunates who lost all in the crash of the stock market or in bank failures. Even the writers of humor and fantasy are busy. For instance, Robert Nathan has written *One More Spring,* a little book of pure imagination which has been called the perfect novel of the depression.

In general, the literature that has come out of the experiences of the last few years is in magazines. In the following section you will find some of the articles that have had their origin in the difficulties and problems that America is facing. Just how we shall solve the problems and overcome the difficulties is a question not to be answered, but many of our writers and political leaders are willing to give us their views on the way out. They seem to agree on one thing only. They are unanimous in thinking that we shall find our way out and that we shall make this a better and finer country in which to live. They agree with the poet who wrote:

I do not know beneath what sky
 Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high.
 I only know it shall be great.

R. B.



A

TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD

1. PRAYERS OF STEEL

CARL SANDBURG

How does this poem illustrate the title to this division?

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.

Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights
into white stars.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What in this poem suggests a better world? Explain.
2. Who is the speaker in the poem? What is the connection between this poem and the following line in *Smoke and Steel*: "Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Gary—they make their steel with men"?
3. Read lines indicating destructive and constructive uses for steel. What would be the social value of the destructive use?
4. The poem is built on a clever pattern. Point it out.

2. THE MAN WITH THE HOE

EDWIN MARKHAM

This poem was inspired by Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe." Does it illustrate this division?

God made man in his own image,
in the image of God made He him.—Genesis

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passions of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packed with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers behind the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Bring to class a copy of Millet's "Man with the Hoe." Compare the poem with the picture. What did Markham regard as the tragedy of the man?

2. The poem was published in 1899. What made the poem famous? Mention changes for workers that have occurred since it appeared.

3. The third stanza is perhaps the most difficult. Explain the references to seraphim, Plato, and Pleiades. Then give the thought in your own words.

4. Compare the thought of the poem with the main idea in Hamlin Garland's "Under the Lion's Paw."

5. Point out similarities between this poem and Markham's "Lincoln," page 415.

6. Other poems about work and workers:
 a. Angela Morgan, "Work"
 b. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "The Cry of the Children"
 c. John Neihardt, "Cry of the People"
 d. James Oppenheim, "The Slave"
 e. Carl Sandburg, "The Mayor of Gary"
 f. Margaret Widdemer, "The Factories"

3. BOYS WILL BE BOYS

IRVIN S. COBB

As you read this story ask yourself if Judge Priest is not doing a great deal to make the world a better place in which to live.

"Boys Will Be Boys" is one of the many stories written by Irvin Cobb about his favorite character, Judge Priest of Kentucky. You will remember that this character was played in a motion picture by Will Rogers.

When Judge Priest, on this particular morning, came puffing into his chambers at the courthouse, looking, with his broad beam and in his costume of flappy, loose white ducks, a good deal like an old-fashioned full-rigger with all sails set, his black shadow, Jeff Poindexter, had already finished the job of putting the quarters to rights for the day. The cedar water bucket had been properly replenished; the jagged flange of a fifteen-cent chunk of ice protruded above the rim of the bucket; and alongside, on the appointed nail, hung the gourd dipper that the master always used. The floor had been swept, except, of course, in the corners and underneath things; there were evidences, in streaky scrolls of fine grit particles upon various flat surfaces, that a dusting brush had been more or less sparingly employed. A spray of trumpet flowers, plucked from the vine that grew outside the window, had been draped over the framed steel engraving of President Davis and his Cabinet upon the wall; and on the top of the big square desk in the middle of the room, where a small section of cleared green-blotter space formed an oasis in a dry and arid desert of cluttered law journals and dusty documents, the morning's mail rested in a little heap.

Having placed his old cotton umbrella in a corner, having removed his coat and hung it upon a peg behind the hall door, and having seen to it that a palm-leaf fan was in arm's reach should he require it, the Judge, in his billowy white shirt, sat down at his desk and gave his attention to his letters. There was an invitation from Hylan B. Gracey Camp of Confederate veterans of Eddyburg, asking him to deliver the chief oration at the annual reunion, to be held at Mineral Springs on the twelfth day of the following month; an official notice from the clerk of the Court of Appeals concerning the affirmation of a judgment that had been handed down by Judge Priest at the preceding term of

his own court; a bill for five pounds of a special brand of smoking tobacco; a notice of a lodge meeting—altogether quite a sizable batch of mail.

At the bottom of the pile of letters Judge Priest came upon a long envelope addressed to him by his title, instead of by his name, and bearing on its upper right-hand corner several foreign-looking stamps; they were British stamps, he saw, on closer examination.

To the best of his recollection it had been a good long time since Judge Priest had had a communication by post from overseas. He adjusted his steel-bowed spectacles, ripped the wrapper with care and shook out the contents. To the letter the recipient gave consideration first. Before he reached the end of the opening paragraph he uttered a profound grunt of surprise; his reading of the rest was frequently punctuated by small exclamations, his face meantime puckering up in interested lines. At the conclusion, when he came to the signature, he indulged himself in a soft low whistle. He read the letter all through again, and after that he examined the forms and the document which had accompanied it.

Chuckling under his breath, he wriggled himself free from the snug embrace of his chair arms and waddled out of his own office and down the long bare empty hall to the office of Sheriff Giles Birdsong. Within, that competent functionary, Deputy Sheriff Breck Quarles, sat at ease in his shirt sleeves, engaged, with the smaller blade of his pocketknife, in performing upon his finger nails an operation that combined the fine deftness of the manicure with the less delicate art of the farrier.

"Mornin', Breck," said Judge Priest to the other's salutation. "No, thank you, son. I won't come in; but I've got a little job for you. I wisht, ef you ain't too busy, that you'd step down the street and see ef you can't find Peep O'Day fur me and fetch him back here with you. It won't take you long, will it?"

"No, suh—not very." Mr. Quarles reached for his hat and snuggled his shoulder holster back inside his unbuttoned waistcoat. "He'll most likely be down round Gafford's stable. Whut's Old Peep been doin', Judge—gettin' himself in contempt of court or somethin'?" He grinned, asking the question with the air of one making a little joke.

"No," vouchsafed the Judge; "he ain't done nothin'. But he's about to have somethin' of a highly onusual nature done to him. You jest tell him I'm wishful to see him right away—that'll be sufficient, I reckin."

Without making further explanation, Judge Priest returned to his chambers and for the third time read the letter from foreign parts. Court was not in session, and the hour was early and the weather was hot; nobody interrupted him. Perhaps fifteen minutes passed. Mr. Quarles poked his head in at the door.

"I found him, suh," the deputy stated. "He's outside here in the hall."

"Much obliged to you, son," said Judge Priest. "Send him on in, will you, please?"

The head was withdrawn; its owner lingered out of sight of His Honor, but within earshot. It was hard to figure the presiding judge of the First Judicial District of the State of Kentucky as having business with Peep O'Day; and, though Mr. Quarles was no eavesdropper, still he felt a pardonable curiosity in whatsoever might transpire.. . . .

The man who now timidly shuffled himself across the threshold of Judge Priest's office had such a look out of his eyes. He had a long simple face, partly inclosed in gray whiskers. Four dollars would have been a sufficient price to pay for the garments he stood in, including the wrecked hat he held in his hands and the broken, misshaped shoes on his feet.

The man who wore this outfit coughed in an embarrassed fashion and halted, fumbling his ruinous hat in his hands.

"Howdy do?" said Judge Priest heartily. "Come in!"

The other diffidently advanced himself a yard or two.

"Excuse me, suh," he said apologetically; "but this here Breck Quarles he come after me and he said ez how you wanted to see me. 'Twas him ez brung me here, suh. . . ."

"Yes," said the Judge; "that's right. I do want to see you." The tone was one that he might employ in addressing a bashful child. "Set down there and make yourself at home."

The newcomer obeyed to the extent of perching himself on the extreme forward edge of a chair. His feet shuffled uneasily where they were drawn up against the cross rung of the chair.

The Judge reared well back, studying his visitor over the tops of his glasses with rather a quizzical look. In one hand he balanced the large envelope which had come to him that morning.

"Seems to me I heared somewheres, years back, that your regular Christian name was Paul—is that right?" he asked.

"Shorely is, suh," assented the ragged man. "But I ain't heard it fur so long I come mighty nigh furgittin' it sometimes, myself. You see, Judge Priest, when I wasn't nothin' but jest a shaver folks

started in to callin' me Peep—on account of my last name bein' O'Day, I reckin.

"Uh-huh! And wasn't your father's name Philip and your mother's name Katherine Dwyer O'Day?"

"To the best of my recollection that's partly so, too, suh. They both of 'em up and died when I was a baby, long before I could remember anything a-tall. But they always told me my paw's name was Phil, or Philip. Only my maw's name wasn't Kath—Kath—wasn't whut you jest now called it, Judge. It was plain Kate."

"Kate or Katherine—it makes no great difference," explained Judge Priest. "I reckin the record is straight this fur. And now think hard and see ef you kin ever remember hearin' of an uncle named Daniel O'Day—your father's brother."

The answer was a shake of the tousled head.

"I don't know nothin' about my people. I only jest know they come over frum some place with a funny name in the Old Country before I was born."

The old Judge nodded before continuing:

"All the same, I reckin there ain't no manner of doubt but whut you had an uncle of the name of Daniel. All the evidences would seem to p'int that way. Accordin' to the proofs, this here Uncle Daniel of yours lived in a little town called Kilmare, in Ireland." He glanced at one of the papers that lay on his desktop; then added in a casual tone: "Tell me, Peep, whut are you doin' now fur a livin'?"

The object of this examination grinned a faint grin of extenuation.

"Well, suh, I'm knockin' about, doin' the best I kin—which ain't much. I help out round Gafford's liver' stable, and Pete Gafford he lets me sleep in a little room behind the feed room, and his wife she gives me my vittles. Oncet in a while I git a chancet to do odd jobs fur folks round town—cuttin' weeds and splittin' stove wood and packin' in coal, and sech ez that. . . ."

"Peep, whut was the most money you ever had in your life—at one time?"

Peep scratched with a freckled hand at his thatch of faded whitish hair to stimulate recollection.

"I reckin not more'n six bits at any one time, suh. Seems like I've sorter got the knack of livin' without money."

"Well, Peep, sech bein' the case, whut would you say ef I was to tell you that you're a rich man?"

The answer came slowly:

"I reckin, suh, ef it didn't sound disrespectful, I'd say you was prankin' with me—makin' fun of me, suh."

Judge Priest bent forward in his chair.

"I'm not prankin' with you. It's my pleasant duty to inform you that at this moment you are the rightful owner of eight thousand pounds."

"Pounds of whut, Judge?" The tone expressed a heavy incredulity.

"Why, pounds in money. . . ."

As for the man who sat facing the Judge, he merely stared in a dull bewilderment.

"Judge," he said at length, "eight thousand pounds of money oughter make a powerful big pile, oughten it?"

"It wouldn't weigh quite that much ef you put it on the scales," explained His Honor painstakingly. "I mean pounds sterlin'—English money. Near ez I kin figger offhand, it comes in our money to somewheres between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars—nearer forty than thirty-five. And it's yours, Peep—every red cent of it."

"Excuse me, suh, and not meanin' to contradict you, or nothin' like that; but I reckin there must be some mistake. Why, Judge, I don't scursely know anybody that's ez wealthy ez all that, let alone anybody that'd give me sech a lot of money."

"Listen, Peep: This here letter I'm holdin' in my hand came to me by today's mail—jest a little spell ago. It's frum Ireland—frum the town of Kilmare, where your people came frum. It was sent to me by a firm of barristers in that town—lawyers we'd call 'em. In this letter they ask me to find you and to tell you what's happened. It seems, from whut they write, that your uncle, by name Daniel O'Day, died not very long ago without issue—that is to say, without leavin' any children of his own, and without makin' any will.

"It appears he had eight thousand pounds saved up. Ever since he died those lawyers and some other folks over there in Ireland have been tryin' to find out who that money should go to. They learnt in some way that your father and your mother settled in this town a mighty long time ago, and that they died here and left one son, which is you. All the rest of the family over there in Ireland have already died out, it seems; that natchelly makes you the next of kin and the heir at law, which means that all your uncle's money comes direct to you.

"So, Peep, you're a wealthy man in your own name. That's the news I had to tell you. Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune."

The beneficiary rose to his feet, seeming not to see the hand the old Judge extended across the desktop toward him. On his face, of a sudden, was a queer, eager look. It was as though he foresaw the coming true of long-cherished and heretofore unattainable visions.

"Have you got it here, suh?"

He glanced about him as though expecting to see a bulky bundle. Judge Priest smiled.

"Oh, no; they didn't send it along with the letter—that wouldn't be regular. There's quite a lot of things to be done fust. . . .

The rapt look faded from the strained face, leaving it downcast. "I'm afeared, then, I won't be able to claim that there money," he said forlornly.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know how to sign my own name. Raised the way I was, I never got no book learnin'. I can't neither read nor write."

Compassion shadowed the Judge's chubby face; and compassion was in his voice as he made answer:

"You don't need to worry about that part of it. You can make your mark—just a cross mark on the paper, with witnesses present—like this."

He took up a pen, dipped it in the inkwell, and illustrated his meaning.

"Yes, suh; I'm glad it kin be done thataway. . . . I wonder, suh —I wonder ef it'll be very long before that there money gits here and I begin to have the spendin' of it?"

"Makin' plans already?"

"Yes, suh," O'Day answered truthfully; "I am." He was silent for a moment, his eyes on the floor; then timidly he advanced the thought that had come to him. "I reckin, suh, it wouldn't be no more'n fair and proper ef I divided my money with you to pay you back fur all this trouble you're fixin' to take on my account. Would—would half of it be enough? The other half oughter last me fur what uses I'll make of it."

"I know you mean well and I'm much obliged to you fur your offer," stated Judge Priest, smiling a little; "but it wouldn't be fittin' or proper fur me to tech a cent of your money"

He considered the figure before him.

"Now here's another thing, Peep; I judge it's hardly fittin' fur a man of substance to go on livin' the way you've had to live durin' your life. Ef you don't mind my offerin' you a little advice I would suggest that you go right down to Felsburg Brothers when you leave here and git yourself fitted out with some suitable clothin'. And you'd better go to Max Biederman's, too, and order a better pair of shoes fur yourself than them you've got on. Tell 'em I sent you and that I guarantee the payment of your bills. Though I reckin that'll hardly be necessary—when the news of your good luck gits noised round I misdoubt whether there's any firm in our entire city that wouldn't be glad to have you on their books fur a stiddy customer.

"And, also, ef I was you I'd arrange to git me regular board and lodgin's somewheres round town. You see, Peep, comin' into a property entails consider'ble many responsibilities right frum the start."

"Yes, suh," assented the legatee obediently. "I'll do jest ez you say, Judge Priest, about the clothes and the shoes, and all that; but—but, ef you don't mind, I'd like to go on livin' at Gafford's. Pete Gafford's been mighty good to me—him and his wife both; and I wouldn't like fur 'em to think I was gittin' stuck up jest because I've had this here streak of luck come to me. . . ."

"Suit yourself about that," said Judge Priest heartily. "I don't know but whut you've got the proper notion about it after all."

"Yes, suh. Them Gaffords have been purty nigh the only real true friends I ever had that I could count on." He hesitated a moment. "I reckin—I reckin, suh, it'll be a right smart while, won't it, before that money gits here frum all the way acrost the ocean?"

"Why, yes; I imagine it will. Was you figurin' on investin' a little of it now?"

"Yes, suh; I was."

"About how much did you think of spendin' fur a beginnin'?"

O'Day squinted his eyes, his lips moving in silent calculation.

"Well, suh," he said at length, "I could use ez much ez a silver dollar. But, of course, sence——"

"That sounds kind of moderate to me," broke in Judge Priest. He shoved a pudgy hand into a pocket of his white trousers. "I reckin this detail kin be arranged. Here, Peep"—he extended his hand—"here's your dollar." Then, as the other drew back,

stammering a refusal, he hastily added: "No, no, no: go ahead and take it—it's yours. I'm jest advancin' it to you out of whut'll be comin' to you shortly. . . ."

"Yes, suh," said Peep. "I won't furgit; and thank you ag'in, Judge, specially fur lettin' me have this dollar ahead of time."

He shambled out with the coin in his hand; and on his face was again the look of one who sees before him the immediate fulfillment of a delectable dream.

With lines of sympathy and amusement crosshatched at the outer corner of his eyelids, Judge Priest, rising and stepping to his door, watched the retreating figure of the town's newest and strangest capitalist disappear down the wide front steps of the courthouse.

Presently he went back to his chair and sat down, tugging at his short chin beard.

"I wonder now," said he, meditatively addressing the emptiness of the room, "I wonder whut a man sixty-odd-year old is goin' to do with the fust whole dollar he ever had in his life!"

It was characteristic of our circuit judge that he should have voiced his curiosity aloud. Talking to himself when he was alone was one of his habits. Also, it was characteristic of him that he had refrained from betraying his inquisitiveness to his late caller. Similar motives of delicacy had kept him from following the other man to watch the sequence.

However, at second hand, the details very shortly reached him. They were brought by no less a person than Deputy Sheriff Quarles, who, some twenty minutes or possibly half an hour later, obtruded himself upon Judge Priest's presence.

"Judge," began Mr. Quarles, "you'd never in the world guess whut Old Peep O'Day done with the first piece of money he got his hands on out of that there forty thousand pounds of silver dollars he's come into from his uncle's estate."

The old man slanted a keen glance in Mr. Quarles' direction.

"Tell me, son," he asked softly, "how did you come to hear the glad tidin's so promptly?"

"Me?" said Mr. Quarles innocently. "Why, Judge Priest, the word is all over this part of town by this time. Why, I reckin twenty-five or fifty people must 'a' been watchin' Old Peep to see how he was goin' to act when he come out of this courthouse."

"Well, well, well!" murmured the Judge blandly. "Good news travels almost ez fast sometimes ez whut bad news does—don't it, now? Well, son, I give up the riddle. Tell me jest whut our

elderly friend did do with the first instalment of his inheritance."

"Well, suh, he turned south here at the gate and went down the street, a-lookin' neither to the right nor the left. He looked to me like a man in a trance, almost. He keeps right on through Legal Row till he comes to Franklin Street, and then he goes up Franklin to B. Weil & Son's confectionery store.

"Old Peep, he marches in jest like I'm tellin' it to you, suh; and Mr. B. Weil comes to wait on him, and he starts in buyin'. He buys hisself a five-cent bag of gumdrops; and a five-cent bag of jelly beans; and a ten-cent bag of mixed candies—kisses and candy mottoes, and sech ez them, you know; and a sack of fresh-roasted peanuts—a big sack, it was, fifteen-cent size; and two prize boxes; and some gingersnaps—ten cents worth; and a cocoanut; and half a dozen red bananas; and half a dozen more of the plain yaller ones. Altogether I figger he spent a even dollar; in fact, I seen him hand Mr. Weil a dollar, and I didn't see him gittin' no change back out of it.

"Then he comes on out of the store, with all these things stuck in his pockets and stacked up in his arms till he looks sort of like some new kind of a summer-time Santy Klaws; and he sets down on a goods box at the edge of the pavement, with his feet in the gutter, and starts in eatin' all them things.

"First, he takes a bite off a yaller banana and then off a red banana, and then a mouthful of peanuts; and then maybe some mixed candies—not sayin' a word to nobody, but jest natchelly eatin' his fool head off. A young chap that's clerkin' in Bagby's grocery, next door, steps up to him and speaks to him, meanin', I suppose, to ast him is it true he's wealthy. And Old Peep, he says to him, 'Please don't come botherin' me now, sonny—I'm busy ketchin' up,' he says; and keeps right on a-munchin' and a-chewin' like all possessed.

"That ain't all of it, neither, Judge—not by a long shot it ain't! Purty soon Old Peep looks round him at the little crowd that's gathered. He didn't seem to pay no heed to the grown-up people standin' there; but he sees a couple of boys about ten years old in the crowd, and he beckons to them to come to him, and he makes room fur them alongside him on the box and divides up his knick knacks with them.

"When I left there to come on back here he had no less'n six kids squatted round him, includin' one little nigger boy; and between 'em all they'd just finished up the last of the bananas

and peanuts and the candy and the gingersnaps, and was fixin' to take turns drinkin' the milk out of the cocoanut. I s'pose they've got it all cracked out of the shell and et up by now—the cocoanut, I mean. Judge, you oughter stepped down into Franklin Street and taken a look at the picture whilst there was still time. You never seen sech a funny sight in all your days, I'll bet!"

"I reckin 'twould be too late to be startin' now," said Judge Priest. "I'm right sorry I missed it. . . . Busy ketchin' up, huh? Yes; I reckin he is. . . . Tell me, son, whut did you make out of the way Peep O'Day acted?"

"Why, suh," stated Mr. Quarles, "to my mind, Judge, there ain't no manner of doubt but whut prosperity has went to his head and turned it. He acted to me like a plum' distracted idiot. A grown man with forty thousand pounds of solid money settin' on the side of a gutter eatin' jimcracks with a passel of dirty little boys! Kin you figure it out any other way, Judge—except that his mind is gone?"

"I don't set myself up to be a specialist in mental disorders, son," said Judge Priest softly; "but, sence you ask me the question, I should say, speakin' offhand, that it looks to me more ez ef the heart was the organ that was mainly affected. And possibly"—he added this last with a dry little smile—"and possibly, by now, the stomach also. . . ."

On that next day more eyes probably than had been trained in Peep O'Day's direction in all the unremarked and unremarkable days of his life put together were focused upon him. Persons who theretofore had regarded his existence—if indeed they gave it a thought—as one of the utterly trivial and inconsequential incidents of the cosmic scheme, were moved to speak to him, to clasp his hand, and, in numerous instances, to express a hearty satisfaction over his altered circumstances. To all these, whether they were moved by mere neighborly good will, or perchance were inspired by impulses of selfishness, the old man exhibited a mien of aloofness and embarrassment.

This diffidence or this suspicion—or this whatever it was—protected him from those who might entertain covetous and ulterior designs upon his inheritance even better than though he had been brusque and rude; while those who sought to question him regarding his plans for the future drew from him only mumbled and evasive replies, which left them as deeply in the dark as they had been before. Altogether, in his intercourse with adults he appeared shy and very ill at ease.

It was noted, though, that early in the forenoon he attached to him perhaps half a dozen urchins, of whom the oldest could scarcely have been more than twelve or thirteen years of age; and that these youngsters remained his companions throughout the day. With his troupe of ragged juveniles trailing behind him, he first visited Felsburg Brothers' Emporium to exchange his old and disreputable costume for a wardrobe that, in accordance with Judge Priest's recommendation, he had ordered on the afternoon previous, and which had since been undergoing certain necessary alterations.

With his meager frame incased in new black woolens, and wearing, as an incongruous added touch, the most brilliant of neckties, a necktie of the shade of a pomegranate blossom, he presently issued from Felsburg Brothers' and entered M. Biederman's shoe store, two doors below. Here Mr. Biederman fitted him with shoes, and in addition noted down a further order, which the purchaser did not give until after he had conferred earnestly with the members of his youthful entourage.

Those watching this scene from a distance saw—and perhaps marveled at the sight—that already, between these small boys, on the one part, and this old man, on the other, a perfect understanding appeared to have been established.

After leaving Biederman's, and tagged by his small escorts, O'Day went straight to the courthouse and, upon knocking at the door, was admitted to Judge Priest's private chambers, the boys meantime waiting outside in the hall. When he came forth he showed them something he held in his hand and told them something; whereupon all of them burst into excited and joyous whoops.

It was at that point that O'Day, by the common verdict of most grown-up onlookers, began to betray the vagaries of a disordered intellect. Mark how the proofs were accumulating: The man had disdained the company of men approximately his own age or thereabout; he had refused an opportunity to partake of refreshment suitable to his years; and now he stepped into the Bon Ton toy store and bought for cash—most inconceivable of acquisitions! —a little wagon that was painted bright red and bore on its sides, in curlicued letters, the name Comet.

His next stop was made at Bishop & Bryan's grocery, where, with the aid of his youthful compatriots, he first discriminatingly selected, and then purchased on credit, and finally loaded into the wagon, such purchases as a dozen bottles of soda pop.



assorted flavors; cheese, crackers—soda and animal; sponge cakes with weather-proof pink icing on them; fruits of the season; cove oysters; a bottle of pepper sauce; and a quantity of the extra large sized bright green cucumber pickles known to the trade as the Fancy Jumbo Brand, Prime Selected.

Presently the astounding spectacle was presented of two small boys, with string bridles on their arms, drawing the wagon through our town and out of it into the country, with Peep O'Day in the rôle of teamster walking alongside the laden wagon. He was holding the lines in his hands and shouting orders to his team, who showed a colty inclination to shy at objects, to kick up their heels without provocation, and at intervals to try to run away. Eight or ten small boys—for by now the troupe had grown in number and in volume of noise—trailed along, keeping step with their elderly patron and advising him shrilly regarding the management of his refractory span.

As it turned out, the destination of this preposterous procession was Bradshaw's Grove, where the entire party spent the day picnicking in the woods, and, as reported by several reliable witnesses, playing games. It was not so strange that holidaying boys should play games; the amazing feature of the performance was that Peep O'Day, a man old enough to be grandfather to any of them, played with them, being by turns an Indian chief, a robber baron, and the driver of a stagecoach attacked by Wild Western desperadoes.

Days that came after this, on through the midsummer, were, with variations, but repetitions of the day I have just described. Each morning Peep O'Day would go to either the courthouse or Judge Priest's home to turn over to the Judge the unopened mail which had been delivered to him at Gafford's stables; then he would secure from the Judge a loan of money against his inheritance. Generally the amount of his daily borrowing was a dollar; rarely was it so much as two dollars; and only once was it more than two dollars.

By nightfall the sum would have been expended upon perfectly useless and absolutely childish devices. It might be that he would buy toy pistols and paper caps for himself and his following of urchins; or that his whim would lead him to expend all the money in tin flutes.

Or again, the available cash resources would be invested in provender; and then there would be an outing in the woods. Under Peep O'Day's captaincy his chosen band of youngsters picked

dewberries; they went swimming together in Guthrie's Gravel Pit, out by the old Fair Grounds, where his spare naked shanks contrasted strongly with their plump freckled legs as all of them splashed through the shallows, making for deep water. Under his leadership they stole watermelons from Mr. Dick Bell's patch, afterward eating their spoils in thickets of grapevines along the banks of Perkins' Creek.

It was felt that mental befuddlement and mortal folly could reach no greater heights—or no lower depths—than on a certain hour of a certain day, along toward the end of August, when O'Day came forth from his quarters in Gafford's stables, wearing a pair of boots that M. Biedermann's establishment had turned out to his order and his measure—not such boots as a sensible man might be expected to wear, but boots that were exaggerated and monstrous counterfeits of the red-topped, scroll-fronted, brass-toed, stub-heeled, squeaky-soled bootees that small boys of an earlier generation possessed.

Very proudly and seemingly unconscious of, or, at least, oblivious to, the derisive remarks that the appearance of these new belongings drew from many persons, the owner went clumping about in them, with the rumply legs of his trousers tucked down in them, and ballooning up and out over the tops in folds which overlapped from his knee joints halfway down his attenuated calves.

As Deputy Sheriff Quarles said, the combination was a sight fit to make a horse laugh. It may be that small boys have a lesser sense of humor than horses have, for certainly the boys who were the old man's invariable shadows did not laugh at him, or at his boots either. Between the whiskered senior and his small comrades there existed a freemasonry that made them all sense a thing beyond the ken of most of their elders. Perhaps this was because the elders, being blind in their superior wisdom, saw neither this thing nor the communion that flourished. They saw only the farcical joke. But His Honor, Judge Priest, to cite a conspicuous exception, seemed not to see the lamentable comedy of it. . . .

Three occurrences of a widely dissimilar nature, yet all closely interrelated to the main issue, marked the climax of the man's new rôle in his new career. The first of these was the arrival of his legacy; the second was a one-ring circus; and the third and last was a nephew.

In the form of sundry bills of exchange the estate left by the

late Daniel O'Day, of the town of Kilmare, in the island of Ireland, was on a certain afternoon delivered over into Judge Priest's hands, and by him, in turn, handed to the rightful owner, after which sundry indebtednesses, representing the total of the old Judge's day-to-day cash advances to O'Day, were liquidated.

The ceremony of deducting this sum took place at the Planters' Bank, whither the two had journeyed in company from the courthouse. Having, with the aid of the paying teller, instructed O'Day in the technical details requisite to the drawing of personal checks, Judge Priest went home and had his bag packed, and left for Reelfoot Lake to spend a week fishing. As a consequence he missed the remaining two events, following immediately thereafter.

The circus was no great shakes of a circus; no grand, glittering, gorgeous, glorious pageant of education and entertainment, traveling on its own special trains; no vast tented city of world's wonders and world's champions, heralded for weeks and weeks in advance of its coming by dead walls emblazoned with the finest examples of the lithographer's art, and by half-page advertisements in the *Daily Evening News*. On the contrary, it was a shabby little wagon show, which, coming overland on short notice, rolled into town under horse power, and set up its ragged and dusty canvases on the vacant lot across from Yeiser's drug store. . . .

Moreover, this particular circus was marked at the afternoon performance by happenings of a nature most decidedly unusual. At one o'clock the doors were opened; at one-ten the eyes of the proprietor were made glad and his heart was uplifted within him by the sight of a strange procession, drawing nearer and nearer across the scuffed turf of the Common, and heading in the direction of the red ticket wagon.

At the head of the procession marched Peep O'Day—only, of course, the proprietor didn't know it was Peep O'Day—a queer figure in his rumpled black clothes and his red-topped brass-toed boots, and with one hand holding fast to the string of a captive toy balloon. Behind him, in an uneven jostling formation, followed many small boys and some small girls. A census of the ranks would have developed that here were included practically all the juvenile white population who otherwise, through a lack of funds, would have been denied the opportunity to patronize this circus or, in fact, any circus.

Each member of the joyous company was likewise the bearer

of a toy balloon—red, yellow, blue, green, or purple, as the case might be. Over the line of heads the taut rubbery globes rode on their tethers, nodding and twisting like so many big iridescent bubbles; and half a block away, at the edge of the lot, a balloon vender, whose entire stock had been disposed of in one splendid transaction, now stood, empty-handed but full-pocketed, marveling at the stroke of luck that enabled him to take an afternoon off and rest his voice.

Out of a seemingly bottomless exchequer Peep O'Day bought tickets of admission for all. But this was only the beginning. Once inside the tent he procured accommodations in the reserved-seat section for himself and those who accompanied him. From such superior points of vantage the whole crew of them witnessed the performance, from the thrilling grand entry, with spangled ladies and gentlemen riding two by two on broad-backed steeds, to the tumbling bout introducing the full strength of the company, which came at the end.

They munched fresh-roasted peanuts and balls of sugar-coated popcorn, slightly rancid, until they munched no longer with zest but merely mechanically. They drank pink lemonade to an extent that threatened absolute depletion of the fluid contents of both barrels in the refreshment stand out in the menagerie tent. They whooped their unbridled approval when the wild Indian chief, after shooting down a stuffed coon with a bow and arrow from somewhere up near the top of the center pole while balancing himself jauntily erect upon the haunches of a coursing white charger, suddenly flung off his feathered headdress, his wig and his fringed leather garments, and revealed himself in pink fleshings as the principal bareback rider.

They screamed in a chorus of delight when the funny old clown, who had been forcibly deprived of three tin flutes in rapid succession, now produced yet a fourth from the seemingly inexhaustible depths of his baggy white pants—a flute with a string and a bent pin attached to it—and, secretly affixing the pin in the tail of the cross ringmaster's coat, was thereafter enabled to toot sharp shrill blasts at frequent intervals, much to the chagrin of the ringmaster, who seemed utterly unable to discover the whereabouts of the instrument dangling behind him.

But no one among them whooped louder or laughed longer than their elderly and bewhiskered friend, who sat among them, paying the bills. As his guests they stayed for the concert; and, following this, they patronized the side show in a body. They had

been almost the first upon the scene; assuredly they were the last of the audience to quit it.

Indeed, before they trailed their confrère away from the spot the sun was nearly down: and at scores of supper tables all over town the tale of poor old Peep O'Day's latest exhibition of freakishness was being retailed, with elaborations, to interested auditors. Estimates of the sum probably expended by him in this crowning extravagance ranked well up into the hundreds of dollars.

As for the object of these speculations, he was destined not to eat any supper at all that night. Something happened that so upset him as to make him forget the meal altogether. It began to happen when he reached the modest home of P. Gafford, adjoining the Gafford stables, on Locust Street, and found sitting on the lowermost step of the porch a young man of untidy and unshaved aspect, who hailed him affectionately as Uncle Paul, and who showed deep annoyance and acute distress upon being rebuffed with chill words.

It is possible that the strain of serving a three months' sentence, on the technical charge of vagrancy, in a work house somewhere in Indiana, had affected the young man's nerves. His ankle bones still ached where the ball and chain had been hitched; on his palms the blisters induced by the uncongenial use of a sledge hammer on a rock pile had hardly as yet turned to calluses. So it is only fair to presume that his nervous system felt the stress of his recent confining experiences also.

Almost tearfully he pleaded with Peep O'Day to remember the ties of blood that bound them; repeatedly he pointed out that he was the only known kinsman of the other in all the world, and, therefore, had more reason than any other living being to expect kindness and generosity at his uncle's hands. He spoke socialistically of the advisability of an equal division; failing to make any impression here he mentioned the subject of a loan—at first hopefully, but finally despairingly.

When he was done Peep O'Day, in a perfectly colorless and unsympathetic voice, bade him good-bye—not good night but good-bye! And, going inside the house, he closed the door behind him, leaving his newly returned relative outside and quite alone.

At this the young man uttered violent language; but, since there was nobody present to hear him, it is likely he found small

satisfaction in his profanity, rich though it may have been in metaphor and variety. So presently he betook himself off, going straight to the office in Legal Row of H. B. Sublette, Attorney-at-law.

From the circumstance that he found Mr. Sublette in, though it was long past that gentleman's office hours, and, moreover, found Mr. Sublette waiting in an expectant and attentive attitude, it might have been adduced by one skilled in the trick of putting two and two together that the pair of them had reached a prior understanding some time during the day; and that the visit of the young man to the Gafford home and his speeches there had all been parts of a scheme planned out at a prior conference.

Be this as it may, so soon as Mr. Sublette had heard his caller's version of the meeting upon the porch he lost no time in taking certain legal steps. That very night, on behalf of his client, denominated in the documents as Percival Dwyer, Esquire, he prepared a petition addressed to the circuit judge of the district, setting forth that, inasmuch as Paul Felix O'Day had by divers acts shown himself to be of unsound mind, now, *therefore, came* his nephew and next of kin praying that a committee or curator be appointed to take over the estate of the said Paul Felix O'Day, and administer the same in accordance with the orders of the court until such time as the said Paul Felix O'Day should recover his reason, or should pass from this life, and so forth and so on; not to mention whereases in great number and aforesaids abounding throughout the text in the utmost profusion.

On the following morning the papers were filed with Circuit Clerk Milam. That vigilant barrister, Mr. Sublette, brought them in person to the courthouse before nine o'clock, he having the interests of his client at heart and perhaps also visions of a large contingent fee in his mind. No retainer had been paid. The state of Mr. Dwyer's finances—or, rather, the absence of any finances—had precluded the performance of that customary detail; but to Mr. Sublette's experienced mind the prospects of future increment seemed large.

Accordingly he was all for prompt action. Formally he said he wished to go on record as demanding for his principal a speedy hearing of the issue, with a view to preventing the defendant named in the pleadings from dissipating any more of the estate lately bequeathed to him and now fully in his possession—or words to that effect.

Mr. Milam felt justified in getting into communication with Judge Priest over the long-distance 'phone; and the Judge, cutting short his vacation and leaving uncaught vast numbers of bass and perch in Reelfoot Lake, came home, arriving late that night.

Next morning, having issued divers orders in connection with the impending litigation, he sent a messenger to find Peep O'Day and to direct O'Day to come to the courthouse for a personal interview.

The dialogue was in Judge Priest's hands. He led and his fellow character followed his leads.

"Peep," he was saying, "you understand, don't you, that this here fragrant nephew of yours that's turned up from nowheres in particular is fixin' to git ready to try to prove that you are feeble-minded? And, on top of that, that he's goin' to ask that a committee be app'inted fur you—in other words, that somebody or other shall be named by the court, meanin' me, to take charge of your property and control the spendin' of it frum now on?"

"Yes, suh," stated O'Day. "Pete Gafford he set down with me and made hit all clear to me, yestiddy evenin', after they'd done served the papers on me."

"All right, then. Now I'm goin' to fix the hearin' fur tomorrow mornin' at ten. The other side is askin' fur a quick decision; and I rather figger they're entitled to it. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Whutever you say, Judge."

All things considered, it was an unusual assemblage that Judge Priest regarded over the top rims of his glasses as he sat facing it in his broad armchair, with the flat top of the bench intervening between him and the gathering. Not often, even in the case of exciting murder trials, had the old courtroom held a larger crowd; certainly never had it held so many boys. Boys, and boys exclusively, filled the back rows of benches downstairs. More boys packed the narrow shelf-like balcony that spanned the chamber across its far end—mainly small boys, barefooted, sunburned, freckle-faced, shock-headed boys. And, for boys, they were strangely silent and strangely attentive.

The petitioner sat with his counsel, Mr. Sublette. The petitioner had been newly shaved, and from some mysterious source had been equipped with a neat wardrobe. Plainly he was endeav-

oring to wear a look of virtue, which was a difficult undertaking, as you would understand had you known the petitioner.

The defending party to the action was seated across the room, touching elbows with old Colonel Farrell, dean of the local bar and its most florid orator.

"The court will designate Col. Horatio Farrell as guardian *ad litem* for the defendant during these proceedings." Judge Priest had stated a few minutes earlier, using the formal and grammatical language he reserved exclusively for his courtroom.

At once old Colonel Farrell had hitched his chair up alongside O'Day; had asked him several questions in a tone inaudible to those about them; had listened to the whispered answers of O'Day; and then had nodded his huge curly white dome of a head, as though amply satisfied with the responses.

For our present purposes, I deem it sufficient to say that in all his professional career Mr. Sublette was never more eloquent, never more forceful, never more vehement in his allegations, and never more convinced—as he himself stated, not once but repeatedly—of his ability to prove the facts he alleged by competent and unbiased testimony. These facts, he pointed out, were common knowledge in the community; nevertheless, he stood prepared to buttress them with the evidence of reputable witnesses, given under oath.

Mr. Sublette, having unwound at length, now wound up. He sat down, perspiring freely and through the perspiration radiating confidence in his contentions, confidence in the result, and, most of all, unbounded confidence in Mr. Sublette.

Now Colonel Farrell was standing up to address the court.

"May it please Your Honor," he began, "I have just conferred with the defendant here; and, acting in the capacity of his guardian *ad litem,* I have advised him to waive an opening address by counsel. Indeed, the defendant has no counsel. Furthermore, the defendant, also acting upon my advice, will present no witnesses in his own behalf. But, with Your Honor's permission, the defendant will now make a personal statement; and thereafter he will rest content, leaving the final arbitrament of the issue to Your Honor's discretion."

"I object!" exclaimed Mr. Sublette briskly.

"On what ground does the learned counsel object?" inquired Judge Priest.

"On the grounds that, since the mental competence of this man is concerned—since it is our contention that he is patently and plainly a victim of senility, an individual prematurely in his

dotage—any utterances by him will be of no value whatsoever in aiding the conscience and intelligence of the court to arrive at a fair and just conclusion regarding the defendant's mental condition."

Mr. Sublette excelled in the use of big words; there was no doubt about that.

"The objection is overruled," said Judge Priest. He nodded in the direction of O'Day and Colonel Farrell. "The court will hear the defendant. He is not to be interrupted while making his statement. The defendant may proceed."

Without further urging, O'Day stood up, a tall, slab-sided rack of a man, with his long arms dangling at his sides, half facing Judge Priest and half facing his nephew and his nephew's lawyer. Without hesitation he began to speak. And this was what he said:

"There's mebbe some here ez knows about how I was raised and fetched up. My paw and my maw died when I was jest only a baby; so I was brung up out here at the old county porehouse ez a pauper. I can't remember the time when I didn't have to work for my board and keep, and work hard. While other boys was goin' to school and playin' hooky, and goin' in washin' in the creek, and playin' games, and all sech ez that, I had to work. I never done no playin' round in my whole life—not till here jest recently, anyway.

"But I always craved to play round some. I didn't never say nothin' about it to nobody after I growed up, 'cause I figgered it out they wouldn't understand and mebbe'd laugh at me; but all these years, ever sence I left that there porehouse, I've had a hankerin' here inside of me"—he lifted one hand and touched his breast—"I've had a hankerin' to be a boy and to do all the things a boy does; to do the things I was chiseled out of doin' whilst I was of a suitable age to be doin' 'em. I call to mind that I useter dream in my sleep about doin' 'em; but the dream never come true—not till jest here lately. It didn't have no chancet to come true—not till then.

"So, when this money come to me so sudden and unbeknownst-like, I said to myself that I was goin' to make that there dream come true; and I started out fur to do it. And I done it! And I reckin that's the cause of my bein' here today, accused of bein' feeble-minded. But, even so, I don't regret it none. Ef it was all to do over ag'in, I'd do it jest the very same way. . . .

"That gentleman yonder—Mister Sublette—he 'lowed jest now that I was leadin' a lot of little boys in this here town into bad

habits. He said that I was learnin' 'em nobody knowed whut devilment. And he spoke of my havin' egged 'em on to steal watermelons frum Mister Bell's watermelon patch out here three miles frum town, on the Marshalville gravel road. You-all heared whut he jest now said about that.

"I don't mean no offense and I beg his pardon fur contradictin' him right out before everybody here in the big courthouse; but, mister, you're wrong. I don't lead these here boys astray that I've been runnin' round with. They're mighty nice clean boys, all of 'em. Some of 'em are mighty near ez pore ez whut I uster be; but there ain't no real harm in any of 'em. We git along together fine—me and them. And, without no preachin', nor nothin' like that, I've done my best these weeks we've been frolickin' and projectin' round together to keep 'em frum growin' up to do mean things. I use chawin' tobacco myself; but I've told 'em, I don't know how many times, that ef they chaw it'll stunt 'em in their growth. And I've got several of 'em that was smokin' cigarettes on the sly to promise me they'd quit. So I don't figger ez I've done them boys any real harm by goin' round with 'em. And I believe ef you was to ast 'em they'd all tell you the same, suh.

"Now about them watermelons: Sence this gentleman has brung them watermelons up, I'm goin' to tell you-all the truth about that too."

He cast a quick, furtive look, almost a guilty look, over his shoulder toward the rear of the courtroom before he went on:

"Them watermelons wasn't really stole at all. I seen Mister Dick Bell beforehand and arranged with him to pay him in full fur whutever damage mout be done. But, you see, I knowed watermelons tasted sweeter to a boy ef he thought he'd hooked 'em out of a patch; so I never let on to my little pardners yonder that I'd the same ez paid Mister Bell in advance fur the melons we snuck out of his patch and et in the woods. They've all been thinkin' up till now that we really hooked them watermelons. But ef that was wrong I'm sorry fur it.

"Mister Sublette, you jest now said that I was fritterin' away my property on vain foolishment. Them was the words you used —'fritterin'' and 'vain foolishment.' Mebbe you're right, suh, about the fritterin' part; but ef spendin' money in a certain way gives a man ez much pleasure ez it's give me these last two months, and ef the money is his'n by rights, I figger it can't be so very foolish; though it may 'pear so to some.

"Excusin' these here clothes I've got on and these here boots, which ain't paid fur yet, but is charged up to me on Felsburg Brothers' books and Mister M. Biederman's books, I didn't spend only a dollar a day, or mebbe two dollars, and once three dollars in a single day out of whut was comin' to me. The Judge here, he let me have that out of his own pocket; and I paid him back. And that was all I did spend till here three days ago when that there circus come to town. I reckin I did spend a right smart sum then.

"My money had come frum the old country only the day before; so I went to the bank and they writ out one of them pieces of paper which is called a check, and I signed it—with my mark; and they give me the money I wanted—an even two hundred dollars. And part of that there money I used to pay fur circus tickets fur all the little boys and little girls I could find in this town that couldn't 'a' got to the circus no other way. Some of 'em are settin' back there behind you-all now—some of the boys, I mean; I don't see none of the little girls.

"There was several of 'em told me at the time they hadn't never seen a circus—not in their whole lives. Fur that matter, I hadn't, neither; but I didn't want no pore child in this town to grow up to be ez old ez I am without havin' been to at least one circus. So I taken 'em all in and paid all the bills; and when night come there wasn't but 'bout nine dollars left out of the whole two hundred that I'd started out with in the mornin'. But I don't begredge spendin' it. It looked to me like it was money well invested. They all seemd to enjoy it; and I know I done so.

"There may be bigger circuses'n whut that one was; but I don't see how a circus could 'a' been any better than this here one I'm telling about, ef it was ten times ez big. I don't regret the investment and I don't aim to lie about it now. Mister Sublette, I'd do the same thing over ag'in ef the chance should come, lawsuit or no lawsuit. Ef you should win this here case mebbe I wouldn't have no second chance.

"Ef some gentleman is app'inted ez a committee to handle my money it's likely he wouldn't look at the thing the same way I do; and it's likely he wouldn't let me have so much money all in one lump to spend takin' a passel of little shavers that ain't no kin to me to the circus and to the side show, besides lettin' 'em stay fur the grand concert or after the show, and all. But I done it once; and I've got it to remember about and think about in my own mind ez long ez I live.

"I'm 'bout finished now. There's jest one thing more I'd like to say, and that is this: Mister Sublette he said a minute ago that I was in my second childhood. Meanin' no offense, suh, but you was wrong there too. The way I look at it, a man can't be in his second childhood without he's had his first childhood; and I was cheated plum' out of mine. I'm more'n sixty years old, ez near ez I kin figger; but I'm tryin' to be a boy before it's too late."

He paused a moment and looked round him.

"The way I look at it, Judge Priest, suh, and you-all, every man that grows up, no matter how old he may git to be, is entitled to 'a' been a boy oncet in his lifetime. I—I reckin that's all."

He sat down and dropped his eyes upon the floor, as though ashamed that his temerity should have carried him so far. There was a strange little hush filling the courtroom. It was Judge Priest who broke it.

"The court," he said, "has by the words just spoken by this man been sufficiently advised as to the sanity of the man himself. The court cares to hear nothing more from either side on this subject. The petition is dismissed."

Very probably these last words may have been as so much Greek to the juvenile members of the audience; possibly, though, they were made aware of the meaning of them by the look upon the face of Nephew Percival Dwyer and the look upon the face of Nephew Percival Dwyer's attorney. At any rate, His Honor hardly had uttered the last syllable of his decision before, from the rear of the courtroom and from the gallery above, there arose a shrill, vehement, sincere sound of yelling—exultant, triumphant, and deafening. It continued for upward of a minute before the small disturbers remembered where they were and reduced themselves to a state of comparative quiet.

For reasons best known to himself, Judge Priest, who ordinarily stickled for order and decorum in his courtroom, made no effort to quell the outburst or to have it quelled—not even when a considerable number of the adults present joined in it, having first cleared their throats of a slight huskiness that had come upon them, severally and generally.

Presently the Judge rapped for quiet—and got it. It was apparent that he had more to say; and all there hearkened to hear what it might be.

"I have just this to add," quoth His Honor: "It is the official judgment of this court that the late defendant, being entirely

sane, is competent to manage his own affairs after his preferences.

"And it is the private opinion of this court that not only is the late defendant sane but that he is the sanest man in this entire jurisdiction. Mister Clerk, this court stands adjourned."

Abridged.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What details in the opening paragraphs indicate the period and the place of the story, and something about Judge Priest? Point out humorous comments.

2. At the opening of the story what was the most money Peep had ever had at one time in his life? What did the Judge mean by saying that friendship can "be overdone"? Throughout the story what delicacy does Judge Priest show? Why is he one of the most loved characters?

3. Mr. Quarles did not understand Peep's remark, "I'm ketchin' up." Read lines that show that the Judge was wiser. When did Peep explain the remark in detail?

4. Where does the author keep you in suspense? Where can you see the actions of characters as in a motion picture?

5. What part of Emerson's essay, "Self-Reliance," does this story recall to you?

6. Account for the inclusion of this story in the section, "Towards a Better World."

7. Volunteers read other stories in which Judge Priest is a character. "The Escape of Mr. Trimm," a serious story, and the first "avowed fiction" he wrote, Mr. Cobb once called his favorite story. You may also be interested in *From Place to Place*, in which "Boys Will Be Boys," is to be found, and in *J. Poindexter, Colored.*

8. In what motion picture have you seen Irvin Cobb?

9. Write on one of the following subjects:

My Idea of a Good Time
Masefield's *King Cole*
The Glamor of the Circus
Judge Priest's "Art of Living"
A Picnic in the Woods
Putting Away the Things of a Child

B

PATRIOTISM

1. TO MY COUNTRY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

To every one of us there is something appealing in the title of this poem.

Beams from your forest built my little home,
And stones from your deep quarries flagged my hearth;
Your streams have rippled swiftly in my blood,
Your fertile acres made my flesh for me,
And your clean-blowing winds have been my breath.
Your prophets saw the visions of my youth,
The dreams you gave have been my dearest dreams,
And you have been the mother of my soul.

Therefore, my country, take again at need
Your excellent gifts, home, hearth, and flesh and blood,
Young dreams and all the good I am or have,
That all your later children may have peace
In little homes built of your wood and stone
And warmed and lighted by the love of man!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. In the first eight lines the poet tells what her country has given her. What is her poetical way of stating the gifts?
2. What would she offer her country?
3. Why is she willing to do so?
4. What has the country given you?
5. Compare this poem with the "Hail Columbia" and with others named on page 697.

2. HAIL COLUMBIA

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

In 1798 our relations with France became so strained that almost every one in the country expected war and many earnestly desired it. This poem expresses the patriotism of the period after the Revolution.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

 Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat.
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Andrew Fletcher (1653?-1716) said: "Let me make the songs of a people, and you shall make its laws." Name songs which have been influential in arousing emotion and controlling public opinion in the United States.

2. In one day this song was written for the music, "The President's March," in order to unite Federalists and Republicans (or Democrats) whose sympathies were divided between England and France. Read lines that would be tactful propaganda.

3. What is the significance of the lines:

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost?

4. Who was to be the commander of the American armies if war occurred?

5. As a national song "Hail Columbia," written for an American tune, was preceded by "Yankee Doodle." Compare the two songs; compare "Hail Columbia" with songs that followed: "The Star-Spangled Banner" (1814), "America" (1832), "Dixie" (1859), "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" (1861), "America the Beautiful" (1895), and "Over There" (1917). Which do you prefer?

6. Sing "Hail Columbia." Notice the repetition. Write a school song.

3. LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Although not one of our best poets, Stedman wrote many fine lines, some of real nobility.

"Warden at ocean's gate,
 Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
 When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow?
What bright dread angel Thou,
 Dazzling the waves before
 Thy station great?"

"My name is Liberty!
 From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
 I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
 At ocean's gate I stand
 Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
 Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
 I sprang to height, reborn:
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
 And all the choir of morn
 Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath yon firmament,
 The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
 My azure flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
 Came from a living mould
 In glory bent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! fear not the bars
Across your pathway set;
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is rayed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free,—
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and gale;
Undaunted on this base
Guard well thy dwelling-place:
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Bring to class a picture of the Statue of Liberty. Tell the history of the Statue. What lines in the poem are explained by a knowledge of the history of the Statue? What is its correct name?

2. What questions does the poet ask in the second stanza? Who speaks in the rest of the poem? What two kinds of immigrants are addressed?

3. What direction does the statue face? Point out the line that refers to the practical use of the statue.

4. What caused the joyous shout in the third stanza? What had been the history of liberty? How does she fare today?

5. What hope is expressed in the last stanza? Tell the origin of the last line.

6. Why was it especially appropriate that this Statue should come from France?

4. NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

Nathan Hale was a young Connecticut schoolteacher who volunteered during the Revolutionary War to enter the British lines secretly for the purpose of getting information needed by the Americans. He was captured and hanged. His last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." It was reported that his guards refused to let him have a Bible to solace his last hours.

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
 A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
 He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
 And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
 His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
 He scans the tented line:
And he counts the battery guns
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
 Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
 It meets his eager glance:
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like a glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
 And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
 In the camp a spy hath found;

With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What does the poem tell of the bravery of Nathan Hale in the face of death?
2. What is the plan of the stanzas?
3. Offer suggestions telling how one may *live* for one's country.
4. Report on Clyde Fitch's play, *Nathan Hale.*

5. OLD IRONSIDES

Oliver Wendell Holmes

"Old Ironsides" was the nickname of the famous American man-of-war, *Constitution*. After a long and eventful career in the navy, the old ship was to be broken up. When Holmes heard the news he wrote the following lines in protest against the proposed action. This poem was so effective that "Old Ironsides" was saved. It is still a part of the American navy, though today, of course, it is only a curiosity and a memento of our past.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Have you ever seen the *Constitution?* A few years ago she was taken from one port to another from Boston to Seattle so that all who wished might see her.

2. What was the long and eventful career of the *Constitution* until she

was pronounced unseaworthy and Holmes wrote this poem in 1830? Alexander Magoun's *The Frigate Constitution and Other Historic Ships* answers the question. Explain the nickname "Old Ironsides."

3. The poem was written spontaneously by the young poet. Which lines reveal his deep feeling? Read the poem aloud in a way that will express the author's protest.

6. THE CRISIS

THOMAS PAINE

During the Revolutionary War Paine was attached to the staff of General Green, one of the American commanders. His duty was the writing of pamphlets that were meant to strengthen the American determination to fight the war through to a successful close. Washington, Jefferson, and other American leaders, both civil and military, have left testimony to great and beneficial effect that Paine's writings had. "The Crisis," from which this selection is taken, consists of a number of pamphlets issued at various times during the Revolution.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to* TAX) but "to BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOLVER," and if being *bound in that manner,* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is

lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short: the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one

fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defense. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us: for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object, which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven miles above: Major General Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry, six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us, and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We stayed four days at Newark, collected our outposts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania: but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our

retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centered in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Imagine this first number of *The Crisis* being read at the head of each regiment just after the defeat of Washington's army on Long Island and on the eve of the battle of Trenton. How soon would the attention of the soldiers be arrested?

2. What was the outcome of the battle of Trenton?

3. What is meant by "the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot"?

4. How true is it that "it is dearness only that gives everything its value"? Consider the idea in relation to education, travel, and possessions.

5. Paine has been called an atheist. Judging by this selection, what was his attitude toward God?

6. Discuss whether panics generally "produce as much good as hurt." How does the mind grow through them?

7. What is a touchstone? What does Paine say in regard to disguised Tories?

8. What mistake did Paine think Howe made? Try to explain the situation as clearly as possible. A simple diagram is helpful.

9. For what does Thomas Paine praise George Washington?

10. Point out emotional intensity in the selection.

11. What was there in Paine's pamphlet that made an appeal to the multitude at that time?

12. Write on one of the following:

A Panic

Appearing to Full Advantage

Conduct in a Crisis

Brave Women (consider: Moll Pitcher, De Quincey's essay *Joan of Arc*, Mary Beard's *America through Women's Eyes*, Harold Brighouse's play *Maid of France* in Cohen's *One-Act Plays by Modern Authors*)

7. PATRIOTISM BEGINS IN THE HOME

HENRY W. GRADY

Henry Grady was one of the great orators of the South. His speeches did much to renew the courage of the South after the terrible war between the States.

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway.

I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until he gathers up the broken threads of his life—this, lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government.

We note the barracks of our standing army with their rolling drums and their fluttering flags as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—*he* shall save the Republic when the drumtap is futile, and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its rooftree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of the government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for

nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob.

Let him ever stand upright and fearless, a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

C

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

1. TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The following selection is a letter written by Theodore Roosevelt when the Boy Scout Movement was in its beginning.

Do Roosevelt's views on citizenship seem to differ in any important respect from the views of President Wilson as expressed in the selection that follows this one?

I quite agree with Judge Ben Lindsey that the Boy Scout Movement is of peculiar importance to the whole country. It has already done much good, and it will do far more. It is in its essence a practical scheme through which to impart a proper standard of ethical conduct, proper standards of fair play and consideration for others, and courage and decency, to boys who have never been reached and never will be reached by the ordinary type of preaching, lay or clerical. I have been particularly interested in that extract of a letter from a scoutmaster in the Philippines, which runs as follows:

"It might interest you to know that at a recent fire in Manila, which devastated acres of ground and rendered three thousand people homeless, two patrols of the Manila scouts reached the fire almost with the fire companies, reported to the proper authorities and worked for hours under very trying conditions helping frightened natives into places of safety, removing valuables and other articles from houses that apparently were in the path of the flames, and performing cheerfully and efficiently all the tasks given to them by the firemen and scoutmaster. They were complimented in the public press, and in a kind editorial about their work.

"During the recent Carnival the services of the boys were requested by the Carnival officers, and for a period of ten days they were on duty performing all manners of service in the Carnival grounds, directing strangers to hotels, and acting as guides and helpers in a hundred ways."

What these boy scouts of the Philippines have just done I think our boy scouts in every town and country district should train themselves to be able to do. The movement is one for efficiency and patriotism. It does not try to make soldiers of boy scouts, but to make boys who will turn out as men to be fine citizens, and who will, if their country needs them, make better soldiers for having been scouts.

No one can be a good American unless he is a good citizen, and every boy ought to train himself so that as a man he will be able to do his full duty to the community. I want to see the boy scouts not merely utter fine sentiments, but act on them; not merely sing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," but act in a way that will give them a country to be proud of. No man is a good citizen unless he so acts as to show that he actually uses the Ten Commandments, and translates the Golden Rule into his life conduct—and I don't mean by this in exceptional cases under spectacular circumstances, but I mean applying the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in the ordinary affairs of every-day life.

I hope the boy scouts will practice truth and square dealing, and courage and honesty, so that when as young men they begin to take a part not only in earning their own livelihood, but in governing the community, they may be able to show in practical fashion their insistence upon the great truth that the eight and ninth commandments are directly related to every-day life, not only between men as such in their private relations, but between men and the government of which they are part. Indeed the boys even while only boys can have a very real effect upon the conduct of the grown-up members of the community, for decency and square dealing are just as contagious as vice and corruption.

Every healthy boy ought to feel and will feel that in order to amount to anything, it is necessary to have a constructive, and not merely a destructive, nature; and if he can keep this feeling as he grows up he has taken his first step toward good citizenship. The man who tears down and criticizes and scolds may be a good citizen, but only in a negative sense; and if he never does anything else he is apt not to be a good citizen at all. The man

who counts, and the boy who counts are the man and boy who steadily endeavor to build up, to improve, to better living conditions everywhere and all about them.

But the boy can do an immense amount of right in the present, entirely aside from training himself to be a good citizen in the future; and he can only do this if he associates himself with other boys. Let the boy scouts see to it that the best use is made of the parks and playgrounds in their villages and home towns. A gang of toughs may make a playground impossible: and if the boy scouts in the neighborhood of that particular playground are fit for their work, they will show that they won't permit any such gang of toughs to have its way. Moreover, let the boy scouts take the lead in seeing that the parks and playgrounds are turned to a really good account. I hope, by the way, that one of the prime teachings among the boy scouts will be the teaching against vandalism. Let it be a point of honor to protect birds, trees, and flowers, and so to make our country more beautiful and not more ugly, because we have lived in it.

The same qualities that mean success or failure to the nation as a whole, mean success or failure in men and boys individually. The boy scouts must war against the same foes and vices that most hurt the nation; and they must try to develop the same virtues that the nation most needs. To be helpless, self-indulgent, or wasteful, will turn the boy into a mighty poor kind of a man, just as the indulgence in such vices by the men of a nation means the ruin of the nation. Let the boy stand stoutly against his enemies both from without and from within, let him show courage in confronting fearlessly one set of enemies, and in controlling and mastering the others. Any boy is worth nothing if he has not got the courage, courage to stand up against the forces of evil, and courage to stand up in the right path.

Let him be unselfish and gentle, as well as strong and brave. It should be a matter of pride to him that he is not afraid of any one, and that he scorns not to be gentle and considerate to every one, and especially to those who are weaker than he is. If he doesn't treat his mother and sisters well, then he is a poor creature no matter what else he does; just as a man who doesn't treat his wife well is a poor kind of citizen no matter what his other qualities may be. And, by the way, don't ever forget to let the boy know that courtesy, politeness, and good manners must not be neglected. They are not little things, because they are used at every turn in daily life.

Let the boy remember also that in addition to courage, unselfishness, and fair dealing, he must have efficiency, he must have knowledge, he must cultivate a sound body and a good mind, and train himself so that he can act with quick decision in any crisis that may arise. Mind, eye, muscle, all must be trained so that the boy can master himself, and thereby learn to master his fate. I heartily wish all good luck to the movement.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

Theodore Roosevelt was one of our most interesting citizens. In his autobiography or a life of him, find reasons why he was a good citizen. Do you think he tried to practice what he preached?

2. AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

Woodrow Wilson

When Woodrow Wilson was President he delivered the following address to a group of newly naturalized citizens.



It warms my heart that you should give me such a reception; but it is not of myself that I wish to think tonight, but of those who have just become citizens of the United States.

This is the only country in the world which experiences this constant and repeated rebirth. Other countries depend upon the multiplication of their own native people. This country is constantly drinking strength out of new sources by the voluntary association with it of great bodies of strong men and forward-looking women out of other lands. And so by the gift of the free will of independent people it is being constantly renewed from generation to generation by the same process by which it was originally created. It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world.

You have just taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one, unless it be to God—certainly not of allegiance to those who temporarily represent this great government. You have taken an oath of allegiance to a great ideal, to a great body of principles, to a great hope of

the human race. You have said, "We are going to America not only to earn a living, not only to seek the things which it was more difficult to obtain where we were born, but to help forward the great enterprises of the human spirit—to let men know that everywhere in the world there are men who will cross strange oceans and go where a speech is spoken which is alien to them if they can but satisfy their quest for what their spirits crave; knowing that whatever the speech, there is but one longing and utterance of the human heart, and that is for liberty and justice." And while you bring all countries with you, you come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin—these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts —but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go. You cannot dedicate yourself to America unless you become in every respect and with every purpose of your will thorough Americans. You cannot become thorough Americans if you think of yourselves in groups. America does not consist of groups. A man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American, and the man who goes among you to trade upon your nationality is no worthy son to live under the Stars and Stripes.

My urgent advice to you would be, not only always to think first of America, but always, also, to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred. I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow-men. He has lost the touch and ideal of America, for America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase. We came to America, either, ourselves or in the persons of our ancestors, to better the ideals of men, to make them see finer things than they had seen before, to get rid of the things that divide and to make sure of the things that unite. It was but an historical accident no doubt that this great country was called the "United States"; yet I am very thankful that it has that word "United" in its title, and the man who seeks to divide man

from man, group from group, interest from interest in this great Union is striking at its very heart.

It is a very interesting circumstance to me, in thinking of those of you who have just sworn allegiance to this great Government, that you were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us. Some of us are very disappointing. No doubt you have found that justice in the United States goes only with a pure heart and a right purpose as it does everywhere else in the world. No doubt what you found here did not seem touched for you, after all, with the complete beauty of the ideal which you had conceived beforehand. But remember this: If we had grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you, at any rate, imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. That is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome. If I have in any degree forgotten what America was intended for, I will thank God if you will remind me. I was born in America. You dreamed dreams of what America was to be, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. Just because you brought dreams with you, America is more likely to realize dreams such as you brought. You are enriching us if you came expecting us to be better than we are.

You have come into this great nation voluntarily seeking something that we have to give, and all that we have to give is this: We cannot exempt you from work. No man is exempt from work anywhere in the world. We cannot exempt you from the strife and the heartbreaking burden of the struggle of the day—that is common to mankind everywhere; we cannot exempt you from the loads that you must carry. We can only make them light by the spirit in which they are carried. That is the spirit of hope, it is the spirit of liberty, it is the spirit of justice.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you find any important difference in the conception of citizenship held by Theodore Roosevelt and that held by Woodrow Wilson?

Explain. How is each address well suited to the occasion on which it was given?

2. Mention ways in which "boys can have a very real effect upon the conduct of the grown-up members of the community."

3. What activities are provided in the Boy Scout program that help to "cultivate a sound body and a good mind"?

4. To what, according to Wilson, did the newly naturalized citizens take an oath of allegiance?

5. Explain and illustrate: "No man that does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise."

6. Which of the two selections is more likely to live? Why?

3. AM I A GOOD CITIZEN?

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Should a young man or woman be warned to keep out of politics? Read this selection and see if you have the same answer to the problem.

"Keep out of politics!" is a warning given constantly to young men who show an inclination to interest themselves in public affairs. The civic standard is low in any community where a reputable citizen who seeks office encounters suspicion, reproach, or obloquy. The full powers confided to the people presuppose the participation of all citizens in the business of government.

Every citizen is "in" politics. The Constitution of the United States puts him there, and his conscience grants no exemptions.

I have heard men boast that they never perform jury service, or that they have a "pull" that gains them some other immunity. A corruptible public official finds his job unprofitable unless he is able to enter into partnership with another bad citizen.

If I am more concerned with my privileges and immunities than with my duties, I am skidding; I am on the way to becoming a bad citizen. If I neglect to vote because it is inconvenient to meet that obligation, or I assume that my neighbors will protect me with their ballots, I am a dodger and a slacker.

Blind confidence in government by good luck is bound to bring disaster. The constant vigilance and intelligent action of all the people is essential to enlightened, capable government.

Am I a good citizen? is the first question in the American catechism. Government is a complex business, but citizenship may be reduced to three essentials: understanding, loyalty, and service.

This morning I saw a Boy Scout walk to the middle of the street, pick up a piece of paper, and deposit it in the litter-box at the next corner. He didn't have to do that; it was my business quite as much as his. That lad exemplified the good citizenship that is always on the job.

In the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem, every man labored "over against his house." In like manner, an American citizen's duty to his country is immediate and personal, and lies at his own door.

When I say to myself, "I hold an inalienable partnership in this nation; its prosperity and happiness rest with me," then I have caught the spirit of true Americanism. Then indeed I am a worthy citizen of this mighty republic and a contributor to the forces that make for its perpetuity.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Answer the question which serves as the title to this selection.
2. Give reasons for and against a young man or young woman going into politics.
3. Write on one of the following subjects:
 - Privileges and Duties
 - Blind Confidence
 - Service
 - My Understanding of a Political Problem of Today

4. WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

CHARLES W. ELIOT

Charles W. Eliot was a distinguished president of Harvard University.

In the first place, the American is the product of certain moral inheritances. He is usually the descendant of an immigrant or an immigrant himself. That immigrant, in many cases, was

escaping from some sort of religious, political, social, or economic oppression. He was some kind of nonconformist: and he was dissatisfied with his surroundings and wished to better them. Therefore he must have had an unusual amount of imagination, ambition, and venturesomeness. This is as true of the late comers to America as of the earlier comers. The English Pilgrims and Puritans, the French Huguenots, the Scotch Covenanters, the Moravians, the Quakers, the Russian Jews, the Armenians, and the Syrian Christians all fled from religious hostilities or restrictions, and meant to secure, or expected to find, in the New World freedom to worship God each in his own way. They found that liberty, and ultimately established in the United States a régime of absolute religious toleration. After 1848 a large German immigration took refuge here from political oppression. Millions of European and Near-Eastern people have crossed the Atlantic and taken the serious risk of attempting to secure a foothold in fresh and free America, because they hoped to escape from economic pressure and chronic poverty. They have exiled themselves from home and friends in search of some better opportunity for a successful and happy life than the native land offered. The migrations of the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders have been strong cases of escape from harassing economic and social conditions. The early comers took the risks of the wilderness, the Indians, the untried climate, and the unknown diseases. The late comers have dared the perils of congested cities, of novel industries, and of insecure employment. Hence, by heredity, the white Americans of to-day—of whatever race or stock—have a fair chance to be by nature independent, bold, and enterprising.

In the second place, the environment of the immigrants into North America during the past three centuries has exerted a common influence on them all, which has tended to produce in the successive generations certain advantageous qualities. All the American generations thus far may fairly be said to have done pioneering work, and all the earlier generations lived a life of conflict with the hostilities of adverse Nature and with hostile human beings, both savage and civilized. Such pioneering and such conflict all across a continent supply men and women alike with a strenuous training.

The American colonies were engaged most of the time in some kind of warfare. From the beginning the American settlers carried arms, and were often called upon to defend their homes and their communities. The Massachusetts Puritan farmer carried his

flintlock with him to the meetinghouse, and the frontier settler has always had firearms in his cabin and has taught his boys how to use them.

In the nineteenth century the United States was involved four times in costly war. No American generation has escaped the discipline of war. Among the most recent immigrants from Southern Europe and the Near East there have been many thousands of young men who, before they had really established themselves in the New World, returned home to bear their part in the present agonies of the Old. An American, therefore, is likely to be a man of individualistic quality, who nevertheless possesses a strong community-sense and is ready to fight in defense of his family and his community. His environment has trained him to energetic industry, sharp conflict with natural obstacles, and the use of protective force. Nevertheless, his inheritance and his environment alike predispose him to condemn military establishments, a military class, and militarism in general. He is, and means to be, a freeman.

A genuine American regards his Government as his servant and not as his master, and will have no chief executive in city, state, or nation except an elected executive. He recognizes that men are not equal as regards native capacity or acquired power, but desires that all men shall be equal before the law and that every individual human being—child or adult—shall have his just opportunity to do his best for the common good. He believes in universal education, and is always desiring the improvement of the free schools. In respect to this desire for education, however, many of the most recent Americans outdo some of the earlier ones—particularly in the zeal and assiduity of their children in school.

As a result of his own experience in public affairs and of his ancestors' experience, a true American always acquiesces in the decision of a majority of the legitimate participants in an election or other public contest. This is an American trait of high political value. It makes American political and social progress, as a rule, a peaceful evolution. People who have long been helpless under political or ecclesiastical oppression, and have had no practice in self-government, have difficulty in acquiring this trait.

The characteristic American believes, first, in justice as the foundation of civilized government and society, and next in freedom for the individual, so far as that freedom is possible without interference with the equal rights of others. He con-

ceives that both justice and freedom are to be secured through popular respect for the laws enacted by the elected representatives of the people and through the faithful observance of those laws; and because of his confidence in law as the enactment of justice and the security for freedom, he utterly condemns all lawless practices by public servants, private citizens, or groups of citizens. For him lawless violence is the worst offense which can be committed by either the governors or the governed. Hence he distrusts legislation which is not faithfully executed, and believes that unsuccessful legislation should not lapse, but be repealed or replaced. It should be observed, however, that American justice in general keeps in view the present common good of the vast majority, and the restoration rather than the punishment of the exceptional malignant or defective individual. Indeed, the American conception of justice is very different from that of traditional Christian theology, or of feudal institutions, or of any of the despotic governments. It is essentially democratic; and especially it finds sufferings inflicted on the innocent unintelligible and abhorrent.

The American believes that if men are left free in the planning and conduct of their lives they will win more success in the professions, the trades, and the industries than they will if their lives are regulated for them by some superior power, even if that power be more intelligent and better informed than they. Blind obedience and implicit submission to the will of another do not commend themselves to characteristic Americans. The discipline in which they believe is the voluntary co-operation of several or many persons in the orderly and effective pursuit of common ends. Yet Americans are capable of intense collective action when they see that such action is necessary to efficiency or to the security of the community as a whole. Thus they submit willingly to any restrictions on individual liberty which can be shown to be necessary to the preservation of the public health, and they are capable of the most effective co-operation at need in business, sports, and war.

Such are the common ideals, hopes, and aims of the heterogeneous peoples assembled on the territory of the United States. Whoever accepts them and governs his life by them is an American, whatever his origin, race, or station. No other assimilation of different national stocks is needed—or is even desirable—than this acceptance of the common American ideals; but with this acceptance should go, and ordinarily does go, an ardent love of

the new country and its liberal institutions, a love not inconsistent with an affectionate regard for the old country from which the original immigrant into America took his resolute departure.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. From what countries did the people in your community come? A school nationality census would help you to answer this question.
2. Why is American political and social progress as a rule a peaceful growth?
3. Why should unsuccessful legislation be repealed?
4. What is the significance of the policy of American justice: restoration rather than punishment?
5. How can collective action and individual liberty exist side by side?
6. Make a list of ideas expressed by Dr. Eliot that agree with or differ from those by other authors in this section of the book.

5. THE PRESENT CRISIS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, wher'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, wher'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats, upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

(*Abridged*)

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Explain: "mankind are one in spirit."
"In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

2. For twenty years orators quoted from *The Present Crisis*. Why did it have immediate appeal in protesting war with Mexico?

3. Show why *The Present Crisis* has lasting appeal. To what situations today does it apply?

4. Compare the effectiveness of prose and poetry in expressing ideas of citizenship.

D

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA

1. THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH

H. L. MENCKEN

This essay is not about the future of the English people but about the future of the English language.

I

The English tongue is of small reach, stretching no further than this island of ours, nay not there over all.

This was written in 1582. The writer was Richard Mulcaster, headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School, teacher of prosody to Edmund Spencer, and one of the earliest of English grammarians. At the time he wrote, English was spoken by between four and five millions of people, and stood fifth among the European languages, with French, German, Italian, and Spanish ahead of it in that order, and Russian following. Two hundred years later Italian had dropped behind but Russian had gone ahead, so that English was still in fifth place. But by the end of the eighteenth century English began to move forward, and by the middle of the nineteenth it had forced its way into first place. To-day it is so far in the lead that it is probably spoken by as many people as the next two languages—Russian and German—combined.

It is not only the first—and, in large part, the only—language of both of the world's mightiest empires; it is also the second language of large and populous regions beyond their bounds. Its teaching is obligatory in the secondary schools of countries as diverse as Germany and Argentina, Turkey and Denmark, Estonia and Japan. Three-fourths of all the world's mail is now written in it; it is used in printing more than half the world's newspapers, and it is the language of three-fifths of the world's

radio stations. No ship captain can trade upon the oceans without some knowledge of it; it is the common tongue of all the great ports, and likewise of all the maritime Bad Lands, from the South Sea islands to the Persian Gulf. Every language that still resists its advance outside Europe—for example, Spanish in Latin America, Italian in the Levant,[1] and Japanese in the Far East—holds out against it only by making large concessions to it. That is to say, all of them show an ever larger admixture of English words and phrases; indeed in Japanese they become so numerous that special dictionaries of them begin to appear. Finally, English makes steady inroads upon French as the language of diplomacy and upon German as the language of science.

How many people speak it to-day? It is hard to answer with any precision, but an approximation is nevertheless possible. First, let us list those to whom English is their native tongue. They run to about 112,000,000 in the continental United States, to 42,000,000 in the United Kingdom, to 6,000,000 in Canada, 6,000,000 in Australia, 3,000,000 in Ireland, 2,000,000 in South Africa, and probably 3,000,000 in the remaining British colonies and the possessions of the United States. All these figures are very conservative, but they foot up to 174,000,000. Now add the people who, though born to some other language, live in English-speaking communities and speak English themselves in their daily business, and whose children are being brought up to it—say 13,000,000 for the United States, 1,000,000 for Canada (where English is gradually ousting French), 1,000,000 for the United Kingdom and Ireland, and 2,000,000 for the rest of the world—and you have a grand total of 191,000,000.

Obviously, no other language is the everyday tongue of so many people. Russian is spoken as first choice by no more than 80,000,000 of the 150,000,000 citizens of the U.S.S.R.; the rest cling to one or another of the hundred odd lesser dialects in which the Bolsheviki are forced to print their official literature; and outside Russia, Russian is scarcely spoken at all, for the colonies of the U.S.S.R. lie without exception within its territorial bounds. German follows. It is spoken by 65,000,000 Germans in the Reich, by perhaps 7,000,000 in Austria, by a scant 3,000,000 in German Switzerland, by perhaps 5,000,000 in the lost German and Austrian territories, and by another 5,000,000 in the German-speaking colonies in Russia, the Balkan and Baltic states, and

[1] The Levant is the name applied to the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean region.

South America. This makes 85,000,000 all together. Whether French or Spanish comes next is in doubt, but neither can show more than 55,000,000. Italian is the runner-up, and the rest of the European languages are nowhere. Nor is there any rival to English in Asia; for though Chinese is ostensibly the native tongue of more than 300,000,000 people, it is split into so many mutually unintelligible dialects that it must be thought of less as a language than as a group of languages. The same may be said of Hindustani. As for Japanese, it is spoken by no more than 70,000,000 persons, and thus lags behind not only English, but also Russian and German. As for Arabic, it probably falls below even Italian.

Thus English is far ahead of any competitor. Moreover, it promises to increase its lead hereafter, for no other language is spreading so fast or into such remote areas. There was a time when French was the acknowledged second language of all Christendom, as Latin had been before it, and even to this day, according to Dr. Frank E. Vizetelly, the number of persons who have acquired it is larger than the number of those who have it by birth. But the advantages of knowing it tend to diminish as English conquers the world, and it is now studied as an accomplishment far more often than as a necessity. In Tsarist Russia nearly every child who got any education at all was taught it; but the Bolsheviki, who are realists, are now substituting English and German. In our own high schools and colleges French is retained in the curriculum, but it is hardly likely that more than five per cent of the students ever acquire any facility in it. In the schools of Germany, Scandinavia, and Japan, however, English is taught with relentless earnestness, and a great deal of it sticks. Indeed, even the French begin to learn it.

How far it has thus gone as a second language it is not easy to determine, but a few facts and figures taken at random may throw some light on the question. Half a century ago it was little used in the lands and islands settled by the Spanish; the second language in all of them, in so far as they had any second language, was French. But the impact of the Spanish-American War has forced French to share its hegemony with English. The Latin-Americans still prefer French on cultural counts, for they continue to regard France as the beacon-light of Latin civilization, but they turn to English for the hard reasons of every day. This movement is naturally most marked in the areas that have come under direct American influence—for example, Cuba, the

Isthmian region, and, above, Porto Rico, where twenty per cent of the people now speak English—but it is also visible in Mexico, in Central America, and in the more progressive of the countries to the southward. In the Philippines, I am informed, fifteen per cent of the population of 15,000,000 now not only speak English, but also read it and write it.

All over the rest of the Far East it has been a *lingua franca*[2] since the eighteenth century, at first in the barbarous guise of Pidgin English, but of late in increasingly seemly forms, often with an American admixture. In Japan, according to the Belgian consul-general at Yokohama, it is now "indispensable for all Europeans. One can do without Japanese, but would be lost without English. It is the business language." In China it has been established for many years, and in India, though only 2,500,000 natives can read and write it, it is the language not only of business but also of politics. Those Indians who know it, says Sir John Marriott in *The English in India* (1932), "are the only persons who are politically conscious. . . . The medium of all political discussion is necessarily English." And on the level of illiteracy it is fast becoming a bridge between the native dialects.

Altogether, it is probable that English is now spoken as a second language by at least 20,000,000 persons throughout the world—very often, to be sure, badly, but nevertheless understandably. It has become a platitude that one may go almost anywhere with no other linguistic equipment and get on almost as well as in New York. I have visited since the War sixteen countries in Europe, five in Africa, three in Asia, and three in Latin-America, beside a large miscellany of islands, but I don't remember even encountering a situation that English could not resolve. I have heard it spoken with reasonable fluency in a Lithuanian village, in an Albanian fishing port, and at the edge of the Libyan Desert.

II

In part, of course, its spread has been due to the extraordinary dispersion of the English-speaking peoples. They have been the greatest travelers of the modern times, and the most adventurous merchants, and the most assiduous colonists. Moreover, they have been, on the whole, poor linguists, and so they have dragged their language with them, and forced it upon the human race. Wherever it has met with serious competition, as with French in Canada, with Spanish along our southwestern border, and with

[2] A common language spoken by a mixed group of people.

Dutch in South Africa, they have compromised with its local rival only reluctantly, and then sought every opportunity, whether fair or unfair, to break the pact. If English is the language of the sea, it is largely because there are more English ships on the sea than any other kind, and English ship captains refuse to learn what they think of as the barbaric gibberishes of Hamburg, Rio, and Marseilles.

But there is more to the matter than this. English, brought to close quarters with formidable rivals, has won very often, not by force of numbers and intransigence, but by sheer weight of its merit. "In wealth, wisdom, and strict economy," said the eminent Jakob Grimm a century ago, "none of the other living languages can vie with it." To which the eminent Otto Jespersen was adding only the other day: "It seems to me positively and expressly masculine. It is the language of a grown-up man, and has very little childish or feminine about it." Dr. Jespersen goes on to specifications: English is simple, it has clear sounds, it packs its words closely together, it is logical in their arrangement, and it is free from all pedantic flubdub. What an immense advantage lies in a single thing: its lack of grammatical gender! (I spent the years from 1887 to 1892 trying to remember whether *Hund* and *Katze* were *der, die* or *das,* and I can't tell you to this day.) And what another advantage in its reduction of all the pronouns of the second person nominative to the single *you!*

When American pedagogues discourse on the virtues of English they almost always begin by hymning its enormous vocabulary, which is at least twice as large as that of any other language. But this is not what enchants the foreigner; on the contrary, the vast reaches of the vocabulary naturally alarm him, and he keeps as close as he may to its elements. The thing that really wins him is the succinctness and simplicity of those elements. We use, for all our store of Latin polysyllables, a great many more short words than long ones, and we are always trying to make the long ones short. What began as *mobile vulgus* in the eighteenth century, two words and both Latin, is *mob* to-day, one word and that one as English as *cat.* What was once *pundigrion* is now *pun;* what was *gasoline* only yesterday is already *gas.* No other European language has so many three-letter words, nor so many four-letter words, whether decorous or naughty. And none other can say its say with so few of them. "First come, first served"—that is typically English, for it is bold, plain, and short. In French, as Dr. Jespersen reminds us, the same homely proverb is stretched

out and toned down to *"Premier venu, premier moulu"*; in German it is mauled and hammered into *"Wer zuerst kommt, mahlt zuerst,"* and in Danish it reaches the really appalling form of *"Den der kommer først til mølle, far først malet."*

Several years ago an American philologian, Dr. Walter Kirkconnell, undertook to count the number of syllables needed to translate the Gospel of Mark into forty Indo-European languages, ranging from Persian and Hindustani to English and French. He found that, of all of them, English was the most economical, for it took but 29,000 syllables to do the job, whereas the average for all the Teutonic languages was 32,650, that for the Slavic group 36,500, that for the Latin group 40,200, and that for the Indo-Iranian group (Bengali, Persian, Sanskrit, etc.) 43,100. It is commonly believed that French is a terse language and, compared to its cousins, Italian and Spanish, it actually is, but compared to English it is garrulous, for it takes 36,000 syllables to say what English says in 29,000. Dr. Kirkconnell did not undertake to determine the average size of the syllables he counted, but I am confident that if he had done so he would have found those of English shorter, taking one with another, than those of any other language.

To most educated foreigners it seems so simple that it strikes them as almost a kind of baby-talk. To be sure, when they proceed from trying to speak it to trying to read and write it they are painfully undeceived, for its spelling is almost as irrational as that of French or Swedish, but so long as they are content to tackle it *viva voce* they find it strangely loose and comfortable, and at the same time very precise. The Russian, coming into it burdened with his six cases, his three genders, his palatalized consonants, and his complicated pronouns, luxuriates in a language which has only two cases, no grammatical gender, a set of consonants which (save only *r*) maintain their integrity in the face of any imaginable rush of vowels, and an outfit of pronouns so simple that one of them suffices to address the President or a child in arms, a lovely female creature *in camera* or the vast radio hordes of a Father Coughlin. And the German, the Scandinavian, the Italian, and the Frenchman, though the change for them is measurably less sharp, nevertheless find it grateful too. Only the Spaniard brings with him a language comparable to English for logical clarity, and even he is afflicted with grammatical gender.

As I have said, the huge English vocabulary is likely to make the foreigner uneasy, but he soon finds that nine-tenths of it lies

safely buried in the dictionaries, and is never drawn on for every-day use. Its richness in synonyms is hardly his concern; he is not trying to write English poetry but to speak plain English prose. That it may be spoken intelligibly, and even gracefully, with very few words has been demonstrated by Dr. C. K. Ogden, the English psychologist. Dr. Ogden believes, indeed, that 850 words are sufficient for all ordinary purposes, and he has devised a form of simplified English, called by him Basic, which uses no more. Of his 850 words no less than 600 are the names of things, which leaves only 250 for the names of qualities and actions, and for all the linguistic hooks and eyes that hold sentences together.

Does this seem too few? Then it is only to those who have forgotten one of the prime characteristics of English—its capacity for getting an infinity of meanings out of a single word by combining it with simple modifiers. Consider, for example, the difference between the verbs *to get, to get going, to get by, to get on to, to get wise, to get off, to get ahead of,* and *to get over.* Dr. Ogden proposes to rid the language of a great many verbs—some of them irregular, and hence difficult—by substituting such compounds for them. Why, for example, should a foreigner be taught to say that he has *disembarked* from a ship? Isn't it sufficient for him to say that he has *got off?* And why should he be taught to say that he has *recovered* from the flu, or *escaped* the police, or *obtained* a job? Isn't it enough to say that he has *got over* the first, *got away from* the second, and simply *got* the third?

Dr. Ogden is not much upset by the incongruities and irrationalities of English spelling. For one thing, his list of 850 words, being made up mainly of the commonest coins of speech, avoids most of them; for another thing, he believes that the very eccentricity of the spelling of some of the rest will help the foreigner to remember them. Every schoolboy, as we all know, seizes upon such bizarre forms as *through, straight,* and *island* with fascinated eagerness, and not infrequently he masters them before he masters such phonetically-spelled words as *first, to-morrow* and *engineer.* In my own youth, far away in the dark backward and abysm of time, the glory of every young American was *phthisic,* with the English proper name, *Cholmondeley,* a close second. Dr. Ogden proposes to let the foreigners attempting Basic share the joy of hunting down such basilisks. For the rest, he leaves the snarls of English spelling to the judgments of a just God, and the natural tendency of all things Anglo-Saxon to move toward an ultimate perfection.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. State briefly the central idea of the first and second sections.
2. What is meant by a "second language"?
3. What are "linguistic hooks and eyes"?
4. Outline the reasons for the rapid spread of English since 1582.
5. Give illustrations of the succinctness of English. If you study a foreign language, give examples supporting or refuting Mr. Mencken's statements.
6. Study the following words: hegemony, intransigence, and decorous.
7. How, if at all, should Mr. Mencken's facts affect the study of modern languages in high school? Interview modern language teachers.
8. Prepare carefully a report on one of the following problems:
 a. Bring in a review of the fourth edition of Mr. Mencken's *The American Language*. Refer to *The New York Times Book Review* or the *New York Herald Tribune Books* for May 10, 1936.
 b. Browse in the fourth edition of *The American Language*. Copy sentences of interest, noting the pages. Read, for example, about the pronunciation of *either* and *neither* on pages 341–2.
 c. What does Mr. Mencken discuss in "The American Language" in *The Yale Review*, Spring, 1936, pages 538–552? (*Reader's Digest*, May, 1936.)
 d. Compare *The Future of English* with the twelfth chapter of the fourth edition of *The American Language*.
 e. Report on *Decay in the Language*, by Lord Dunsany, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1936, pages 360–362.

2. THE MODERN DWELLING-HOUSE

LEWIS MUMFORD

Do you ever stop to visualize the kind of house that you would like to have in this modern world? Do you want to go back to the large and numerous rooms of the old-time house, richly furnished with ornate objects? Is such a house suitable for the present day? Here is a discussion of this interesting question—a question that you will all face at some time.

Let us consider the interior. How shall we decorate the modern house? Pardon: there is one question that comes before this; namely, how shall we keep it clean?

Where shall we find an answer to this question? The best answer I know is to be found in the modern hospital, where the question

is of major importance. Examine that solution. First of all, the floor must be made of a compact, resilient material that can be either washed or waxed: this allows a wide latitude, ranging from the well-laid hardwood floor of ancient usage through cork strips, linoleum, and in the warmer climates brick or tile. What place has a rug on the floor of a modern house? The rug performs a function in only two places; one is the living-room, where as a sort of picture on the floor it provides a spot on which to focus one's gaze, either when alone or when one does not wish to look directly into the faces of one's companions; the other place is in the bedroom, where, before one finds one's slippers, the rug breaks the chill of leaving a warm bed.

The next characteristic of the hospital solution is in the baseboard, no longer a succession of moldings, but a strip of hard material, tile or cement composition, meeting the floor in a rounded corner. Since the molded baseboard is merely a relic of classical Georgian ornament, we may cheerfully bid it good-bye. Its sole decorative value now is as a band of color, and in a concrete house it would disappear altogether. The same criticism applies to the door. The flat-surfaced hospital door, of variously laminated woods, or at its simplest, with painted surface, has decorative possibilities quite as great as the old-fashioned panelled door. In lightening the labor of cleaning and dusting we are not committed to utilitarian anesthesia: we are rather opening the path for fine and intelligent design.

We now approach the walls, and we do this with trepidation. At whatever extra cost, it is preferable that these walls should be soundproof and fireproof, if there are neighbors on the other side of them. If they are of well-laid brick and if their color is effective, one may leave them in this state; but if the brick or stone or tile or composition must be backed with lath and plaster, then we must walk very carefully indeed. The plasterer and the architect, with exquisite ingenuity, have lately invented or resurrected a whole host of smears and scratches and blobs to be executed in stucco or plastic paint; and, dust and dirt and the fine fabrics of women's clothes being what they are, we must use them with great discrimination. A close-textured surface and a dull finish are the desiderata of a good wall: reflection without high lights. Certain woods serve admirably for this purpose; but since panelling lies outside the purse of most of the population, we must be ready to accept a solution in plaster and paint, or in certain limited cases, in washable wall paper. Naturally, there are no

panels or cornices; the ceiling, too, is unbroken unless the wood or the concrete can be integrated in the pattern of the room.

As far as the constitution of the room is concerned, we have now solved the problem of cleanliness: the daily dusting of six such chambers need take but half an hour at the utmost. But this solution may well be upset as soon as furniture is introduced; and our houses would not only look better but keep better if each time one wished to add a chair, a table, a stool, a smoking-stand, one asked oneself, How many minutes will this add to the burden of cleaning? The answer does not merely depend upon the number of pieces: it depends also upon the individual design. I am sure that our furniture would suffer nothing, but on the contrary would gain, by the general establishment of a rigorous standard of labor and hygiene. Automatically a good part of "period" furniture, designed before the status of servants had improved, would disappear; and our manufacturers would rely upon fine materials and intelligent adaptation, instead of upon tricks and weird stratagems and fake stylicisms.

Obviously, I am not suggesting the establishment of hygienic rules as the sole standard of taste. Proportion, fitness, accurate workmanship, color, total form, will count for as much as ever: the point is that the requirements of labor and hygiene would establish a minimum standard. Finishes that scratch or flake easily, metal that must be polished frequently, laminations or inlays that crack perilously at the first desiccation of steam-heating—all these things must be excluded from modern decoration. The minimum standard has already been applied in the bathroom and the kitchen; and the results are admirable.

Remembering all the expensive mechanical utilities we have introduced into our cramped quarters, we must find a way of expanding our rooms without raising the total cost of the house. The only way of achieving this, except by practicing magic, is to make every available room perform more than one function. Instead of two small rooms, each of which remains idle 50% of the day, let us have one large room that works both day and night; and in order to take advantage of this combination, let every fixture in the room be as flexible as possible. There are certain limitations to this program for certain rooms must remain specialized; but we can go a long way without reaching them.

To make a room perform more than one set of functions, one must consider both construction and decoration together. In England it is the practice to build houses for workmen and middle-

class people without any built-in fittings; hence the bedroom discloses itself as such, no matter what the character of the bed, by reason of the fact that it will contain a wardrobe: similarly, the dining-room will contain a china closet. Once the character of a room is so established, there is no possibility of turning it to more than one function without obviously resorting to a make-shift. The real solution of the problem has gradually been approached by the American architect; and by a curious chance, he has reached it in quarters where neither crowding nor economy was necessary. Instead of permitting a dresser, let us say, to bulk out in a dressing-room, he arranges a set of drawers in a closet: not merely does he get it out of the way, but he makes it more dustproof than before. This principle is capable of being pushed further. With the aid of sliding doors, a whole wall may be turned into a closet, neatly embracing a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and a clothes-rack; or, on a well-hung door, a dressing-table and stool may be brought out temporarily into the room and restored to the wall when needed.

By sacrificing thirty inches in the depth of a room, all the necessary utilities can be contained in a dust-proof closet, much easier to clean and keep in order than if they projected into the room. Our ingenuity has scarcely begun to work here. While our Puritan ancestors devised chairs that served as writing-desks and tables that became settles, almost the only contribution modern America has made is the bed that folds into a closet. In a highly cramped bedroom, this solution may occasionally be useful; but of all possible objects to stow away, a bed is the poorest candidate. For a well-constructed daybed is capable of performing twenty-four hour service; and to hide it in a closet two-thirds of the day is the height of uneconomic furnishing.

By the expedient just described we have done something more than robbed the room of its specialized character and made it available as a general workroom or gathering place during the day—permitting the bedroom to be also a living-room or the living-room to be a dining-room: we have increased the amount of apparent space. The effect of spaciousness in a room is created by decreasing the number of objects in it and reducing their size. In this department, too, hygiene and utility have the backing of æsthetics. One of the anomalies of present-day manufacture is that our furniture makers continue to be sublimely unaware that the actual living space of a modern urban family is highly embarrassed by their ostentatious products. The scale and general

design of furniture must take into account this fact: a certain lightness and delicacy must be achieved, without of course sacrificing comfort or durability. At a recent exhibition, Kem Weber showed some dining-room chairs which had this quality; and one wishes it were achieved more often. . . .

Now, however, in the modern house, the eye may come into its own. If the house be well-set and the surrounding land well-gardened, the wide windows meant primarily for the sun will open each day on a new picture. Against the bare walls, the flowers drawn from the garden will gleam more vividly: or, if not flowers, then pictures, which will no longer be mistreated as spots on the walls, nor smothered in a clutter of irrelevant decorations; and if the owner has taste and means, both the flowers and the pictures will be changed frequently.

With the background stripped clean of every piece of meaningless ornament, the foreground will become more prominent: the body, the face, the dress of each inhabitant of the room will not be absorbed by the furnishings, but will stand out in fine relief. The chief forms of decoration in the modern house will be living things: flowers, pictures, people. Here is a style of interior decoration that perpetually renews itself and that never goes out of fashion, because it is inexhaustible, the stable patterns and colors of the furnishings sounding antiphonally against the dynamic patterns and colors of the occupants. For the modern house is not built for show but for living; and the beauty it seeks to create is inseparable from the personalities that it harbors. Modern decoration does not hide the personality behind a pretentious front of decoration: rather, it remains incomplete, until it is enriched by the presence of a human being. The old house was essentially institutional, for all its aimless freedom; the new house, despite its standardization, despite its rigorous design, has a greater respect for the uniqueness of personalities.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is the first question about the interior of the modern dwelling-house?
2. How does the answer affect the plan of the house?
3. What is "period furniture" Bring in some pictures of it.
4. What should be the standard of taste for the dwelling-house?
5. On what scale should furniture be constructed?
6. What are the chief forms of decoration in the modern house?
7. Visit new houses to see whether any of Mr. Mumford's ideas are being

realized. To what extent are closets replacing furniture? Interview a teacher of home-making or of interior decoration. Bring in pictures, including advertisements, from newspapers and magazines.

8. Compare Mr. Mumford's ideas with those of Thoreau in *Walden,* in "Economy," "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," and "House-Warming."

9. Discuss "Housing: the Need" and "Housing Abroad" in the February, 1932, issue of the magazine *Fortune.*

10. What does Walter Agard say of homes in Chapter VII of *The New Architectural Sculpture?*

11. Report on "The Model House," by William Hazlett Upson, in O'Brien's *The Best Short Stories of 1931.*

3. THE NEW CIVILIZATION

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

"I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness, or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, and territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity and the terror of overhanging fate, is what are you going to do with all these things." —THOMAS HUXLEY
(at Johns Hopkins 1876)

A little more than a century ago, when our great-grandfathers were discussing the death of Napoleon at St. Helena and our grandfathers were babes in arms, Harvard College graduated the class of 1822 with sixty members. The commencement address was given by the Reverend John Kirkland, and it was as dreary as commencement addresses invariably are. It contained all the wise counsel and pious admonition which age habitually gives to youth and which youth habitually disregards. But in the middle of that address the Reverend Mr. Kirkland said a rather startling thing. He referred to the world into which the sixty Harvard seniors were about to step as "a *complex* world." He seemed to infer that the simplicity of older days was gone, and that life had become an involved and bewildering process. This, of course, has always been to some extent the reaction of old age. Life seems to speed up because age is slowing down. But with all allowances for this natural change in pace, it seems strange, particularly from the standpoint of today, that the world of 1822 should have seemed to anybody to be complex.

For what was the world like in 1822? In all America, in all Europe, there was not a railroad, nor a telephone, nor a telegraph.

The steamboat was just beginning to win its way. Travel was a painful and precarious undertaking, with the result that most people stayed home, living and dying where they were born. Students at Harvard College living at some distance came by way of the stagecoach or on horseback. From Providence to Boston was a two days' journey when the roads were good, and they were generally bad. From Boston to New York took five days. When Samuel Morse, the painter and inventor, tried to get from Washington, D. C., to New Haven, Connecticut, to the bedside of his dying wife, it took him seven days. Some of the difficulties experienced by members of Congress in getting to the capital are described in the following letter; "Burke was shipwrecked off the Capes; Jackson and Mathews with great difficulty landed at Cape May and travelled one hundred and sixty miles in a wagon to the city; Burke got here in the same way. Gerry and Partridge were overset in the stage; the first had his head broken . . . the other had his ribs sadly bruised . . . Tucker had a dreadful passage of sixteen days with perpetual storms." From one month to three months elapsed before European news reached the United States, and the battle of New Orleans with all its savage slaughter was fought in ignorance of the fact that more than two weeks before, peace had been signed between England and America in the city of Ghent in Belgium.

The world of 1822 had other differences. There were no electric lights, no sewing machines, no bathtubs, no furnaces, no hot-water faucets, no asphalt or macadam pavement, no plumbing, no sewer systems—in fact, none of the conveniences which have become an accepted part of our life today. In 1822 James Monroe was President of the United States. When, with the light of a candle, he signed the message embodying the Monroe Doctrine, he used a quill pen, because steel pens—to say nothing of fountain pens—had not been invented. There was no such thing as a blotter, so he sprinkled his signature with sand to dry it. His world was a world without matches, gas or coal ranges, victrolas, elevators, refrigerators, canned food, ice-cream freezers, rubber goods of all kinds, parcels post, money orders, bicycles, cigarettes, typewriters, or alarm clocks.

In those days only a small proportion of the population lived in cities. The farm and village housed the rest. The factory system had only just developed—in connection with weaving and spinning—and the home was still the unit and center of most of the industrial arts. People lived for the most part simply and

quietly, engaged in a routine of work from which, in generations, there had been but little variation. Indeed, from the days of Rameses II and Moses down to the days of the Reverend Mr. Kirkland and our grandfathers, amazingly few fundamental changes occurred in the material existence of common people. The physical factors of life were practically stereotyped. Transportation and communication were no more rapid a century ago, when the Reverend Mr. Kirkland was exhorting the sixty Harvard seniors, than they were with the ancient Egyptians. Nothing swifter than a horse was known to either Nebuchadnezzar or Thomas Jefferson. A letter sent by Napoleon from Paris to Rome took as long to deliver as one sent by Julius Caesar from Rome to Paris. The farmers in the United States in 1822 used largely the same methods and the same instruments that were used in the days of Augustus.

And this was only a hundred years ago. We are not discussing ancient history; we are discussing conditions of life in the days of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

But there were other differences between those days and these. When Mr. Kirkland made his commencement address, Charles Darwin was only thirteen years old, and the whole foundation of modern biology and modern philosophy as well was yet to be laid. Agassiz was fifteen years old, Sir Charles Lyell was twenty-five years old, and the crude geological conceptions of Linnæus and Lamarck were still in vogue. In the general field of chemistry and physics, Michael Faraday was just beginning his work. In the field of medicine, Jenner was still alive, and his idea of vaccination against smallpox was slowly winning its way. Lord Lister and Louis Pasteur were not yet born, and anaesthetics and antiseptic surgery were unknown to the world. In the realm of astronomy, Pierre Laplace, who originated the nebular hypothesis, was still alive, while J. C. Adams, his successor in the field of mathematical astronomy, was only three years old. Many of the subjects which are today commonplace in college curriculums were unheard of. There was no such thing as experimental psychology, for example, and the word "sociology" did not exist in the English language. The average college curriculum of 1822 consisted principally of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, sweetened with a dash of what was called "natural philosophy," and accompanied by liberal doses of the theology of Jonathan Edwards.

This, then, is what the world was like in 1822, when the Reverend John Kirkland called it complex. It was a world that was rubbing its eyes in the presence of new forces. If that world seemed complex to the sixty Harvard seniors of the class of 1822, what does the present world seem to us!

For between that time and this, between the days of our grandfathers and ourselves, has occurred the mightiest revolution in history. It has completely changed the whole complexion of human life. It has fundamentally altered our daily habits; it has not only modified our environment, but has thoroughly revolutionized it; it has split the anciently established order into a thousand fragments. Since the days of Assyria and Babylon—indeed, since the days of our Neolithic forefathers—nothing has occurred which has so completely and in so short a time changed the method and manner of living of the human race, as the mechanical revolution of the nineteenth century. Our great-grand-parents would find themselves far more at home in the world of the Venerable Bede or of Alfred the Great than they would in the world we occupy today.

With the advent of steam and electricity we have minimized the difficulties of time and distance. When Napoleon was retreating in headlong fashion from Moscow, it took him 312 hours to complete the last leg of his journey from Vilna to Paris. Any traveler can now do it in less than forty-eight hours by railroad or in eight hours by airplane. We cross the ocean in five days, where a century ago the trip averaged two months. We fly by airplane from one city to another, from one country to another, in a few hours' time. Our fast mails go by airplane. In our automobiles we pass from State to State and see in a day more than our grandfathers could have covered in a month. By cable and wireless we are in immediate and constant touch with the far corners of the earth. We talk easily to our friends a thousand miles away. Seated in our own libraries we hear concerts and lectures that are hurled to us through the air from two thousand miles or more away. We hear Galli Curci and Sembrich in our own homes, and Caruso returns from the dead to sing to us. Events that few could witness are brought to the whole human race on the celluloid film: we see the King of England walk through Westminster Abbey to lay a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier, and we see and hear the President of the United States speaking in Arlington Cemetery.

The scientific revolution has done a thousand other things. It

has given us not only new commodities but new substances. We juggle with the atoms of carbon and hydrogen, and create materials that Nature herself has not formed. We make carborundum and acetylene gas and celluloid and hundreds of other compounds, which we use in our daily lives. What we formerly obtained from plants and animals we now manufacture. We make dyes and medicines from coal tar; we extract sugar from beets; we make perfume out of garbage, and foodstuffs out of sewage. From corn we take a hundred useful products ranging all the way from salad oil for our tables to the erasers on our pencils. Luxuries that were formerly the monopoly of the privileged few are now the common property of everybody. Medicines such as a prince could not have had a century ago are now at hand to cure the pauper. Vegetables and fruits, exotic and out of season, are upon our dinner tables. Our daily food is brought from China, from the West Indies, and from the far islands of the Pacific. The royal purple of the ancients, and dyes far more beautiful than they knew, are now to be had on the bargain counter.

The scientific revolution has not only added to our conveniences, it has altered our methods of living. Our populations are no longer predominantly rural. They live in huge cities, crowded together in communities such as the world never knew before. The day of individual work, for one's own needs, in one's own way, and in one's own time, has gone. Instead, men work in vast factories, engaged on minute contributions to the finished article. Hundreds of thousands of men work underground, digging the coal to feed the monster industrial machine. Millions of men, women, and children toil anxiously to keep it going, and the whole system is so inconceivably intricate and so closely articulated that dislocation in one part of it affects all the rest, and industrial cohesiveness has come to be a more essential factor in the world than political cohesiveness.

For example, we cannot have clothes without a cotton mill; we cannot have a cotton mill without machinery; we cannot have machinery without steel; we cannot have steel without iron; we cannot smelt iron without coal; we cannot have coal without railroads to bring it to us; we cannot have railroads without involving a hundred occupations and enterprises. Civilization has, in fact, become a great machine, the wheels of which must be kept turning or the people starve. For millions of human

beings it is a vast treadmill, worked by weary feet to grind the corn that makes the bread that gives them strength to walk the treadmill.

And with it all has come the speeding up of life, and the spirit of hurry and worry such as our grandfathers with all their lack of conveniences never dreamed of. The human race lives by schedule, according to a stereotyped routine. Our machinery determines where we shall live and how we shall live, we rise, eat, go to work, rest, toil, and sleep again at its bidding. Life has become more and more a standardized process, in which there is little of serenity or of leisure. We hurry from birth to death, goaded only to greater haste by our increasingly speedy conveyances, trying to catch up with the machinery which we have ourselves created. Truly this is a complex world. The sixty Harvard seniors of the class of 1822 would stand aghast at our hectic civilization. Instead of a rural, agricultural, individualist society, they would find a society that is urban, industrialized, and regimented. Instead of an era classical in its taste and static in its ideas of progress, they would find one that is scientific and mobile. To them the life that men lived under the Roman Caesars with its horses, oxen, carts, and domestic hand labor would be more intelligible than would our life now with its airplanes, its automobiles, its radios, and its mass production.

With the increase of machinery has come the increase of human knowledge. Rather it is the increase of knowledge that has made all these inventions possible. For the scientific revolution of the nineteenth century was born of a great intellectual curiosity and a new technique. When Bacon first emphasized the importance of the experimental method as an approach to human knowledge, he was sowing the seed which began to develop to its full fruition in the days of our grandfathers. The old accepted facts of nature were tested and analyzed. Nature herself was put on the witness stand, and experiment was the interrogating counsel. All the phenomena of life, whether pertaining to the body, the brain, or the soul, were haled for examination before the court. Under the stimulus of this method, we have pushed back the boundaries of human knowledge far beyond where they were a century ago. In biology, in surgery, in medicine, in physics, chemistry, astronomy, and in a dozen other sciences, we have wrenched the facts from nature by a process of cross-examination which would not be denied. As the inquiries have become more detailed and complicated, new sciences have been added to the

list. The body of knowledge has developed bewilderingly. The long-hidden secrets of life are slowly becoming ours. We have traced men back to the Tertiary Period, and we are reaching long fingers of inquiry into the universe of which we form so minute a part, and beyond this universe into other universes, where life and intelligence may exist, far transcending our tiny comprehension. We are almost intoxicated with the new knowledge. We stand on tiptoe before each new promise of discovery, eagerly awaiting its outcome. The telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, are daily bringing us information that leaves us gasping; and we are stunned by the realization that in this thirsty search for knowledge we are just at the beginning of the way. Ahead of us lies a long, rising road, with ever-broadening outlooks on either side.

This is the kind of complexity into which we have been born. It is conceivable that a hundred years ago a man might acquire and digest a fairly substantial proportion of the body of human knowledge. At least he could easily find a point of orientation from which he could intelligently survey the course and keep up with the progress of the march. Today this is utterly impossible. In the growing intricacy of knowledge one can scarcely find his way. Whole groups of conclusions must be accepted without analysis or examination, and most of the departments of learning we cannot even enter. Our college graduates scarcely touch the garment's hem of human knowledge. If they obtain the scantiest outline, or a point of view, or a method of approach, they get all that any college can hope to get to its students. . . .

At this point we often make an erroneous assumption. We assume that man's capacity keeps up with his inventions. We assume that, as civilization becomes great, the human stock which is building it also becomes great; that by some alchemy or other there is a rise in individual capacity from generation to generation to match the increasing complexity of our physical environment. We take it for granted that there is some sure inhibition that prevents men from creating machines which they cannot control; and that the very fact that they have created them is proof of their ability to manage them.

But this is not the fact. Knowledge may mean power, but it does not necessarily mean capacity. We cannot be dogmatically sure that there has been substantial improvement in the human stock since the days of the Egyptians or the Greeks. The men

who labored with their hands to build Cheops's pyramid probably had wit enough and intelligence enough to use a steam hoist and a concrete-mixer if these inventions had been given to them. Tutankhamen, brought up at Windsor Castle, would doubtless act like any other prince of the blood. Even less sure can we be that this last century which has added so tremendously to our mechanical environment has brought a corresponding improvement in human capacity. In fact, we know it is not true. Men were no less able in the days of Washington and Hamilton, and Channing and Fox, than they are today. We have come into our new inheritance with no greater abilities than our grandfathers had. The difference between the Harvard class of 1822 and any graduating class today lies not in their respective capacities, but in the loads which those capacities must bear.

In this field of government, therefore, our task is to control complex functions like subways and street railroad financing with the same intelligence that was adapted to the spade and the blacksmith shop. Our environment is becoming more and more involved, but the tools of control remain largely the same.

How faulty those tools may be we are only now beginning to realize. Here in America we have always thought of our own people as possessing a peculiar degree of training and intelligence. But the statistics of the United States Commissioner of Education are disillusioning. Only 3 per cent of our vast population have ever attended a college or professional school. Two-thirds of the American people never get beyond elementary school. Indeed 17 per cent of the children of the United States never get beyond the fifth grade. What this means in its practical results was shown by the statistics gathered from our army during the war, when for the first time we had the opportunity of testing the intelligence of a substantial cross section of our people. Of the white draft—that is, the white soldiers as opposed to Negroes —30 per cent were found to be unable to read and understand newspapers or to write letters home. Sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the white draft tested below a percentage that marked the minimum capacity necessary to carry on the so-called paper work of the army—that is, making reports and keeping the files. Out of all those millions of drafted men just a third had ability enough to carry on this by no means laborious type of mental work.

Professor H. L. Hollingworth of Columbia University has recently been making some extensive measurements of the "aver-

age man" in America. Here is his portrait: He leaves school at the eighth grade with a working knowledge of the "fundamentals," a smattering of local geography, a bit of history, and a few elementary facts of physiology. He has no general knowledge of civics, science, politics, or literature. He is able to speak one language only and never develops the intelligence required for satisfactory high-school work. When given intelligence tests of the standardized sort, his rating does not significantly exceed that which would be made by average adolescents at their fourteenth year. After a short period of industrial training he may become a plumber, a carpenter, a policeman, a mechanic. He has a vocabulary of about seventy-five hundred words, a little more than half that of the ordinary high-school graduate. He marries at a relatively early age and has a family of from three to five children. He is credulous to a marked degree and inclined to superstition.

The significance of these facts it is impossible to avoid. They cannot be explained away. If the theory of democracy has any validity or promise, these products of the elementary school, these average men and women, are the people upon whom our complex life will place increasing responsibilities. These are the human tools through which we fondly hope that all this unintelligible machinery of civilization may somehow or other be intelligently controlled.

Humanity stands today in a position of unique peril. An unanswered question is written across the future: Is man to be the master of the civilization he has created, or is he to be its victim? Can he control the forces which he has himself let loose? Will this intricate machinery which he has built up and this vast body of knowledge which he has appropriated be the servant of the race, or will it be a Frankenstein monster that will slay its own maker? In brief, has man the capacity to keep up with his own machines?

This is the supreme question before us. All other problems that confront us are merely its corollaries. And the necessity of a right answer is perhaps more immediate than we realize. For science is not standing still. In speaking of the scientific revolution I have not been speaking of a phenomenon that was confined to the nineteenth century. Rather we are just at the beginning of the revolution. We could not stop it if we would. It is advancing by leaps and bounds, gaining in impetus with each year. It

is giving us more machines, faster machines, machines increasingly more intricate and complex. In the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted." Not long ago the New York *Times* made the following statement in a full-page advertisement: "When Peary reached the Pole in 1909, after twenty-three years of effort, it took five months to get the news to New York. Now Commander Byrd flies to the Pole in a few hours, and the story of this occurrence of yesterday is in the New York *Times* today."

Life in the future will be speeded up infinitely beyond the present. Sources of energy will be tapped and harnessed far outrivaling what we have today. There lies in full view before us a realm of discovery in physical science till now untrodden by mortals even in their dreams. The pioneers are already upon the road to this promised land. In California at the present moment a combined attack, financed and equipped on a huge scale, is being launched on the problem of the structure of matter; and the same search is being eagerly prosecuted in laboratories all over the world. We now know that in atoms of matter there exists a store of energy incomparably more abundant and powerful than any over which we have thus far obtained control. If once we can liberate this force, what machines we can build! Steam and electricity will be an anachronism at which our children will laugh as we laugh at the hand loom and the spinning wheel. With a pound weight of this radioactive substance we will get as much energy as we now obtain from 150 tons of coal. Or another pound weight can be made to do the work of 150 tons of dynamite.

One hundred and fifty tons of dynamite—enough to blow a modern city into oblivion—compressed to a pound weight which might be held in the hand! No wonder that a sober-thinking scientist like Professor Frederick Soddy of Oxford University should write: "I trust this discovery will not be made until it is clearly understood what is involved." "And yet," he goes on to say, "it is a discovery that is sooner or later bound to come. Conceivably it might be made tomorrow."

One has only to turn the pages back to 1914 to find the grounds for Professor Soddy's uneasiness. All the machines that ingenuity could invent were directed to the single purpose of human destruction. In a hundred laboratories, in a thousand arsenals, factories, and bureaus, physics and chemistry were harnessed to the

task of mass death. The gigantic success of the enterprise is shown in the statistics: 10,000,000 known dead soldiers; 3,000,000 presumed dead soldiers; 13,000,000 dead civilians; 20,000,000 wounded; 3,000,000 prisoners; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000 refugees.

This was the tabulation that our mechanical civilization made possible. This is the result of creating machinery for which we have no method of control. This is the consequence of giving children matches to play with. The former British Secretary of War, Winston Churchill, sums up the situation in these somber paragraphs:

> It is established that nations who believe their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is probable—nay, certain—that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited, and perhaps, once launched, uncontrollable.
>
> Mankind has never been in this position before. Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, it has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. That is the point in human destinies to which all the glories and toils of men have at last led them. Death stands at attention, obedient, expectant, ready to serve, ready to shear away the peoples *en masse;* ready, if called on, to pulverize without hope of repair what is left of civilization. He awaits only the word of command. He awaits it from a frail, bewildered being, long his victim, now—for one occasion only—his Master.

This, then, is the problem: science will not wait for man to catch up. It does not hold itself responsible for the morals or capacities of its human employers. It gives us a fire engine with which to throw water to extinguish a fire; if we want to use the engine to throw kerosene on the fire, that is our lookout. The engine is adapted to both purposes. With the same hand, science gives us X-rays and machine guns, modern surgery and high explosives, anaesthetics and poison gas. In brief, science has multiplied man's physical powers ten thousand fold and in like ratio has increased his capacity both for construction and destruction. How is that capacity to be used in the future? How can we hold in check the increasing physical power of disruptive influences? Have we spiritual assets enough to counterbalance the new forces? How can we breed a greater average intelligence? Can education run fast enough, not only to overcome the lead which science has obtained, but to keep abreast in the race?

Can the old savage be trusted with the new civilization which he has created? . . .

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How did the world of 1822 differ from that of today? Why should the Reverend John Kirkland have called it complex?

2. Inquire at a railroad station or a travel bureau to learn how long it will take today to make the journeys of which Mr. Fosdick tells.

3. Why is industrial cohesiveness an essential factor in the world?

4. Who first emphasized the importance of the experimental method? What was the result?

5. What is the most that college graduates can hope to attain?

6. Where are we in relation to the scientific revolution?

7. Explain the title of the book from which this chapter was taken. What does Mr. Fosdick fear?

8. What questions does the author leave for the readers and the future to answer? Suggest answers to the questions.

9. Study the words: stereotyped, Frankenstein, Neolithic, and Tertiary.

10. Write on one of the following:

Unity of Knowledge
The Challenge Offered to Me by the New Civilization
Spiritual Assets
The Complexity of My Environment
A Slave to Machinery
My Travels and My Grandfather's
What Standardization Means to Me
A New Propaganda
The Experimental Method
Machinery and Democracy

11. An answer to Fosdick's questions in this essay may be suggested in this quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay, "Politics," written about a century ago.

"I do not for these defects despair of our republic. We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance. We must not imagine that all things are lapsing into confusion, nor doubt that roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of labor secured, when the government of force is at an end. We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all the rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected."

4. LIBERTY—IS IT WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Any one who stops to think knows that personal liberty and personal freedom have been two characteristics of American life upon which we have always set greatest store. In more than one national crisis liberty has been our rallying cry, and a desire for wider personal freedom was one of the greatest impulses behind the rapid settlement of our land. Today we are told that we must sacrifice both liberty and personal freedom because of the growing complexity of our society. Liberty and freedom are declared to be impossible in a society closely enough organized to afford economic security. All Americans, however, are not agreed that such is the case, while others feel that the loss of political liberty and personal freedom is too great a price to pay for security.

History does not repeat itself in as precise a form as do identical experiments in chemistry or physics. Nevertheless, particularly in the larger events, such as major revolutions and great wars, the patterns of both the unfolding of the events themselves and their after-effects are frequently sufficiently similar as to allow of a fair degree of prediction. In many respects post-World-War history has repeated that of the world after the Napoleonic wars. There has been the same break-down in world trade, the closing of plants, the over-production, the unemployment on a vast scale, the political unrest, the falling of governments. There is one point of difference, however, which is startling and which may have effect upon the future of mankind for many generations. That difference is the attitude of youth toward liberty.

When the Napoleonic storm subsided, the continent of Europe had been left wrecked and altered almost beyond recognition. As in Harding's cry for "normalcy" in 1920 the demand went up for the re-establishment of order. Pope, kings, and emperors crept back to their old places, to revive the old tyranny and mismanagement. Youth, however, or at least the flower of youth in nation after nation, after a while would have none of this. It demanded liberty, liberty for the nation in order that there might be liberty for the citizen. Particularly in Italy from 1820 to 1860 the story of the young men who suffered years of imprisonment, exile, and torture in order to forward the cause of

freedom is one of the noblest in all history. The same fight was waged by Kossuth and others in Hungary, the patriots in the German states, and others elsewhere. These were not struggling for racialism, mere nationalism, nor for a standard of material comfort but for liberty to think and speak and write and act as free men in a free state.

On the contrary since the World War, in many countries, the enthusiasm of youth has been enlisted in precisely the opposite cause. In Italy the thousands of young Fascists who annually enter the organization proudly take the oath to obey without hesitation and without question any order of any sort given by Mussolini. In Germany they seem gladly to give up all liberty of thought, speech, or act in order to allow Hitler to do as he will with the state and the individual. In Russia the lives of all are turned over to the control of a group of a half dozen men or less. In France, England, and the United States the movement has taken on no such proportions, but, especially among the young so-called intellectuals, there has been a marked toying with communism or fascism as solutions for our ills.

We may note one or two reasons, among others, for this change of mental temper during the past century. (Lovers of intellectual as well as personal liberty cannot fail to consider the change extremely dangerous.) In the first place, youth, with its energy, its ambition, its hopefulness, and, it may be added, its inexperience, demands action. It wants some cause to fight for, some program to put into immediate operation. It makes little difference whether the cause or program be vague, impractical, even hopeless, provided it appeals to the imagination as an ideal. Youth is impatient of caution or half-measures. Its cynicism, though often expressed now by many, is a pose, and both from physical energy and from lack of experience, it welcomes the possibility of change and has abounding faith in the capacity of the world to be made over in a day by a new idea or a sudden altering of institutions.

These rather platitudinous statements would not explain why such a large part of the youth movement of our world today has turned its back on liberalism unless we add other considerations.

Not long ago President Nicholas Murray Butler said that political problems had given place to ecomonic ones. But in that way I think the statement is somewhat misleading. Political problems are still not only of importance but will be increasingly so because the ecomonic ones cannot be solved without perhaps great adjustments in the political system, and what those

adjustments may prove will be of corresponding importance to the intellectual and spiritual development of the race. It is, however, true that our economic ills have taken on an aspect never known before, and have come to occupy the center of the stage. Moreover, although our political problems have most assuredly not been solved, the partial solution arrived at in the civilized world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had conferred such a degree of freedom of thought, speech, and action upon citizens as to make them forget the fierceness of the struggle by which these privileges or rights had been won and the value of the prize gained. Here is where we reach, I think, the heart of the question of why youth, with its generous enthusiasm and love of freedom, has consented to become politically and intellectually reactionary for the sake of radicalism in ecomonics.

Capitalism, in the sense of a society based on private property for pleasure or exploitation, is as old as recorded history. In the nineteenth century, however, the introduction of machinery, the development of applied science in multifarious forms, and the opening by these means of vast areas for rapid exploitation such as the two Americas and the markets of the East, caused such abuses and mal-distributions as the world had scarcely, if ever, seen before. On top of these came the unprecedented unemployment following the unprecedented World War. At the same time, in the nineteenth century, there had been the rapid development of democracy, the surging wave of humanitarianism, and the rise of the masses in both consideration and power. The problems inherent in a specific form of capitalist society, the defects of which had been greatly intensified by a short century of unparalleled expansion, suddenly were recognized by masses who had become peculiarly sensitive to them because in a great degree, as compared with any previous period, their political and ecomonic demands had already been met.

As a result of this combination, ecomonic problems came to over-shadow all others. The fear of ecomonic insecurity crept over life like an eclipse, over whole nations, and did much to intensify that extreme nationalism which has also been one of the pathological symptoms of the new century and which has darkened life with the fear of war. In fact, today we live in a world of fears. As General Smuts said in a recent notable address, "The primeval dread of the unknown is once more upon us, and the dark irrational forces of the past are once more stalking from their obscure background."

Herein lie the appeals of Fascism, of Nazism, of Communism. The leaders of all these movements promised their followers a safer and better individual and national life. For the most part, humanity, like an army, finds it impossible to fight on several fronts at once. With minds almost wholly concentrated on questions of war and ecomonics, forgetting the results of battles which humanity has won in the past on other fronts, it is not so strange that the youth of much of Europe and elsewhere, who a century ago were suffering imprisonment and exile for sake of freedom, are now applauding leaders and plans that hold out the dream of both national and economic safety, though without liberty, or that they are joined by those elders who in the disillusionment following war have come to believe that both capitalism and democracy are bankrupt and that anything which promises a difference promises to be better. The fears and bewilderment of age join the generous enthusiasm of youth as strange companions on a voyage no one knows whither.

There is a vast confusion of thought both as to the present and as to where we are bound.

.

Every one agrees that at present the frying pan is extremely uncomfortable but should not some attention be paid to the flames of the fire into which we may jump or fall by inattention?

Before being more specific we may make one generalization. That is that there never has been and never will be any perfect form of society or government, any perfect currency or dollar, any perfect equality, and perfect security, or anything perfect or fairly perfect in human life. It is as impossible to attain the millennium as to get back to the garden of Eden. The story of the race has been one of perpetual change. Perfection is a will-o'-the-wisp. Generations have gone on with habits and customs and forms of government until the maladjustments have become too great, when they have changed them, suddenly or gradually, only in time to meet new maladjustments. To believe otherwise of either the past or the future is mere wishful thinking. Every generation in the long history of the race has been harassed by its own anxieties, troubles, and sufferings. This is not to say that we should not try with all our power to diminish the ills of our own time. To a great extent each generation has done so, and it would seem clear that little by little, very slowly, the world has become a better place in which to live and the race has

advanced. It simply means that no sudden bright idea, no overnight revolution, will bring about a perfect organization of society or for its own generation any great amelioration of conditions.

To come to more specific matters we may ask, have democracy, capitalism, and liberalism suddenly ceased to be of value? Is it not a bit early to put on the black cap and pronounce the death sentence? Democracy in the modern sense is scarcely a century old even if we date it from as far back as the Reform Bill of 1830 in England and the attainment of general white manhood suffrage about the same time in the United States. If we add the many who could not then vote, especially the half of the population who are women, it is scarcely fifteen years old. As for capitalism as an institution or private property, it has, as we have pointed out, been under a most extraordinary strain in the past century though no civilized nation has existed without it for ten thousand years, as far back as Babylon and Sumeria.

As for the charge of inefficiency, brought by the lovers of blue prints, against democracies, we may note that it was the three most highly democratised nations, France, the British Empire, and the United States, which did most to win the war against the centralized autocracies. It has also been the governments of these three countries which have been most stable in the swirling years since the war. Economically, in spite of now diminishing unemployment, a large part of which is covered by the "dole" at the expense of capital, the capitalist democratic British Empire is the best off of any great aggregation of people in the world. As compared with Italy, Germany, or Russia, in national finance or private standard of living, the Empire is far ahead of them, and the living conditions and ecomonic safeguards for the mass of its population are also far beyond those of a century ago. As for the latter statement, apart from ample historical evidence, we may cite the recent words of the Socialist Philip Snowden in his *Autobiography* (1934) when he says that "we rightly condemn the serious evils and hardships and inequalities which still exist, but I have no patience with those who say that things are no better or are worse than formerly. If they could be put back to the common conditions of my childhood they would know better." Yet Snowden was not born until twenty years after the terrible "Hungry Forties" of the last century.

In America we are suffering acutely from the combined crisis of a depression cycle and an inevitable post-war depression, both of which have been heavily accentuated by the wild specula-

tion indulged in both during and after the war. Had it not been for the money borrowed by farmers to buy the additional land, by almost every one to buy on the installment plan, for the money put into every speculative enterprise from Florida real estate to securities selling at fantastic prices, our present situation, bad as it would be, would not be nearly as bad as it is. We are paying in part not for the capitalist system but for greed and folly.

Also we may note that a considerable part of the ecomonic trouble of today is due to the nationalism which sets up barriers against international trade, and there is nothing to indicate that nationalism, political, and ecomonic, would be any less rampant under dictatorships or communist states then at the present stage of capitalist society.

There is nothing to show that a Mussolini, a Hitler, or a Stalin is any more ready to merge his nation in a world economic state than is the British parliament or the American congress. Nor is there anything to show that a world made up of dictatorships or totalitarian states would be any less prone to war than one made up of democracies. Mussolini insists that Italy is militaristic and glories in it. Hitler preaches blood and iron while Germany re-arms. The Soviet army, especially the air force, is perhaps the most efficient accomplishment of the Soviet Republic.

There are difficulties in arriving at a fair comparison of the United States of today with that of a century ago. We were then a small, agricultural population settled on the fringe of a vast, rich, and virgin continent, remote from the world. We are now largely an industrial population, of 125,000,000 people, closely dependent on world conditions, and in the midst of a crisis which, to a considerable extent at least, is temporary. But if we consider the hours of labor, the standard of living, the opportunities of education in schools, libraries, and museums, the amount of accumulated personal wealth on the part of all, the freeing of 6,000,000 chattel slaves, the steady limitations on the rights of private property, and other points, we must acknowledge that there has been a marked advance for the great bulk of Americans. Moreover, if we consider the problems incident to our great corporations, the power of concentrated wealth, the influence of money on politics, the lack of a system of social insurance, and so on, we must recall that these are not necessarily inherent flaws in a capitalist system but largely stem from flaws in our own national character in the past, a character which would not

immediately be changed by an alteration in the form of government.

The record of liberalism in the past two centuries is now to a great extent ignored or sneered at simply because of the greatness of its own accomplishment. In that lies one of our most pressing dangers. We do not think of the air we breathe. We take it for granted until some moment when we find ourselves in danger of suffocation. There is not complete freedom of speech and writing even now but it is almost complete in the great democracies as compared with two hundred years ago, a freedom unknown under either dictators or communists. Mr. Laski and others may plead for even great freedom to teach their pupils anything they wish, but Mr. Laski [1] can stand at Hyde Park Corner, assured of governmental protection, and demand the abolition of the British monarchy, the dismemberment of the Empire or anything he chooses. How long would he be free or possibly alive if he stood at a street corner in Rome demanding the overthrow of Mussolini or in Berlin denouncing Hitler or in Moscow warning the crowd against the dangers of communism and their form of government? To liberalism we owe this freedom of thought and speech, our public educational system, the enfranchisement of the masses, of both sexes, the right to religious freedom, and other rights and privileges, everyday matters which are overlooked now in our preoccupation with ecomonics.

I am far from being an optimist and assuredly do not believe that the present system is wholly satisfactory or that it will last, any more than any other has lasted, without change. It may change gradually or by revolution. As always, in either case, the average individual citizen will have little to do with the conscious guidance of events. Even the intellectuals and the fanatics make themselves immediately and personally felt only in the case of revolution. But we may ask what are the conscious choices which these two groups now offer to us?

In what I believe a very misleading simplification, *The New Republic* undertook to answer this in its issue of January 23rd. "What the propertyless citizen faces in reality," it said in a leading article, "is a choice between being ruled by capitalists or their agents and, on the other hand, delegating the functions of ecomonic management to more genuine and competent representatives under a system where (*sic*) pains are taken to consult his welfare and his wishes, as a matter of fundamental right." Oh,

[1] Harold J. Laski, an English teacher and writer.

marvellous and enticing simplicity of choice! Who would hesitate between the two alternatives?

But who are these "more genuine and competent representatives" who will take pains to consult my welfare and my wishes as a matter of fundamental right and who will unquestionably arise to protect me from the dangers and disasters of revolution in a highly industrialized nation of 125,000,000? One of the things which I would like to do if my welfare and wishes were consulted as a matter of fundamental right would be to be able to go on thinking, speaking, and writing, what I liked. Could I do that in Italy, deeply as I love that country and greatly as I admire much of Mussolini's accomplishment? Let exiled professors and a muzzled press give answer. There has been stability of government—though what may happen when Mussolini dies no one knows—but the loss of freedom of speech and press has not even been compensated for by ecomonic security.

As for the state erected by the Nazis, the stupidity of it, its barbarism and abandonment of the ideals and fruits of civilization have raised such a stench in the nostrils of every man who has any conception of what civilization means that it is unnecessary to dilate on what that experiment has brought into being. One is reminded of Gladstone's denunciation of the rule of King Bomba in Naples in 1850 when he wrote, in words which Palmerston spread over Europe, that "the present practices of the government of Naples in reference to real or supposed political offenders are an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." He spoke of "the wholesale persecution of virtue," of "the perfect prostitution of the judicial office," of "the negation of God erected into a system of government." That is what our modern dictatorships can, and to a large extent have, become, yet because there was no genuine democracy in Germany the best Germans have now to content themselves for the moment with either Hitler or chaos, while any opposition to government is drowned in blood in Russia.

Let us turn to that country, in which is being carried out the most interesting experiment of the three and the one most enticing to modern youth. With many, indeed, it has become almost a religion, and radicals who would shout themselves hoarse with vituperation against any infringement of freedom of speech or person in America defend the suppressions and secret trials and mass murders of the communist regime. Speaking not of the temporarily unemployed or of certain groups of discontented or

of those who might hope to rise to power by a revolution such as *The New Republic* hints at, what would the great mass of Americans think of Russian conditions? In the first place they would have to give up for the rest of their lives most of the personal liberties for which we have fought in the past and for which we are still fighting. In place of our innumerable great corporations —which are bad enough—there would be one great corporation, the State. Granted that we gave up our personal liberties, to which I believe in spite of all, most Americans are still, if often unconsciously, devoted, what would we get from the economic standpoint? Comfort? Security?

I was recently talking with a man who had just returned from Russia and who had managed to visit not the show factories but some of the others. In one of these he asked the manager if the employees were free to leave and seek other work if they preferred it. The answer was "Oh, yes, if we don't need them." "If you do, they cannot go?" "No." "If they leave without permission, what happens?" "They lose their bread cards and starve." Not long ago a young student at Ruskin College, Oxford, who had been praising the Soviet regime, was challenged by Lord Nuffield to go to Russia for a month at his expense and study it firsthand. He went, though at his own expense, and on his return confessed he was disillusioned. He said he could no longer be a Communist of the Marxian type after what he had seen, and that "it was sickening to see the Hampstead intellectual type being shepherded carefully through the show places and accepting the statistics and anything official." "There had been a complete failure," he said in an interview in *The London Times,* "to maintain equality of wages. The coal-miner was higher paid than doctors or professors, although conditions seemed to be improving for the professions. Housing conditions at present were vile. . . . *The standard of living of the higher paid Russian was definitely below that of a man on the dole in England.* The Russian experiment would succeed but it would take five Five-Year Plans to accomplish it to a point where it achieved something near to Western capitalistic civilization. . . . One did not see many smiling faces among the workers. . . . Russia was a land of queues. He tired of the sight of them. They seemed to queue for bread and everything." This is after nearly twenty years. How would Americans enjoy a generation or two of that sort of thing?

The terrible catastrophes of famine and disorganization which

overtook Russia after the downfall of the former shameful order, to say nothing of the wholesale massacres deemed essential to "save the revolution," occurred in an agricultural and simple society, which should have been largely and locally self-supporting. Is it worth while to risk such a turn to communism in our own highly organized industrial civilization where the catastrophes would be far worse in order to reach perhaps in forty or fifty years some new type of civilization which might then be catching up to where we are now, but the type of which no one can foresee? Yet this is what the pro-Russian enthusiasts invite us to do.

As for any other form of socialist or totalitarian state *suddenly arrived at* by an overturn, it seems to me the question is the same. Such a state, if it could be run at all, would have to be governed by a small group at the center, and differences of opinion among the public would have to be subordinated to commands of those in charge. In other words, liberties of thought and speech and action which have been won by liberal movements of the past would have to be sacrificed, and we would have the same ruthless oppression of the minority, or even the majority—for a revolutionary government *can* govern against the will of a majority—that has been the case in all except democratic states.

There are several reasons why any form of totalitarian state would be particularly obnoxious to the general mass of Americans who would have either to be defeated in civil war or cowed into submission by a terrorism which would make the "purges" of Hitler or the mass murders of Russia seem puny in comparison. To mention only one point, we have hitherto been the freest people in the world, partly because in the past the unexampled opportunities for achieving personal independence or even wealth and high position on a virgin continent and in a fluid society have given to each individual a sense of unrestraint and freedom which is noticeable by any one landing here from other countries.

We have been the least regimented people in the world, and, as the now exiled Francesco Nitti points out in his book *La Democratie,* "it is as easy for a socialist to become a reactionary, as it is for a reactionary to become a socialist, but a true liberal, penetrated with the doctrine of liberty . . . cannot become a reactionary for the same reason that he cannot become a Bolshevik." And again, "he who has been in slavery thinks easily of another slavery. The negations of liberty in our day (Bolshevism, Fascism, dictatorships) tend unconsciously toward each other.

The English people would never consent to pass from liberty to a form of slavery such as Bolshevism, but from Czarism to Bolshevism the step is easy."

Those who have had and enjoyed the benefits of a genuinely liberal tradition and order will not, unless from utter despair, consent to give up their freedom and to place their necks under the yoke of others.

.

In another respect the United States is little prepared for any sudden and voluntary transformation into a collectivist state. Owing partly to the possibilities at least for achieving success in business or professional life and partly to our political philosophy of "to the victor belong the spoils," public office has held slight attraction for most Americans. We have little of the bureaucracy of Europe or the civil service spirit of England, although there are signs that the latter may be built up among us in the future. With the stabilizing of population, which is predicted for about 1970, very likely a profound psychological change will occur, greater than that caused by the ending of the frontier. We have, for three centuries, thought in terms of the present *plus* the future. We have thought that towns would always grow, if we picked the right ones; that real estate should be priced not only on the basis of its present income return but of its future enhancement in capital value: that corporations in which we invested would have an ever wider public to serve. As a nation we have been optimistic, always ready to take a chance though the big prizes have gone to the few. To accept a government or other job in which there might be safety but no chance has been considered as a sign of lack of ambition. This attitude may change with the passing of the many chances which have hitherto been dependent on increase of population. A saner attitude toward life may develop. But most Americans are not yet ready to serve some totalitarian state for a pittance.

.

Youth is impatient and likes to take short cuts to a goal. The difficulty is that all the short cuts proposed or tried do not solve the ecomonic problems and so far indeed have made ecomonic conditions worse than in the democracies, while at the same time they demand the renouncing of those liberties which we have spent centuries in acquiring and which, because they have be-

come like the air we breathe will be sadly recalled only when some one has us by the throat.

What then? If we are not to put on black shirts or brown shirts or carry red flags and surge forward to place ourselves overnight under the rule of some dictatorship—Fascist, Nazi, Communist, Socialist—what are we to do?

It seems to me that there lie directly ahead of us a great challenge and a great fight, not only for youth but for all. The challenge is to continue that amelioration of the lot of the ordinary man that has been progressing for some centuries; to find not the perfect but the best solutions humanly possible for the ecomonic problems pressing upon us; to build a better order for the generations to come, but to do this with a realization of the whole nature of man, without being led astray by the temporary exigencies of ecomonic difficulties in our own generation, and without sacrificing the precious heritage of liberty won in the past. We want neither the repressions of that past nor the still greater repressions resulting from the new tyrannies.

In the million years or so of man's history he has struggled up through savagery and barbarism. He has suffered from ignorance, from plagues, from famine, from desolating wars, from all the ills that can be conceived. Slowly he has conquered and has risen in spiritual and mental capacity. That advance has come only from the free play of mind and spirit when conditions have allowed it. As General Smuts well said in the address already quoted, "even more than political principles and constitutions are (now) at stake. The vision of freedom, of the liberation of the human spirit from its primeval bondage is perhaps the greatest light which has yet dawned on our human horizon. It forms the real spur of progress, the lure of our race in its ceaseless striving towards the future. According to Plato, the movement of the world is from brute force to freedom, from fate or necessity to reason, from compulsion to persuasion. Man's progress through the ages is from a regime of domination to one of understanding, consent, and free cooperation. That great movement of liberation is the glory of our past. It is also our inescapable program for the future."

Is there freedom for man's spirit anywhere today under any of the forms of dictatorship set up, whether that of an individual or what is absurdly called the dictatorship of the proletariat in which the individual proletarian has practically nothing to say as to how his own life shall be regulated? Can any society

progress, bring satisfaction and happiness, or even survive, which puts men's minds in chains and forbids the free exploration of ideas? The problem of a better distribution of the social product in what has become a potential age of plenty is an overwhelming one demanding solution, but the present forgetfulness of the human need for freedom is equally pressing. Liberalism, despised by every dictator or would-be dictator, is at bay but it has still a great role to play.

This, then, is the challenge to us all—how to solve our economic problems in the spirit of liberalism and not of tyranny. To call in a dictator to rule for us, or to alter the fundamental form of our society in such a way as to gain a hypothetical solution of economic difficulties by sacrifice of all freedom of mind and spirit, of all that man has striven for during so many centuries and which he has so hardly won, is not to take part in high adventure and glorious enterprise but with the spirit of a coward to betray both the past and the future of our race.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What is liberty? Why should you be concerned about it? Reflect on "Liberty Enlightening the World," page 698, and "Liberty or Death!" page 38.

2. Define fascism, communism, totalitarian. In *Leadership in a Changing World* fascism is defined by Mussolini.

3. What startling difference is there between post-World War history and post-Napoleonic war history?

4. What does the author mean by "mere nationalism"?

5. How does the author account for the extremely dangerous change of mental temper?

6. Why did youth forget the fierceness of the struggle for liberty?

7. To what fear did General Smuts refer as "the primeval dread of the unknown"? What is the immediate result of the fear?

8. When will the race reach perfection?

9. How does Mr. Adams defend democracy and capitalism?

10. How does America suffer as a result of nationalism?

11. In what countries today is there more chance of peace in the future?

12. Where is there freedom of speech today?

13. Compare the situation today in America with that in Italy, Germany, and Russia.

14. Why would the catastrophe of an abrupt new order in America be far worse than in Russia or some other country?

15. About 1970 what profound psychological change greater than the end-

ing of the frontier may occur? For the influence of the frontier refer to Turner's "Contributions of the West to American Democracy," page 408

16. What does Mr. Adams suggest as courageous youth's program for the future? How could you help to attain it?

17. Report on two of the following magazine articles.

"'So Conceived and So Dedicated,'" William F Russell, *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 155, pages 515–522, May, 1935.

"Path for Liberals," N. Peffer, *Scribner's Magazine*, August 1936, pages 94–98.

"A Conservative Speaks," G. E. Sokolsky, *Atlantic Monthly*, Volume 158, pages 150–157, August, 1936.

5. UNMANIFEST DESTINY

RICHARD HOVEY

Is it particularly appropriate to have this poem come at the end of this volume?

To what new gates, my country, far
 And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
 Compelled to what unchosen end?

Across the sea that knows no beach
 The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
 The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
 Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
 To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
 What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
 Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
 Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
 Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

WHERE TO READ MORE ABOUT AMERICA'S FUTURE

An asterisk (*) denotes a work of fiction

ADDAMS, Jane: *Twenty Years at Hull House.*
The account of a world-famed social experiment in Chicago.

ALDRICH, Thomas Bailey: *The Story of a Bad Boy.**
This bad boy was the forerunner of Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn. and Penrod.

BELLAMY, Edward: *Looking Backward.**
The author tells us what he thinks the United States will be like in the year 2000.

BUCK, Pearl: *The Good Earth.**
A story of Chinese peasant life written by an American woman who was a missionary in China for a number of years.

CABLE, George Washington: *Old Creole Days.**
Short stories of Creole life in New Orleans. This book is notable for the way in which the author captures the atmosphere of the Creole quarter.

CATHER, Willa: *One of Ours.**
The story of a thoughtful and sensitive Nebraska boy. Not Miss Cather's best, but the first part of the book is very fine.

FERBER, Edna: *The Gay Old Dog.**
A short story of a man who was cheated out of the home life that he craved.

GIOVANNITTI, Arturo: *Arrows in the Gale.*
Small volume of powerful poems on social subjects.

GOMPERS, Samuel: *Seventy Years of Life and Labor.*

Autobiography of the man who was president of the American Federation of Labor for more than forty years.

GREEN, Paul: *In Abraham's Bosom.*

A powerful drama of a Negro who set out to be a leader of his people. This play is neither bitter nor argumentative

JEWETT, Sarah Orne: *Deephaven.**

Sketches of a decaying seaport of Maine.

LA FOLLETTE, Robert Marion: *Autobiography.*

The life of an American statesman who had a definite program for the betterment of society.

MARK Twain: *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.**

A Connecticut Yankee leaps back over a thousand years and lands in the court of King Arthur. This is not a humorous book.

MASTERS, Edgar Lee: *Spoon River Anthology.*

A book of short poems describing life in a Middle Western village. Mr. Masters aroused a great deal of argument with this volume by portraying the more unlovely aspects of village life as well as the brighter.

NORRIS, Frank: *The Octopus.**

Wheat raising in California. The first volume of a series of three planned by the author. *The Pit* is the second book in the trilogy; the third was never written.

RICE, Alice Hegan: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.**

Mrs. Wiggs with her numerous children lives in the Cabbage Patch, a straggling group of shanties in the poorest district of a Kentucky town. Her kindness and sunny philosophy make her a delightful character.

RICE, Alice Hegan: *Lovey Mary.**

An orphan girl, Lovey Mary, takes care of a little boy. In her efforts to shield him she seeks refuge with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

RIIS, Jacob: *The Making of an American.*

The story of a useful life.

SINCLAIR, Upton: *The Jungle.**

A striking novel written for a particular social purpose. Typical of the author. So vividly written that it is unforgettable.

STEFFENS, Lincoln: *Autobiography.*

The life of a reformer who was deeply interested in checking political corruption in city government.

STEFFENS, Lincoln: The Shame of the Cities.

In this book the reformer explains why we have corrupt governments in some cities.

TARKINGTON, Booth: *The Conquest of Canaan.**

The ne'er-do-well makes good.

TARKINGTON, Booth: *Penrod.**

Penrod is the typical youth in a middle class family.

WASHINGTON, Booker T.: *Up from Slavery.*

Booker Washington, the Negro leader, tells the story of his life struggle.

WESTCOTT, E. N.: *David Harum.**

This novel centers about a shrewd horse trader. David Harum is one of the famous characters of our literature.

WHARTON, Edith: *Ethan Frome.**

Love and tragedy on a bare hill farm of New England. A master work, but too mature for many students.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ADAMS, JAMES TRUSLOW (1878–), historian and man of letters, was born in Brooklyn. For a number of years he was a member of a financial firm in New York City. In 1922 he won the Pulitzer prize for the best history of the year with his work, *The Founding of New England*. He is a voluminous writer. Among his books are *The March of Democracy*, *The Epic of America*, *Our Business Civilization*, and *America's Tragedy*. Mr. Adams has lived abroad much of the time.

ADE, GEORGE (1866–), humorist and dramatist, was born in Kentland, Indiana. After finishing his education at Purdue, he became a newspaperman. He excels in the use of current slang and in the portrayal of American character. His best works are *Fables in Slang*, *The Sultan of Sulu* (a musical comedy), and *The College Widow*.

AIKEN, CONRAD (1889–), poet and story writer, was born in Savannah, Georgia, and educated at Harvard. He has devoted himself entirely to letters, and among his books are *Great Circle*, *Time in the Rock*, and *Preludes*.

APPLEGATE, FRANK G. (1882–1931), was born in Atlanta, Illinois, and received an A.B. from the University of Illinois before studying and teaching art in the East. He went to New Mexico to devote himself wholly to painting, and was a member of the artist group of Taos. He also worked actively to preserve and foster the native arts of the Indians and Spanish Americans. Of him Mary Austin said: "It was the intimate acquaintance with handcraft that made him the judge of authenticity in a particular tale. . . . Finding the pattern of things made taught him the pattern of things thought, felt, imagined."

BAKER, KARLE WILSON (1878–), was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. She attended the University of Chicago and knew the poet, William Vaughn Moody. After teaching, she married Thomas Ellis Baker, of Nacogdoches, Texas, where they reside with their children. The tall pines and the varied bird life of her Southern garden are the background of many of her poems. Mrs. Baker has a deep feeling for the heroic deeds of the past and for the land.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT (1898–), poet and novelist, was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Mr. Benét's older brother, William Rose, and his sister, Laura, are both poets and novelists. After his graduation from Yale, Benét immediately began his literary career. The award of a Guggenheim fellowship allowed him to live in France for two years while he worked

on his long poem, *John Brown's Body*, a mixed lyric and narrative interpretation of the Civil War. This poem received the Pulitzer prize in 1929. Other volumes by Benét are *Tiger Joy, Ballads and Poems,* and *James Shore's Daughter.*

BOK, EDWARD (1863–1930), editor, was born in Holland. He was brought to America when he was six years old. After holding a variety of positions with publishing houses, he became editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a position that he held for thirty years. His autobiography, *The Americanization of Edward Bok,* won the Pulitzer prize.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794–1878), poet and editor, was born in western Massachusetts at Cummington. His family was strongly anti-Jeffersonian, and Bryant's first poem was "The Embargo," a satire on Jefferson's policy. Bryant had only one year at Williams College. When he was only sixteen, he wrote the first draft of "Thanatopsis." This poem, enlarged and revised, became one of the most popular pieces in American letters. Bryant practised law for nine years and during this time wrote a considerable amount of poetry. From 1829 to 1878 he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*, one of the finest newspapers of the day. In these years poetry became incidental to the career of a great journalist, though Bryant continued to write verse. His last volume was published the year of his death. Bryant will be remembered as one of our best poets of nature and as a master of blank verse.

BURNS, WALTER NOBLE (1872–1932), was born in Lebanon, Kentucky. By profession he was a roving journalist. Two of his interesting books are *A Year with a Whaler* and *The Saga of Billy the Kid.*

BURROUGHS, JOHN (1837–1921), naturalist and essayist, was born in Roxbury, N. Y. He taught for eight years and from 1864 to 1884 he was a government employee. From 1874 to his death his home was in the country. The latter part of his life was spent near West Park, N. Y. Among his friends he numbered Walt Whitman and Theodore Roosevelt.

Wake-Robin, Winter Sunshine, Pepacton, and *Birds and Poets* are among his best-known books of nature. He also wrote many critical and philosophical essays. *My Boyhood* is autobiographical.

BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER (1869–1937), humorist, was a native of Muscatine, Iowa. He dropped out of high school at the end of the first year and went to work. He wrote a great deal, chiefly stories for magazine publication.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW (1835–1919), manufacturer and philanthropist, was born in Scotland. Starting from poverty, he became one of the wealthiest men in the world. Before he died, he had given away most of his fortune to various charitable and philanthropic undertakings. He is especially remembered for his lavish gifts of library buildings to American towns and cities.

CATHER, WILLA (1876–), novelist and short story writer, was born in Winchester, Virginia. When she was very young, her family took her to a ranch near Red Cloud, Nebraska, where she came to know the Scandinavian, Russian, Bohemian, and French immigrants who were making homes on the Western plains. She was graduated from the high school of Red Cloud and from the University of Nebraska. After graduation she worked on a newspaper and taught in a high school of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Some of her short stories attracted the attention of S. S. McClure who offered her an editorship on *McClure's Magazine*. For the last twenty-five years she has been a novelist.

During the years of her teaching and magazine work, Miss Cather returned frequently to the West. She loves the Great Plains and the Southwest, the scenes of her remarkably fine novels. Miss Cather is best represented by *My Antonia, O Pioneers, Obscure Destinies*, and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. In the opinions of many critics and readers Miss Cather has caught the atmosphere of the West and the impact of the land upon the individual better than has any other novelist of America.

CHITTENDEN, WILLIAM LAWRENCE (1862–1934), better known as "Larry," moved westward from New Jersey to St. Louis to a ranch near Anson, Jones County, Texas. For more than a dozen years he rode the range, sharing in the dances and other festivities of old time ranch life. He soon began to write rollicking verses about his work and fun. In 1893, appeared his volume, *Ranch Verses*, which has gone through at least sixteen editions since that date. After leaving Texas, he published several volumes of verses, but his later work is not so genuine and spirited as his poetry of ranch life.

COBB, IRVIN S. (1876–), humorist and short story writer. His best stories are about life in the South which he knows well, for he was born in Paducah, Kentucky. He was long in newspaper and magazine work. In his best stories Cobb has a touch reminiscent of Mark Twain, but he is usually too sentimental to maintain his high level.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE (1789–1851), novelist and historian, was born in Burlington, N. J., but when he was one year old his family took him to central New York where he grew up. His father, a rich and aristocratic landowner, was a judge. From his boyhood Cooper was pugnacious and determined, and insubordination caused his expulsion from Yale. After serving for a time in the merchant marine, he became a midshipman in the navy. In 1811 he resigned from the navy, married, and established his home at Cooperstown, N. Y. His first novel was *Precaution*, an imitation of the vapid English society novels of the time, but his first success was *The Spy* (1821), a tale of the Revolutionary War.

For thirty years after the publication of *The Spy* Cooper wrote a steady stream of Indian tales, novels of society, social criticism, and history. Few novelists exhibit so wide a range of performance. At his best Cooper writes

in full command of a strong narrative interest; at his worst he is very bad. As a critic recently said, Cooper is immortal, but few of his books are. His best works are *The Spy, The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder, The Pioneers, The Prairie, The Pilot,* and *The Red Rover.* One of his most valuable books is a history of the navy of the United States.

CRANE, NATHALIA (1913–), poet, was born in New York City of American and Spanish-Jewish ancestry. When she was only nine years old she had poems published in a New York paper. *The Janitor's Boy* (1924) was her first book of verses. Her poetry is remarkable for its grace and humor.

CROCKETT, DAVID (1786–1836), frontier hunter, wit, and politician, was born in Tennessee. Most of his education he gained in the rough-and-tumble of frontier life. He fought Indians, farmed, went into politics, and served three terms in the House of Representatives. A defeat in 1834 caused him to leave the United States in disgust. He went into Texas when that territory still belonged to Mexico and lost his life in the defense of the Alamo in San Antonio. To the people of his day he was famous chiefly as a wit and as a hunter.

CROWELL, GRACE NOLL (1877–), home-maker and poet, has lived with her family in Dallas for many years. She writes her sincere poems from the simple experiences of her life. She is one of the most widely known and beloved poets in America. *White Fire* and *Songs for Courage* are among her many published volumes.

DANA, RICHARD HENRY (1815–1882), a prominent lawyer of Boston, is known in literature as the author of the perennial favorite, *Two Years Before the Mast.* While he was a student in Harvard, an illness so affected his sight that he was compelled to withdraw from college. For two years he served as a common sailor on a ship that made the voyage to California around Cape Horn. His book was written about this voyage. Before the publication of *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840) Dana was graduated from Harvard. During his long career as a lawyer, he was counsel in many cases that involved sailors' rights and maritime law.

DICKINSON, EMILY (1830–1886), suffered the curious fate to remain virtually unknown during her lifetime and then achieve the highest reputation of American women writers. Her life was utterly devoid of any external interest, if we except a love affair about which we know almost nothing. She was born, lived, and died in the same house in Amherst, Mass. During the last ten years of her life she seldom left her room.

Miss Dickinson allowed only a few of her poems to be published during her life, but today we have a volume of her verse that is surpassed by that of no other American lyric poet. Her poems are short, but intense flashes of inspiration leave one breathless by the very audacity of imagination.

DOBIE, J. FRANK (1888–), grew to manhood on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas. He graduated from college, was a lieutenant during the World War, managed a big ranch, and then turned teacher and author. He collects folklore, especially treasure legends, and also he collects folklorists who work with him in the Texas Folklore Society, of which he has been secretary for many years. Mr Dobie combines profound learning with a love of common people and rich, homely speech. His best known book is *Coronado's Children*, a collection of buried treasure tales.

DOUGLASS, ANDREW ELLICOTT (1867–), is a native of Vermont, and an alumnus of Trinity College, Connecticut. Recognized as an astronomer, he joined the staff of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, in 1894, and has been a resident of the state ever since. His most famous work was *Climatic Cycles and Tree Growth* (1919–1928), in which he established historical dates by studying tree rings.

DUVAL, JOHN C. (1816–1897), was born in Bardstown Kentucky, son of Major William Duval, friend of Washington and Jefferson. In 1835 he came to Texas in a company of volunteers, commanded by his brother, which was massacred at Goliad. John C. escaped after thrilling adventures —a story he told long afterward in *Early Times in Texas* (1892). During the pioneer days, he was a ranger in the same company with Big-Foot Wallace, and later a surveyor. His life of Wallace and other writings are among the most authentic and interesting narratives of early Texas.

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD (1878–), essayist and dramatic critic, was born at Malden, Massachusetts. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy and at Harvard and is now a member of the faculty of the Drama Department at Yale. He has contributed to magazines many essays interpretive of nature and country life. Among his books on the drama are *Plays and Players* and *The Drama in English*.

ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM (1834–1926), educator, served as president of Harvard University for forty years. During his term of office and after his retirement he was widely regarded as the most influential educational leader of America. He published many essays and addresses.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803–1882), was born in Boston of good family. Although the father's early death left the family in straitened circumstances, Emerson was graduated from Harvard College and from the Harvard Divinity School. As a young man he was pastor of one of the oldest and most famous churches of Boston, but at the age of twenty-nine he resigned his position and left the ministry, though from time to time he delivered sermons from the pulpits of his friends. For almost fifty years he lived at Concord, Massachusetts, a few miles from Boston, reading, writing, and talking. Out of this quiet life came some of the most stirring literature produced in America. The golden text of Emerson's message is "Trust

thyself." From this text he elaborated his famous doctrine of individualism. "Self-Reliance" is his best-known and most typical essay. He wrote no novels, short stories, or dramas. Everything he wished to say he expressed in essays or poems. Even the entries in his journal are short essays.

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES (1827–1907), was born in Ithaca, N. Y. For a long time he was associated with Cornell University. Today he is remembered as the author of "The Blue and the Gray" (1867) which was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD (1886–), poet and critic, was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was educated at Harvard, and since 1916 he has lived much of the time in England. Fletcher belonged to the group of poets known as Imagists. These poets relied upon color and visual effects for the success of their verse.

FORD, COREY (1902–), literary critic and humorist, was born in New York City where he now lives.

FOSDICK, RAYMOND (1883–), is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation and a member of many civic and educational organizations. He is the author of *The Old Savage in the New Civilization*.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (1706–1790), journalist, publisher, inventor, scientist, diplomat, statesman, was born in Boston but achieved his fortune and reputation in Philadelphia. No English-speaking man of the eighteenth century won distinction in more fields than did this typical self-made American, the first of a long and honorable line. It is impossible to compress his career into a few lines, and even the attempt is ungracious, for in his immortal autobiography he has charmingly narrated the first part of his life The second part belongs to history, for the story of Franklin from 1760 to 1790 is the history of the United States, so closely was he identified with our struggle for independence and national unity.

To his contemporaries Franklin was widely known as the author and publisher of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which has been called the first best-seller in America.

FREEMAN, DOUGLAS SOUTHALL (1886–), editor and biographer, was born in Lynchburg, Virginia. He was educated at Richmond College and at Johns Hopkins. He is the editor of a daily paper in Richmond. In 1935 he won the Pulitzer prize for his monumental biography of Robert E. Lee.

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS (1852–1930), short story writer and novelist, was a native of Randolph, Mass. For some years she was secretary to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the writer. Her first stories were for children, but she soon developed into a careful and artistic writer of life in New England. She belongs to the "local color school." Her best stories were collected in 1927 by H. W. Lanier.

FRENEAU, PHILIP (1752–1832), poet, political writer, editor, and teacher, was born in New York City. After his graduation from Princeton in 1771 he taught for a time and then began his career as a writer. During the Revolution he was the most popular and effective of the poets on the American side. The English imprisoned him, but he escaped and resumed his attacks on the enemy with his pen. Today his political poems are largely forgotten, save by scholars, but his poems of nature are still read.

FROST, ROBERT (1875–), was born in San Francisco of a family whose ancestors for generations had been New Englanders. When the boy was ten he was taken to New England where he has since resided, save for brief intervals. He attended Dartmouth and Harvard but disliked college routine and did not take a degree. He has taught, worked in factories, on newspapers, and on farms. His early poems were refused publication by American editors, and it was not until he went to England in 1912 that he found a publisher. In 1913 his first volume appeared in London. Two years later it was published in New York. In 1915, after the beginning of the World War, Frost returned to America. In recent years he has taught at Amherst and at the University of Michigan.

The simplicity and sincerity of Frost's poems of New England life place these pieces among the precious things of American literature. They are especially effective when read aloud, for the rhythm of the lines is the natural rhythm of conversation.

Frost usually writes two poems in one, the matter-of-fact statement that often rises to fine imagery and felicitous expression and, above that, overtones of meaning. If you do not catch the second, you still have a good poem in the first.

Frost's most famous poems are "Mending Wall," "The Star-Splitter," and "The Hill-Wife" in addition to those in this volume.

GARLAND, HAMLIN (1860–1940), was born near West Salem, Wisconsin. As a boy and young man he helped his family with the farm work in Iowa and Dakota. After teaching school for a time, he went to Boston to study. A trip to the West aroused in him a fierce desire to write of life on farms as it was actually experienced by farmers of the Middle West. The result was *Main Travelled Roads,* an honest and successful attempt to tell the homely truth about his subject. By far the best account of Garland's life is his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border.* He is the author of many other books, some of the most important being *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly, Boy Life on the Prairie,* and *The Book of the American Indian.*

GRADY, HENRY WOODFIN (1850–1889), editor and orator, was born in Athens, Georgia. He was educated at the university of his native state and at the University of Virginia. As editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* he preached the doctrine of understanding and good will to both the North and the South. His early death was a great loss to both sections.

GREGG, JOSIAH (1806–1850), a native of Tennessee, was, according to his own statement, "cradled and educated upon the Indian border." In 1831, he was advised by his physicians to go West, and so undertook a trip with a spring trading caravan from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fé. He regained his health, became completely enamored of the prairies, and went into business as a trader to Santa Fé. He kept careful journals and at intervals printed letters in the newspapers describing the country, natives, and travel routes. His *Commerce of the Prairies,* published in 1844, remains a trustworthy and readable account of travel on the Santa Fé Trail, 1831–1841.

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR (1871–), humorous poet, was born in Vienna, Austria, of American parents. After graduation from the College of the City of New York he went into newspaper work. He did much poetry for *Life,* the old humorous weekly. His name is pronounced to rhyme with "fitter man."

HARTE, BRET (1839–1902), short story writer of the old West, was born in Albany, N. Y., and died in England. From the age of fifteen to the age of thirty-two he lived in California, and his experiences in that state in the days of the gold-hunters colored everything that he later wrote. He worked on two San Francisco magazines, the *Golden Era* and the *Overland Monthly.* His reputation was made in 1868 with the publication of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The reputation thus started was augmented with the publication of "Plain Language from Truthful James," a humorous poem which was quoted from coast to coast. In 1871 Harte left California and never returned. His later work was largely a repetition of his early stories. At his best Harte blends pathos and humor in a most effective fashion.

HAY, JOHN (1838–1905), is known as a poet, historian, and diplomat. He was born in Salem, Indiana, and lived as a boy in Illinois. After graduation from Brown University, he read law in Springfield, Ill., and went to Washington as secretary to Abraham Lincoln in 1861. Hay's first book was a volume of dialect poems, *Pike County Ballads.* (1871). He later served in the diplomatic service for several years, acting as ambassador to Great Britain for a short time. From 1898 to 1905 he was secretary of state in the McKinley and Roosevelt cabinets.

HAYNE, PAUL H. (1830–1886), Southern poet, was born in South Carolina of a distinguished and aristocratic family. The Civil War ruined his fortune and his health. After 1865, he lived in Georgia, and continued to write despite his dire poverty and his ill health. His poems of nature will not soon disappear from collections of American verse.

O. HENRY (William Sydney Porter) (1867–1910), short story writer, was born in Greensboro, N. C., where he went to school and worked in a drug store. At the age of twenty he went to Texas. Here he worked on a ranch, clerked, published a magazine, and worked on a newspaper. For a

time he was teller of a bank. In 1898 he was sentenced to the penitentiary on a charge of embezzling funds from the bank. After serving three years and three months of a five-year sentence, he was discharged. During his stay in prison he worked seriously at perfecting his style. The last eight years of his life he lived in New York.

O. Henry is justly famous for his blending of pathos and humor and for his ability to interest the reader in the stenographers, clerks, crooks, policemen, and slum dwellers of a large city.

HENRY, PATRICK (1736–1799), lawyer and orator, was a native of Virginia. As a young lawyer he became the spokesman of the common people of his state, and in the Virginia legislature he led the opposition to Great Britain. His most famous speech is the one given in part in this volume. He also served as governor of Virginia, United States senator, secretary of state, and chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809–1894), poet, novelist, and essayist, was born in Cambridge. He studied at Harvard, took his degree in medicine, and taught in the Harvard Medical School. With Longfellow and Lowell he formed the center of a literary circle known as the Harvard or Cambridge group. Today his position in American literature seems to be secure because of his delightful humorous verse. In the writing of this difficult type of poetry, Holmes has had few superiors in English. He was a famous conversationalist, and his book *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is a series of witty talks.

HOPKINSON, JOSEPH (1770–1842), lawyer, lawmaker, and judge, was the son of Francis Hopkinson, an American poet and signer of the Declaration of Independence. The younger Hopkinson is remembered today almost wholly for his patriotic poem, "Hail, Columbia."

HOUSTON, MARGARET BELL, granddaughter of General Sam Houston, was born at Cedar Bayou, Texas. She is a trained dramatic artist as well as a poet and fiction writer. To hear her read her poems proves that good poetry appeals to the ear as well as to the mind. Mrs. Houston divides her time between Texas and New York.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783–1859), essayist, biographer, historian, and diplomat, was born in New York City. At the age of twenty-six he wrote *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, a humorous burlesque. Ten years later he produced *The Sketch Book*, the volume that contains the immortal "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He also wrote *Bracebridge Hall*, *The Life of Columbus*, and *The Alhambra*. An interest in the development of the fur trade in the Far West led Irving to write *Astoria*, an account of a trading enterprise started by John Jacob Astor at the mouth of the Columbia River. He lived for many years abroad, holding

a diplomatic post in London and serving as our minister to Spain. Irving was one of the most popular of our writers.

IRWIN, WILL (1873–), was born in Oneida, N. Y., and educated at Leland Stanford University. He is a journalist and general magazine writer.

JAMES, MARQUIS (1891–), newspaperman and biographer, spent his childhood on land near Enid, Oklahoma, staked by his father in "the run" into the Cherokee Strip in '93. He got his education chiefly as a reporter and as a captain in the American Expeditionary Forces. He spent years on the trail of Sam Houston in order to write *The Raven*, digging out unpublished letters and going to all the places Houston had ever been. The book received the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1930. Since then Mr. James has written a fine life of Andrew Jackson, which like *The Raven*, is an example of the best type of modern biography.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS (1743–1826), was the leading exponent of democracy in his day. Although he was a member of the Virginia legislature, representative to the Continental Congress, governor of Virginia, envoy to France, Vice-President, and President, he left directions that his epitaph should mention none of these distinctions. He asked that he be remembered as the author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Virginia statute for religious freedom, and as father of the University of Virginia. He wrote voluminously but usually in the form of letters or political treatises. For more information about Jefferson consult the biography by Chinard or *The Living Jefferson* by James Truslow Adams.

JOHNSTON, MARY (1870–1936), novelist, was a Virginian by birth. She was privately educated and never married. Miss Johnston's historical novels are widely read.

JORDAN, DAVID STARR (1851–1931), educator and naturalist, was born in Gainesville, N. Y. He was educated at Cornell, the Indiana Medical College, and Butler University. After holding several teaching positions, he became president of Indiana University in 1885. Six years later he became president of Leland Stanford University, a position that he held for more than twenty years. He was an authority on fishes.

KAUFMAN, KENNETH C. (1887–), came to Oklahoma as a boy with his parents, who settled in the Caddo country. He is a modern language professor at the University of Oklahoma, a newspaper literary critic, an editor, and a poet. As a poet he has sincerely pictured the flat plains on which he lives. His volume of poems, *Level Land*, received a Kaleidograph Book Publication Award in 1935.

KREY, LAURA LETTY SMITH (1890–), born in Galveston, was reared on a south Texas plantation until she entered Mary Baldwin Seminary in Virginia. She was an outstanding student in the class of 1912 at the University of Texas, and soon afterward was married to Professor A. C. Krey, an eminent medieval historian, now of the University of Minnesota.

They have a son and a daughter. Mrs. Krey's first novel was *And Tell of Time* (1938), a story of Reconstruction days in Texas and Georgia. She plans a series of historical novels of Texas. She is also known as a critic and lecturer.

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842–1881), next to Poe the finest of the Southern poets, was born in Georgia. He contracted tuberculosis during the Civil War in which he served as a Confederate soldier, but after the war he went to Baltimore and became flutist in the famous Peabody Orchestra. Later he lectured on English literature at Johns Hopkins University.

In melodious and striking sound effects in his lines Lanier is surpassed only by Poe among American poets. His most famous poem is "The Marshes of Glynn."

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1809–1865), belongs to literature by virtue of his public addresses, letters, and state documents. As a master of English prose he has no superiors. Lincoln's oratorical style, simple and direct, is followed today by virtually all of our most effective public speakers.

LINDERMAN, FRANK B. (1869–), is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, but for many years he has lived in Montana. Before devoting his time to writing he was by turns trapper, cowboy, assayer, journalist, and insurance man.

LINDSAY, VACHEL (1878–1931), poet of the Middle West, was born in Springfield, Illinois. He was educated at Hiram College, the Chicago Art Institute, and the New York Art School. By the time that he finished his schooling he was already writing poetry, and for some time he tramped over the country reciting his verses in return for food and lodging. He was a lecturer for the Y.M.C.A. and for the Anti-Saloon League. Most of his life was spent in Springfield, though for a few years he lived in Spokane, Washington. Lindsay's first famous poem was "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" which became the title poem of his first book in 1913.

In the choice of his subject matter and in the vigorous, rhetorical quality of his lines Lindsay is one of the most resolutely American poets of our literature, and his America is the Middle West. His poetry should always be read aloud to gain the full effect of its strong rhythms. Chanting it is even better than reading it. "The Congo" has been called a combination of "rhyme, religion, and ragtime" and with qualifications this description applies to much of Lindsay's work.

LITTELL, ROBERT (1896–), was born in Milwaukee. He was educated at Groton School and Harvard. Since his graduation he has been a journalist.

LONDON, JACK (1876–1916), novelist and short story writer, was a native of San Francisco. He grew up on the Oakland waterfront and early began to help support the family. As a young man he did hard work in mills and canneries, and on ships. When he was eighteen, he spent months on the

road as a tramp. At the age of nineteen he started to seek an education and compressed his high school work into two years. He spent one semester at the University of California. In 1897 he joined the gold rush to Alaska and lived one winter on the Yukon. When he returned he found his father dead and the burden of the family resting on him. To make money he turned to writing. *The Call of the Wild* is his most famous book, though *The Sea Wolf* is a powerful story. After he became prosperous, he travelled much, frequently on his own yacht. Other important books by London are *White Fang* and *Martin Eden.* The latter has autobiographical touches.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807–1882), probably the most widely read of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in the class with Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. From 1829 to 1836 he was professor of modern languages in Bowdoin, resigning this position to take a similar one at Harvard where he taught for eighteen years. After he retired from teaching in 1854, he lived at Cambridge, Mass., in the famous Craigie House.

The range of Longfellow's verse extends from the poems for children, like "The Village Blacksmith," to the mature wisdom of "Morituri Salutamus." All Americans have read "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

LOWELL, AMY (1874–1925), poet, biographer, and critic, was born in Brookline, Mass., of the family that numbered James Russell Lowell, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, and Percival Lowell among its members. As a young woman she travelled much and later lived in her ancestral home in Brookline. She paid but slight attention to social and political problems. Although her first poem was not written until she was thirty-six, she rapidly became the leader and spokesman of the younger poets of this country. Among her works is a detailed biography of John Keats. The best of Amy Lowell's poetry is in the volume called *Selected Poems of Amy Lowell.*

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819–1891), was the product of a long line of aristocratic ancestors. He grew up in an atmosphere of wealth and culture and took his degree at Harvard intending to practise law. For a time he was associated with the transcendental and abolition groups of New Englanders but later sought a more conservative circle. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard. In 1857 he became the first editor of the *Atlantic.* Twenty years later he became our minister to Spain and then ambassador to England.

As a poet Lowell did his most vigorous and original work before 1853. In that year his first wife died and without her inspiration his writing became more cautious. Lowell is known to every reader as the author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and other familiar poems. His best work is probably to be found in the *Biglow Papers* (first series).

MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD (1892–), poet, was born at Glencoe, Illinois, on the shores of Lake Michigan. After graduation from Yale, he studied law at Harvard and practised for several years. He gave this up to devote himself to writing such books as *The New Found Land* and *Conquistador*.

MARKHAM, EDWIN (1852–1940), poet, was born in Oregon City, Oregon. His boyhood was spent outdoors on a California cattle ranch. He is a graduate of the State Normal School, now the State Teachers College, of San José, California. In 1899 he was made world famous by the publication of "The Man with the Hoe." Since that time he has written much poetry.

MASTERS, EDGAR LEE (1869–), poet and novelist, was born in Kansas of a family that had formerly made its home in Illinois. He was brought up in Petersburg and Lewistown, Ill., in the heart of the Lincoln country. After a year in Knox College he studied law in his father's office. Mr. Masters began to write early, but his first volumes were imitative of older poets. In 1915 he published a series of poetic sketches called *Spoon River Anthology* that attempted to give a cross section of a small town in the Lincoln country. Other books by Masters have been dimmed into insignificance by *Spoon River Anthology*, though the author has written other meritorious works. Among his books are *New Spoon River*, *The Great Valley* and *Children of the Market Place*, with Stephen A. Douglas as the leading character.

MELVILLE, HERMAN (1819–1891), was born in New York City of a wealthy family. When Melville was young, his father lost the family fortune and after only an elementary education the boy went to sea. While on a whaling voyage in the South Pacific he deserted from his ship and spent three months with the primitive people of the Marquesas Islands. He escaped from these islands and had more adventures in the South Seas. Upon his return home he wrote *Typee* and *Omoo*, books that describe his life on the islands of the South Pacific. *Moby Dick*, in part a record of a whaling voyage, is one of the most admired books in American literature. *Benito Cereno* is a magnificent novelette.

From 1860 to 1919 the reputation of Melville was very low. Few read him, and the histories of American literature paid but little attention to him. About 1919 his reputation began to increase, and today many critics assert that he is our greatest writer. It is possible, however, that these critics are a bit excessive in their enthusiasm, but it is certainly true that he was a very great and very greatly neglected writer.

MENCKEN, H. L. (1880–), journalist, critic, humorist, and philologist, was born in Baltimore of a commercial family of German descent. He did not attend college. At the age of twenty-three he was the city editor of a Baltimore daily paper and two years later became editor. For many years he has written for the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. From 1908 to 1924 he was on the staff of *Smart Set*. In 1924 he and George Jean Nathan established the *American Mercury*, of which he was co-editor and editor for ten years.

Mr. Mencken is one of the most influential literary critics in America. He brings to his work a wide acquaintance with books and men, and his critical opinions are exceptionally sound, though his vigorous style and pungent wit sometimes tend to make the reader overlook the sanity of his literary pronouncements. In recent years he has been more interested in social and political criticism than in literature.

Mencken's more important books are *The American Language, A Book of Prefaces, Notes on Democracy* and several volumes of *Prejudices.*

MERZ, CHARLES (1893–), was born in Sandusky, Ohio. He is a journalist. His first book was *The Great American Bandwagon.*

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT (1892–), poet, was born in Rockland, Maine. While she was still a child she contributed poetry to children's magazines. Her first poem to attract wide attention was "Renascence" which she wrote when she was nineteen. She was educated at Vassar. After graduation she joined the Provincetown Players as playwright and actress. She is the wife of Eugene Jan Boissevain, a businessman. The couple live in the country where Miss Millay tends her garden and writes poetry. In 1926 she composed the libretto for *The King's Henchman,* a grand opera composed by Deems Taylor.

Important books by Miss Millay are *Renascence, Second April, The Harp Weaver,* and *Selected Poems for Young People.*

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE ("Joaquin") (1841–1913), Western poet, was born in Indiana. The exact date is not certainly known. At the age of fifteen his family went to Oregon. He taught, edited a newspaper, and practised law. Finding no appreciation of his poetry in America, he went to England where he made a great impression. His last years were spent in Oakland, California.

MILLS, ENOS A. (1870–1922), naturalist, was born near Kansas City, Kansas. He said that he was entirely self-educated. In early manhood he went to the Rocky Mountains in search of health, and lived there the remainder of his life. From his cabin near Long's Peak he made long tramps through the Rockies, always going unarmed.

MONROE, HARRIET (1860–1936), poet and critic, was born in Chicago. She wrote the poem for the dedicatory ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. For almost twenty years after her start as a poet Miss Monroe supported herself by journalism and lecturing. In 1912 she founded *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse* and for the remainder of her life served as editor of the publication. This magazine was extraordinarily successful from the start. Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Joyce Kilmer, and many other poets were first published in it, and others had their first American appearance in its pages. It is not too much to say that the history

of the New Poetry movement in this country is to be found in the volumes of *Poetry*. Miss Monroe wrote a considerable amount of good verse, but nothing that she wrote is as important as the work that she encouraged others to do.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER (1890–), was born in Haverford, Penn. He was educated at Haverford College and Oxford University. Since 1917 he has been engaged in journalism. He has written a very large number of books, but his most successful work has been in the field of the informal essay. *Shandygaff* and *Mince Pie* are two of his happiest collections of essays and sketches.

MUIR, JOHN (1838–1914), naturalist, was born in Scotland. He was brought to America as a boy and grew up in Wisconsin. He attended the University of Wisconsin and lived for many years in California. He knew intimately the forests and mountains of the Pacific coast states and Alaska. *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth* is an extremely interesting autobiography. *My First Summer in the Sierras* is one of Muir's best books of nature.

MUMFORD, LEWIS (1895–), critic and journalist, was born on Long Island. He has lectured, served on the staffs of various magazines, and written many critical articles. He is an authority on architecture. His most important books are *The Golden Day*, *Herman Melville*, and *Sticks and Stones*.

NANCE, BERTA HART (1883–), comes of a pioneer family of Albany, in the west Texas ranch country. She has written poetry and stories since she was sixteen, and has contributed to many magazines. She herself says, "If any one is qualified to write a poem about cattle, I am, as I am a cattleman's daughter." Her home is now in Tucson, Arizona.

NEIHARDT, JOHN G. (1881–), poet and historian of the West, was born in Sharpsburg, Ill., and grew up on the Great Plains of Kansas where he lived with his grandparents. As a youth he lived in Wayne, Neb., where he attended the Nebraska Normal College and became in turn a teacher, tramp, bookkeeper and farmhand. From 1901 to 1917 he lived on the edge of the Omaha Indian Reservation becoming intimately acquainted with Indians and their way of life. The general theme of all his books is the advance of the frontier and the resulting clash of Indians and whites. In 1921 he was appointed poet laureate of Nebraska by act of the legislature. Neihardt's important books are *The Song of Hugh Glass*, *The Song of Three Friends*, and *The Song of the Indian Wars*.

NICHOLSON, MEREDITH (1866–), novelist and essayist, is a native of Crawfordsville, Indiana. He was educated in the schools of Indianapolis where he has since resided.

NORRIS, FRANK (1870–1902), was born in Chicago but grew up in San Francisco. His education at the University of California and Harvard was

followed by a visit to Paris to study art. He returned to America to write rather than to paint. His first novel was *McTeague*, a powerful realistic study of avarice. *The Octopus*, a story of wheat ranching, was a great success. So also was *The Pit*, a novel about speculation in wheat. Norris did not live to complete the "Trilogy of Wheat," as he called his projected three novels about wheat. His early death was a tremendous loss to American literature, for Norris had color, power, and intelligence in his writing.

O'NEILL, EUGENE GLADSTONE (1888–), dramatist, was born in New York City. He is the son of James O'Neill, a famous actor. He attended Princeton and Harvard, but received a degree from neither institution. He shipped as a common sailor and took a number of voyages, meeting with a variety of experiences, some of which he later turned to account in his dramatic work. He also did some newspaper work and travelled with his father's theatrical company for a time. An attack of tuberculosis sent him to a sanitarium. Thus far O'Neill's life had been an aimless, shifting existence. At the sanitarium he began "thinking it over," as he says, and the desire to write came to him. He began with one-act plays and achieved some of his most famous works in this form. His first volume was *Thirst and Other One-Act Plays*. His second book, *The Moon of the Caribbees*, made him famous. Three times he has won the Pulitzer prize for drama, once with *Beyond the Horizon*, once with *Anna Christie*, and once with *Strange Interlude*. To most younger readers *Emperor Jones* is his most striking play. In 1936 O'Neill was awarded the Nobel prize. He and Sinclair Lewis are the only Americans to be so honored.

PAINE, THOMAS (1737–1809), propagandist, was born in England of Quaker parentage. He came to America in 1774 and fourteen months later published *Common Sense*, a moving argument for American independence. During the Revolutionary War he wrote the *American Crisis* series, a number of journalistic articles designed to bolster the morale of the colonists. After the close of the war Paine went to England where he became embroiled with the authorities over his book, *The Rights of Man*, a vigorous defense of the French revolutionists. To escape trial he fled to France and was elected a member of the National Convention. When the radicals gained the upper hand, Paine was thrown in prison. While in confinement and in imminent danger of death, he wrote part of his *Age of Reason*, a slashing defense of natural religion as opposed to both atheism and revealed religion. In 1802 he returned to America.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809–1849), poet, critic, and writer of short stories, was born in Boston. His father was an actor, "a stage-struck member of a distinguished Baltimore family," as he has been called. Edgar Allan Poe's mother was an actress of English birth. Both the parents died when their son was very young. Poe was taken into the family of John Allan, a tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia, but he was never legally adopted.

From 1815 to 1820 the Allan family lived in England. The following six years Poe was in Richmond. He entered the University of Virginia, but remained only a short time. As the result of a quarrel with Mr. Allan, Poe left his home and enlisted in the army as a private. In 1830 Mr. Allan made it possible for him to leave the army and enter the United States Military Academy at West Point. After remaining in this institution for about a year, Poe deliberately neglected his duties in order that he might be court-martialled and dismissed. From this time his career is the story of struggles with pride, poverty, and elusive literary fame.

While he was in the army, Poe brought out his first volume of poetry, *Tamerlane and other Poems* (1827). Two years later appeared a second volume of verse. After his discharge from West Point, Poe worked on several literary magazines as editor, or chief contributor, or both. During these years he produced the poetry, criticism, and short stories for which he achieved world-wide reputation, most of it coming after his death.

Poe's best poems are published in this volume. His best stories are "The Gold Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Pit and the Pendulum," and "Ligeia." It is said that Poe considered "Ligeia" his best story.

For further information about Poe consult *Israfel* by Hervey Allen or *Edgar Allan Poe* by M. E. Phillips.

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH (1856–1935), poet, was born in Maryland. For many years she taught English in a Baltimore high school. Her career as a poet extended over almost fifty years, from the period of Longfellow to the days of Carl Sandburg and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Much of her poetry is of fine quality, and her "Tears" has been called one of the finest examples of the sonnet in English. In 1929 she published her reminiscences, *A Victorian Village*.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1849–1916), one of the most widely read poets in American literature, was born in Greenfield, Indiana. Like so many young Americans of his generation he found great delight in *McGuffey's Readers*, a set of textbooks widely used in our schools two generations ago. By the time that he was sixteen Riley had finished his school-days and had become a house and sign painter. For two years he travelled over Indiana with a patent medicine show, becoming intimately acquainted with the people and scenes of his native state. Later he went into newspaper work. His first poems were published in the newspapers of his own locality. In 1883 Riley became widely popular with the publication of his first volume, *The Ole Swimmin' Hole*. Later books enhanced his popularity without adding very much to the range that he exhibited in his first collection of poems. His poetry is characterized by kindliness, sentimentality, cheerfulness, mild humor, and pathos. Riley is frequently called "The Hoosier Poet."

ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN, poet laureate of Texas during 1938–1940, is

probably the most widely known citizen of the little town of Rising Star, where her neighbors know her as Mrs. J. F. Robertson, a civic, church, and club leader. She is a college graduate and formerly taught in the public schools of Oklahoma and Texas; but since the publication of her first volume of poetry, *Red Heels* (1928), she has devoted herself to writing and lecturing.

ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN DELANO (1882–), was born in New York and educated at Groton School, Harvard, and the Columbia Law School. He practised law for a time and then entered politics. During the World War he was assistant secretary of the navy. He served two terms as governor of New York and was elected President of the United States in 1932 and again in 1936. In 1940 he was elected for a third term.

RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD (1883–), was born in McClellanville, South Carolina. He was educated at Union College. His books include *Old Plantation Days* and *Days Off in Dixie.*

RYAN, ABRAM FREDERICK (1839–1886), commonly called Father Ryan, was a Catholic priest who served in the Confederate army as a chaplain. He was born in Norfolk, Va. He is remembered as one of the poets of the Southern cause.

SANDBURG, CARL (1878–), often called the "Poet of Chicago," was born in Galesburg, Illinois, of Swedish parentage. He dropped out of school at an early age and became successively driver of a milk wagon, porter in a barber shop, workman in a brickyard, scene shifter in a theatre, and hotel dishwasher. When the Spanish-American War started, he volunteered and saw active service. He then entered Lombard College in Galesburg where he was a leader in athletics and campus literary work. For many years he has been on the staff of a Chicago newspaper. His most famous work is *Chicago Poems*, but some of his finest pieces are in *Corn Huskers*, *Smoke and Steel*, and *Good Morning, America.* Although he is best known as a poet, Sandburg is a writer of excellent prose. His *Rootabaga Stories* are modern fairy tales. *Abraham Lincoln: the Prairie Years* gives a poetic interpretation of Lincoln's life before 1860.

SARETT, LEW (1888–), poet, was born in Chicago. He was educated at Beloit College, Harvard, and the University of Illinois. For sixteen years he acted as a guide and ranger in the Northwest for several months each year. He has taught public speaking in the University of Illinois and Northwestern University. Mr. Sarett's poetry is usually about Indians or nature. His books of verse are *Many, Many Moons, Slow Smoke, The Box of God*, and *Wings Against the Moon.*

SCARBOROUGH, DOROTHY (1858–1935), essayist, folklorist, novelist, came of a family distinguished in the learned professions. As a young teacher at Baylor University, she introduced courses in journalism and

creative writing, and contributed much to the Texas Folklore Society. As a professor at Columbia University, she continued to write novels and to collect folk songs of the Negroes and mountain whites. *The Wind*, a dramatic story of the effect of the plains environment on a sensitive woman, is her most effective novel.

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE (1806–1870), novelist, poet and historian, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, where he lived the whole of his life. The environment was not conducive to the finest development of Simms' natural talents, which have been pronounced superior to those of Cooper. Simms was an ambitious poor boy, who was determined to win recognition in a rich, aristocratic, and very conservative society. As a result he wrote too much for his local audience and not enough for readers throughout the country. It is pleasant to know that before his death he had won the respect and admiration of his state. Today he is justly regarded as the leading man of letters of the deep South. His work is very uneven. *Yemassee*, an Indian novel, is his best-known book. Probably better work is to be found in *The Partisan*, *The Forayers*, and *Border Beagles*. Simms also wrote a very popular history of South Carolina.

SMITH, GOLDIE CAPERS, was graduated from Southern Methodist University in 1919, and has been a writer of poetry and criticism ever since. *Sword of Laughter* is her chief volume of poetry. Because her husband is connected with aviation, she makes her home in various parts of the nation, at present near Chicago.

STOCKTON, FRANK R. (1834–1902), journalist and story writer, holds his position in literature because of his rollicking imagination. The ridiculous and impossible are his favorite materials. Among his best works are "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke" and "A Tale of Negative Gravity." Among his longer efforts the favorite is *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.*

TEASDALE, SARA (1884–1933), lyric poet, was born in St. Louis where she lived most of her life. She was educated by private tutors and travel. Her best verse has feeling and a lyric eloquence seldom surpassed. In private life she was Mrs. Ernest Filsinger. Two of her characteristic volumes are *Flame and Shadow* and *Rivers to the Sea.*

THOMASON, JOHN W., JR. (1893–), fiction writer, biographer, and illustrator, is an officer in the United States Marine Corps. Born in Huntsville, Texas, the little town where Sam Houston spent his old age, Colonel Thomason remains rooted in his own land, although he has lived and fought in many foreign countries. He tells stories, filled with adventure, of all the places he has been. Some of his books are *Fix Bayonets!* a World War story, and *Gone to Texas*, a romance of Reconstruction days.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID (1817–1862), was born, lived, and died in Concord, Massachusetts. Upon his graduation from Harvard he returned to his native town and thereafter left it only to take a few trips. While it is generally the fashion to regard Thoreau as a naturalist, he called himself a poet and transcendentalist. Today we see that his appraisal was correct. The most famous episode of his life was his residence for slightly more than two years on the shore of Walden Pond. He followed regularly no profession or trade, but devoted his time to solitary walks and conversations with his friends. He was a surveyor, but he worked only when he needed money. Such a life must inevitably be misunderstood. During his life Thoreau published only two books. Today his works fill twenty volumes, and as his works have grown so has his reputation increased. He wrote a prose style that was as simple and unaffected as the man himself, and every page of his books reflects the peculiar but attractive personality of the writer.

TIMROD, HENRY (1829–1867), poet, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He and Paul Hayne, another poet, belonged to the brilliant circle dominated by William Gilmore Simms, the novelist and poet. Timrod was a most promising young poet, but his prospects were ruined by the War between the States. In the struggle he lost his property and shortly after the war he contracted tuberculosis.

TURNER, FREDERICK JACKSON (1861–1932), historian of the West, was born in Portage, Wisconsin. He taught American history at the University of Wisconsin and at Harvard. His essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," has worked a tremendous change in the study and interpretation of our national history.

TWAIN, MARK (Samuel L. Clemens) (1835–1910), was born in Florida, Missouri, and spent his boyhood in Hannibal on the Mississippi River. At the best his educational opportunities were slight, but he dropped out of school while still a boy and went to work in a newspaper office. At the age of twenty-three he was a pilot on the Mississippi. This agreeable occupation was ended by the Civil War. The ex-pilot accompanied his brother to Nevada where he prospected and worked on the Virginia City *Enterprise*. From Nevada he went to California, thence to Hawaii. Back again in California with nothing to do, he advertised himself as a lecturer. He was a tremendous success and remained for thirty years the most popular lecturer in America.

In the meantime he had begun to write. His first story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," was a great success. A trip to Europe, Egypt, and Palestine resulted in *The Innocents Abroad*, one of the most successful books of the last century. Then followed *Tom Sawyer*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Roughing It*, and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. Despite the honor and respect of the whole world, Mark Twain was a sad man in his later years. Personal sorrows and a growing

philosophical pessimism make his books after 1890 little resemble the works by which he made his reputation. *The Mysterious Stranger* is typical of the later period.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS (1885–), essayist, poet, and anthologist, was born in New York City where he has spent most of his life. *Early American Poetry* and *Modern American Poetry* are two of his recent anthologies.

VESTAL, STANLEY (1887–), is Professor Walter S. Campbell to his students at the University of Oklahoma. Since boyhood he has known personally the Indians of the plains country, and has listened with understanding to their tales. He was the first Rhodes scholar from Oklahoma, and then a captain in the United States Army, 1917–1919. Writing of the Indians and the plainsman has been his life work, and he has published poems, novels, biographies, and histories. His *Kit Carson* and *Sitting Bull* are outstanding.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE (1732–1799), military leader and first President of the United States, was born near Fredericksburg in Westmoreland County, Va. His biography is part of American history. Although he is not usually considered as a literary man, his published writings fill many volumes.

WEBB, WALTER P. (1888–), was born in Texas, and educated in the public schools. He attended the University of Texas, where he has taught since 1918. His books, *The Great Plains* and *The Texas Rangers*, which interpret the life of his own people, have received international recognition. As a hobby, Doctor Webb collects old books and Colt revolvers.

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD (1873–), novelist and writer of adventure stories, was born in Grand Rapids, Mich. He was educated at the University of Michigan and at Columbia. Most of White's books have been drawn from his own experiences or from the experiences of men whom he met in various portions of the globe. He has lived or travelled in Canada, Africa, Alaska, and all the Western states. His most important books are *The Silent Places, Arizona Nights, Gold, The Gray Dawn, African Camp Fires*, and *Lions in the Path.*

WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN (1868–), journalist and novelist, was born in Emporia, Kansas, where he still lives and publishes his famous paper, the *Emporia Gazette.* All his active life he has been a newspaperman, though he is nationally known for his work in charitable, literary, and political organizations. Many times he has refused appointive office. As a journalist and political writer he is famous for the sanity and liberalism of his views. Like other authors of the Middle West, notably Mark Twain and Booth Tarkington, he has written some of his best work about boy life. His best

novel is *A Certain Rich Man,* a book which very narrowly misses greatness. Other works are *In the Heart of a Fool, In Our Town,* and a life of Woodrow Wilson.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819–1892), called by many critics the greatest poet and finest interpreter of America that we have yet produced, was born on Long Island. He was largely self-educated, but for a time he taught school. He was also a carpenter, editor, politician, and hospital nurse during the Civil War. In 1855 he issued *Leaves of Grass,* which he added to and revised many times before his death. For many years Whitman was despised or neglected by most critics and readers. Only as an old man did he gain some portion of the fame that is his today. His life was singularly devoid of important events, aside from the publication of recurring editions of *Leaves of Grass.* The last twenty years of his life he spent in Camden, N. J.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807–1892), poet of abolition and of the New England countryside, was born in Haverhill, Mass., the son of a poor Quaker farmer. By the time he was fifteen he was a delighted reader of Robert Burns, the Scotch poet of the common man. He never attended college. At the age of twenty-two he became an editor and for many years was connected with various newspapers and magazines, several of them devoted to abolition. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature and sacrificed a promising political career by espousing the cause of the radical abolitionists. After the Civil War Whittier wrote "Snow-Bound," "Maud Muller," "Abraham Davenport" and many other of his best-known poems. In addition to his poems on democracy, abolition, and New England life Whittier wrote many excellent hymns.

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE (1883–1928), poet and critic, was born in Nova Scotia. She is chiefly known for *New Voices,* an anthology and interpretative criticism of the new poetry.

WILSON, WOODROW (1856–1924), educator and statesman, was born in Staunton, Va. He was educated at Princeton, the University of Virginia, and Johns Hopkins. After a brief attempt to practise law he entered academic work and taught at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton. He became president of the latter institution in 1902, resigning to become governor of New Jersey. In 1912 he was elected President of the United States and re-elected in 1916. This portion of Wilson's career belongs to history. In addition to his attainments as educator and statesman, Wilson was a most effective writer and speaker.

WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER (1887–), critic and essayist, was born in Phalanx, N. J., and was educated at Hamilton College and Columbia. For fourteen years he was dramatic critic on the staff of various New York papers. During the World War he was an enlisted man in the A.E.F.

YAUGER, FAY MCCORMICK (1902–), has lived in many parts of America, from an Idaho mining camp to Boston. Her home has been in Texas since 1923. Setting a high standard for herself, she has published only one volume of her poetry, *Planter's Charm*. Her poems are memorable because they tell of deep human feelings.

YOUNG, STARK (1881–), born in Como, Mississippi, taught at Amherst and at the Universities of Mississippi and Texas. Always he inspired his students to write, to produce plays, and to appreciate beauty. Since 1921, he has devoted all his time to writing dramatic criticism, dramas, verse, and novels. His most popular books, *Heaven Trees* and *So Red the Rose,* are sympathetic accounts of the Mississippi plantation tradition in which he was reared.

GLOSSARY

aboriginal: belonging to the original inhabitants of a country; first.

accost: to approach; to greet.

accoutrement: equipment; a soldier's equipment except his gun and clothing.

ad lib.: (abbreviation for the Latin phrase "ad libitum") at one's pleasure.

adobe: a sun-dried brick; a house made of such bricks.

ad valorem: according to the value. (This is a Latin phrase.)

advocate: 1. (noun) a lawyer; one who speaks in favor of certain things.

2. (verb) to recommend.

æsthetic: having to do with beauty sensitive to beauty. (Also spelled "esthetic.")

affluence: wealth.

agrimony: a plant having a yellow blossom.

aide-de-camp: an army officer who assists a superior.

alacrity: cheerful willingness; brisk action.

alchemy: 1. chemistry in mediæval times.

2. the power to change something of slight value into something precious.

allegation: positive statement; assertion.

allopathic: pertaining to a system of healing which combats disease by using remedies that produce effects different from those of the diseases

amain: at full speed.

amicable: peaceable; exhibiting friendship.

amity: friendship.

ammoniacal: like ammonia.

anathema: a curse.

anomaly: something abnormal; a departure from the rule.

anomalous: not following the regular rule; abnormal.

anon: immediately.

antediluvian: before the flood.

apex: tip; the highest point.

apocryphal: of doubtful truth; false.

apostolic: according to the teaching of the apostles; of the apostles; of the pope.

apotheosis: act of raising to the rank of a god.

appelative: (also spelled "appellative") of the nature of a name.

arbiter: a person chosen to decide a dispute; a judge; an umpire.

Arcadia: a district in ancient Greece, famous for the placid and contented lives of its inhabitants; any place of simple, quiet contentment.

Argonaut: in Greek mythology one of the band of fifty who sailed with Jason on the quest of the Golden Fleece; one who went to California in the early days in search of gold.

aridity: dryness.

arraign: to accuse; to bring before a court for trial.

arras: a curtain used as the covering of a wall; a tapestry.

arroyo: a watercourse; a small ditch or gully carved by water.

artisan: workman.

assiduous: earnest; persistent.

assuage: to calm; to make easier.

astern: toward the rear of a ship.

augury: an indication of the future; a prophecy.

aura: that which proceeds from a person or thing and surrounds it.

automaton: a self-moving machine; a machine that contains within itself its motive power; a person who acts in a mechanical or involuntary fashion.

avatar: incarnation; the coming of a deity to earth and his appearance in human form.

avidity: greediness; eagerness.

avocation: an amusement; something that a person does besides his regular business.

axiomatic: self-proving.

bag: a silk pouch to hold the hair, formerly used by men when the hair was worn long.
bale: a bundle of goods; grief; woe.
baleful: filled with a bad influence; pernicious.
barracouta: a large marine fish. (Usually written "barracuda".)
barranca: a ravine with steep sides; a bluff or cliff.
bas-relief: sculpture that stands out in a low design from the surface on which it is cut or stamped.
beguile: cheat; amuse.
beldam: an old woman. (Frequently the word carries the implication of ugliness.)
bellicose: war-like; hostile.
benign: kind; gentle.
besprent: sprinkled; strewn.
bibber: a drinker; a tippler.
bight: a bay.
bigoted: intolerant; extremely prejudiced.
blasphemous: profane.
blatant: noisy.
bloc: block; a number of persons, especially in politics, considered as a unit.
blowzed: having high color; disordered.
Boswell: the famous biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson; a hero worshipper; a biographer.
bound boy: a boy who must serve a master a number of years to pay for instruction in trade, a profession or an art.
bovine: ox-like; stupid; dull.
bowers: in certain games such as euchre or five hundred the two highest cards are called the right and left bower.
bowlder: ("boulder" is today the preferred spelling): a stone usually of considerable size rounded by the action of water or a glacier.
brake: 1. (noun) anything used to check motion or progress.
2. (noun) a large fern; a thick growth of bushes.
3. (verb) to check.
brazier: a pan or other receptacle for holding live coals.
brisket: the breast or lower part of the chest of domestic animals. It lies between the forelegs.
brogan: coarse heavy shoe.
browse: to feed or graze.
buck-jump: a jump like that of a deer.
bull market: a market when prices are advancing.
bullock: ox.
bumptious: self-conceited; arrogant.
business cycle: a recognized succession of business conditions such as prosperity, crisis, liquidation, depression, and recovery.
byrnie: a coat of mail.

cache: 1. (verb) to hide.
2. (noun) a hiding place. (Pronounced "kash".)
Canaris: a tribe of Indians of South America.
cañon: a narrow valley with steep sides. This term is much used in the West. (Also spelled "canyon.")
carbine: a short rifle.
careering: rushing along wildly.
carnage: slaughter.
castellated: built like a castle.
catafalque: a structure or vehicle used in funerals, for the public exhibition of the coffin or the remains.
categorically: in a positive manner; unqualifiedly.
category: a class or group.
cat's-paw: a light air which ruffles the surface of the water during a calm.
cauterize: to burn with a hot iron or a caustic.
cavalcade: a procession, usually of people on horseback or in vehicles drawn by horses.
carte blanche: (kart blansh) a French phrase that means "white paper"; unconditional power.
cayuse: an Indian pony. This term is common in the Northwest.
censor: one who tells people how to act and what to say; one who inspects books, magazines, and motion pictures for objectionable material; the officer who reads letters, telegrams, and cablegrams to prevent the transmission of military secrets.
cerulean: sky-blue.
cessation: act of ceasing; pause; rest.
Cetewayo: a famous king of the Zulu tribe in Africa. (The name is usually spelled "Cetywayo".)
Chagres fever: a form of malarial fever which occurs along the Chagres River on the Isthmus of Panama.

chalice: cup.
chantie (usually spelled "chanty" and pronounced "shan' ti"); song of sailors at work.
chaos: very great confusion; great disorder.
chapparal: a thicket of thorny shrubs. (Also spelled "chaparral".)
chassis: the frame, wheels, and motor of an automobile.
château: country residence especially in France and Belgium. (The plural is "châteaux".)
checkmate: to cause to halt; to defeat.
chemise: a loose, shirt-like undergarment worn by women and girls.
China tree: a tree of Asiatic origin planted in America for its shade.
cinch: a band or strap to keep the saddle in place on a horse.
citadel: a fort.
citation: a summons to appear in court; a quotation.
clerk: a person employed to sell goods in a store; an assistant in an office who keeps records or accounts.
clew: to hoist a sail to a yard or mast.
cloth: the distinctive dress of any profession. It is chiefly used to designate a member of the clergy.
cloying: wearying by too much or too good food.
cognizance: heed; notice.
cohort: a band or company, especially of soldiers; a group.
coif: a close-fitting cap.
collateral: belonging to the same ancestral stock but not in a direct line.
coleoptera: an order of insects that includes the beetles.
colossal: immense.
commissar: a commissioner; in Soviet Russia, the head of a government bureau.
common stock: ordinary shares of stock not participating in the privileges of the preferred stock.
companionway: a set of steps leading below from the deck of a ship.
complacent: satisfied; self-satisfied.
complicity: a share in wrong-doing.
conch: large, spiral sea-shell. (Pronounced "kongk".)
condone: to forgive.
confluence: the coming together of two or more things.
conjecture: 1. (noun) conclusion; guess.
2. (verb) to guess; to suppose.
conn: to direct the steering of a vessel. (Usually spelled "con.")
consort: 1. (verb) to associate.
2. (noun) a husband or wife.
3. (noun) a ship that goes along with another.
contiguous: touching; near.
controvert: to dispute; to oppose.
conventionalism: something which is generally observed or done; a tendency to adhere to fixed social usages.
convoy: 1. (verb) accompany or escort.
2. (noun) protection; the thing that protects; the thing protected.
coolly: a term used in the West to designate a trench-like valley with steep walls. (Usually written "coulee".)
copartnership: the state or right of one who is associated with another or others as a partner.
copra: dried cocoanut meat.
coquetry: the art of flirting.
corporeality: pertaining to the body.
corps: a division of an army; a group of people organized under a director or manager.
corral: a pen for horses or cattle. (Pronounced "kŏ-răl'.")
cortege: a procession; a train of attendants.
Covenanter: a Scotch religious group in the seventeenth century; a sternly religious man.
covert: a covering; a protection; a thicket that conceals game.
cravat: necktie.
crystal: very clear glass; a transparent mineral that resembles glass.
cuirass: a piece of armor for the body.
culminate: to reach the highest point.
cupidity: greed.
curlew: a wading bird.
cycle: a period of time.
cycloid: circular.

daguerreotype: an early kind of photograph.
dank: moist; wet.
debauchee: one given to excessive indulgence in pleasure, especially eating and drinking.

débris: ruins; rubbish.
débutante: a girl or woman making her first appearance in society.
decora: (plural of "decorum", usually written "decorums") those things which are accepted as being fitting and proper.
decorous: proper; dignified.
defection: desertion.
deference: aspect; act of yielding to the judgment or wishes of others.
deleterious: harmful.
demigod: one who is partly human and partly divine.
denizen: occupant; inhabitant.
deprecate: to express disapproval.
deputation: a group of persons sent to represent others.
depute: to assign to a representative or deputy.
derisively: in a mocking manner.
derringer: a pistol with a short barrel. It is named after the inventor.
desultory: lacking in aim or method; disconnected
determinate: with exact limits; decisive.
devolve: to hand down; to fall.
diesinker: one who makes dies. A die is a cutting or shaping tool.
differentiate: to make different; to perceive a difference.
diffidence: shyness.
diffident: bashful, shy.
diplomatist: one who is skilled in carrying on negotiations between nations; one who is tactful.
dire: fearful, dreadful.
disapprobation: disapproval.
dissertate: to give a discourse.
doggerel: poor verse.
doxolas: a coarse linen cloth.
drab: 1. (noun) a bad woman.
2. (adjective) brownish yellow or yellowish gray.
dritt: in mining operation, rock material left in one place after having been moved from another.
dungaree: 1. a coarse cotton cloth.
2. (in plural) working clothes or overalls.
Dutch oven: a shallow iron kettle for baking over an open fire.

éclat: brilliancy of performance; the applause that accompanies a brilliant achievement.
effigy: an image of a person.
effulgence: brightness; splendor.
egress: exit, going out.
El Dorado: (sometimes written "Eldorado") a mythical city said to be filled with gold and silver; any place of fabulous wealth; during the mining period California was frequently called "El Dorado".
elusive: hard to capture; baffling.
emaciated: poor in flesh; lean.
emaciation: thinness.
emanate: to go out from.
en brochette: (French phrase) broiled on skewers.
Enceladus: one of the hundred-armed giants who warred against the gods.
ennuied: bored.
Ephesian: an inhabitant of Ephesus; a jolly fellow.
epicurean: pleasure loving.
epigram: short, pithy saying.
epitaph: the inscription on a tombstone.
epithalamic: like a wedding song.
equipage: a wagon carriage with driver and horses.
equity: justice; sense of fairness, as opposed to a strict interpretation of the letter of the law.
equivocal: uncertain, having more than one meaning.
errant: wandering.
escarpment: a bluff or steep slope.
Ethiopian: 1. (noun) a Negro.
2. (adjective) black; pertaining to Ethiopia.
euchered: (slang) defeated
evanescent: not permanent, passing away soon.
evict: to force out, to expel.
evoke: to call forth.
exhalation: breathing out, issuing vapor.
exigency: emergency; need.
ex-officio: by virtue of holding an office; officially.
exorcise: to drive off an evil spirit, usually by magic rites.
expletive: an exclamation, frequently an oath.
expostulation: a protest.
exquisite: carefully wrought or finished; perfected; intense; refined.
extemporized: made or done off-hand out of insufficient material.

extenuate: to excuse in part.
expatriate: to banish; to leave one's country.
exuberance: great abundance.
exuberant: plentiful; lavish; overflowing.
exultation: great delight.
exultance: exultation. (This word is not in common usage.)

fallacious: wrong; misleading; deceptive.
falsetto: a high-pitched voice, usually a man's.
farthingale: a hoop skirt; a light hooped frame used to extend the skirt.
fauna: animals.
felonious: wicked; criminal.
fetlock: the tuft of hair above and to the rear of a horse's hoof.
fetter: to put shackles on; to impede; to put in chains.
filibuster: a pirate.
finicky: very particular; excessively precise.
firmament: the sky.
flagrant: notorious; extremely bad.
fledgling: a young bird; an immature person.
float: mineral-bearing rock found some distance from the place where the vein of ore appears.
floe: floating ice.
flora: flowers.
florid: flowery, ornamented; highly colored.
fodder: dried food, such as corn-stalks and hay, which is kept for horses and cattle.
forage: 1. (noun) food for horses and cattle.
2. (verb) to search for provisions.
forebear: ancestor.
foul: dirty; clogged up; unfair; entangled.
fresco: art of painting on plaster; a painting on plaster.
frigate: an old kind of sailing warvessel.
functionary: an official.
funereal: like a funeral; gloomy.
furtive: sly; secret.
fusion: blending; union; act of melting together.
futtock: a part of the rib of a ship.
futurity: the future.

galley: a kitchen of a ship; an ancient ship.
galvanize: to arouse as if by an electric shock.
gamut: the entire range of anything, as the gamut of emotions.
gantlet: (also spelled "gauntlet") a heavy glove with a large cuff. "To run the gauntlet" means to run between two rows of men each of whom may strike at the runner as he passes.
garrulous: talkative.
generic: general; not special.
germane: closely associated; appropriate.
Geronimo: a famous chief of the Apache Indians
glade: an open space in the forest.
Gothic window: a painted window.
granitic: like granite, hard.
gratulation: pleasure; rejoicing.
gravity: the force that draws objects to the center of the earth, seriousness, importance.
grubby: dirty; slovenly
guinea grass: an African grass introduced into the southern part of the United States.
gyve: a fetter.

habiliment: dress
halberdier: a soldier or attendant who carries a long-handled weapon, the head of which is a combination spear and battle-ax.
hallucination: imaginary sight; delusion; vision.
hame: in a set for draft horses, the curving wood or metal strips to which the traces are fastened.
harlequin: a clown; a comic actor dressed in fantastic costume.
head-gear: headdress; a hat; harness for a horse's head; hoisting apparatus at the top of a shaft.
help-mate: a wife.
henchman: an attendant; a follower.
heraldry: the science of family histories and coats of arms.
herculean: great; difficult; dangerous; of great strength, courage, or size.
hinny: an animal whose father is a horse and whose mother is a she-ass.
hoary: gray.
hors de combat: disabled; out of the

fight. (A French phrase pronounced "ôr dē kômbâ ".)

horse wrangler: a man in charge of a string of horses.

hostler: a man who takes care of horses.

housing: shelter; houses; covering.

humoresque: (music) a composition of humorous or imaginative nature, following no fixed rules.

Hydriote: an inhabitant of Hydra, a Greek island.

hypothesis: a theory; something not definitely proved that seems to be reasonable.

i.e : abbreviation for "id est", a Latin phrase meaning "that is".

immemorial: beyond the bounds of memory.

imminent: near at hand; threatening to occur at once.

impenetrable: not passable.

impervious: not allowing anything to pass through; impenetrable.

implacable: exceedingly hostile; not to be pacified.

importunate: asking often; persistent.

impostor: deceiver; one who pretends to be another person.

impotent: powerless; helpless.

imprecation: a curse.

inanimate: dead; unconscious.

inception: (noun) beginning.

incipient: (adj) beginning to be.

incontinently: in an unrestrained manner

indentation: notch.

indolent: lazy.

inebriate: 1. (verb) to make drunk.
2. (noun) drunken person.

inexorable: not yielding; not to be influenced.

infair: a house-warming, especially an entertainment given for a bride.

inference: conclusion.

infinitude: the quality of being subject to no limits of any kind; innumerable quantity.

inflammatory: tending to stir up or inflame.

ingress: entrance; act of entering.

insidious: sly; tricky; working in secret.

insatiate: never satisfied.

interposition: the act of putting between.

interstice: a space between two things.

inured: accustomed; ha rdened.

irascibility: quality of being easily moved to anger.

iron pyrites: a common mineral of small value.

Jacob: a Biblical character whose history is told in the book of Genesis. See especially chapters 15-20.

jamb: the upright piece that forms the side of a door or window.

jassamine: (usually written "jasmine" or "jessamine") a shrug with fragrant flowers; a reddish-yellow color.

jeopardy: danger.

jib-boom: a spar which serves as an extension of the bowsprit.

jowl: the jaw; the cheek.

juba: a Negro dance or its music; in Negro folklore, a ghost.

Judge Lynch: lynch law; action by a mob.

jurisdiction: authority; sphere of authority; the right to administer the law.

keelson: a structure in the frame of a ship that lies above and parallel to the keel.

Laban: a Biblical character, the father-in-law of Jacob. See Gen. 29:15-20.

labyrinth: a place where it is hard to find one's way.

lackadaisical: languid; tired; sentimental.

lacquer: a varnish; articles coated with this varnish.

languorous: tending to produce a state of listless indolence or tender dreaminess.

lapse: 1. (noun) a momentary forgetfulness.
2. (verb) to fall or slip; to come to an end.

larboard: the left side of a ship looking toward the bow.

latent: hidden.

lave: to wash.

lazarette: a storage space on a ship; a public hospital or pest-house.

lead: (mining term) an ore-bearing gravel deposit. (Pronounced "lēd".)

league: a union of persons or nations or communities organized to help one another; a distance of about three miles.

leeward: away from the wind; on the side away from the wind.
lees: dregs; sediment.
line: the equator.
liquescent: melting; becoming liquid.
liquidation: the act of settling the business affairs of an individual or firm.
log-book: a book containing the daily record of a voyage.
loquacity: talkativeness.
luff: 1. (noun) the act of sailing a ship close to the wind.
2. (verb) to sail nearer the wind.
lugubrious: mournful; sad.
lupine: 1. (noun) a common plant with white, yellow, or blue flowers.
2. (adjective) wolfish.
lure: to attract; to lead away.

M.: an abbreviation with various meanings, such as Monday, masculine, medium, meridian (noon), meter, mile.
machete: a large heavy knife. This is a Spanish word, pronounced mä-chā′-tā.
madder-red: a red dye.
madrone (sometimes "madrona"): a small evergreen tree.
maggot: an insect in its earliest stage, just after it leaves the egg.
malevolence: bad temper; spite.
malevolent: hostile; ill-natured; spiteful.
malpais: a country whose underlying rock is dark lava.
manzanita: a Western evergreen shrub.
maraud: act of robbing; pillage.
marl: a fertilizer that is found in earthy deposits.
marline: a loosely twisted twine of two strands.
Martha-like: resembling Martha, the sister of Mary in the New Testament narrative. See Luke 10:40 Martha symbolizes the active life, Mary the life of meditation.
mask: 1. (noun) a covering to hide the face; a short play; a masked ball.
2. (verb) to hide or disguise.
mast: pole of wood set up on a ship to support the sail; nuts, such as acorns, or chestnuts, used as food for hogs, birds, and other animals.
maw: the stomach.
meet: (adjective) fit; proper.
menace: 1. (noun) a threat.
2. (verb) to threaten.
mendicant: beggar.
menial: a servant who performs humble and unpleasant tasks.
mesa: a flat-topped hill with steep sides. (Pronounced mā′-sä.)
mesquite: a spiny shrub of the Southwest.
meteorological: relating to the weather.
mien: appearance.
milliard: a billion.
minaret: a high, slender tower which is a part of a Mohammedan mosque.
misanthrope: a person who dislikes other people.
mitrailleuse: a machine-gun.
modulation: the change from one key to another in a piece of music; softening.
moiety: half; a part.
monetary: relating to money.
monochrome: a painting in one color.
monolith: a single stone of large size made into a pillar or monument.
monomaniac: a person who is insane on one subject only.
Morgan: a breed of horses.
mull: to think; to turn over a question in one's mind.
mullioned: a mullioned window is one divided by vertical bars or piers.
munificence: extreme generosity.
muskeg: a bog containing large tufts of grass that serve as stepping stones.
muster: 1. (noun) a list of those brought together.
2. (verb) to bring together; to come together.

naïveté: simplicity.
nautical: concerned with ship, sailors, or sailing.
Neapolitan: a native or resident of Naples, Italy.
nebulous: cloud-like; hazy; vague.
necromantic: magical.
neolithic: the later stone age. In Europe it began about 10,000 B.C. and continued for 7,000 years. At the time of the discovery of North America, the Indians were in the Neolithic age.
nomadic: wandering.
nonconformist: one who refuses to belong to an established church; one who does not do as others do.

nonparella: something of unequalled excellence.
norther: a strong north wind. The word is used chiefly on the Great Plains and in Texas.
novice: beginner.
nurition: nourishment; food.

oblation: a religious offering; a sacrifice.
obliterate: to blot out.
oblivious: not aware.
obsessed: haunted; influenced greatly by a fixed idea.
obsidian: a glassy volcanic rock.
obvious: plain; easily seen.
occult: secret; mysterious; magical.
octroi: a tax levied on merchandise brought into a town; the place at which the tax is levied.
ogle: to make eyes at.
ominous: threatening; unfavorable.
omniscient: all-knowing.
opulence: wealth; richness.
oracularly: wisely; importantly; in the manner of an oracle.
ostensibly: seemingly; apparently.
ovine: sheep-like; of or pertaining to sheep.

parable: a short story used to teach a lesson or point a moral.
paradoxical: in the nature of a paradox. A paradox is a seemingly contradictory statement.
paramount: first; chief in importance; highest.
par excellence: pre-eminently; most excellently.
pariah-trade: a trade that makes its follower a social outcast. The parîahs of India are the Hindus who have no caste.
parral: a loop of rope which holds a spar to the mast. (Also spelled "parrel". The accent is on the first syllable.)
parterre: part of the floor of a theatre; an ornamental arrangement of flower-beds.
Parthian: relating to the Parthians, an Asiatic people. It is said that the Parthians approached the enemy, discharged their arrows, and then retreated. Hence, a "Parthian shot".
passive: not active; unresisting.
patriarchal: pertaining to the father and ruler of a group.
peer: 1. (noun) an equal; a man who has a title of nobility.
2. (verb) to look.
Peleus: in Greek mythology the father of Achilles.
perambulate: to walk about.
per capita: for each person.
Perdita: a character in Shakespeare's play, "Winter's Tale".
peremptory: final; absolute; permitting no refusal; positive.
persiflage: joking talk; bantering remarks.
peruke: a wig.
phalanx: a battle formation of infantry; a closely massed body of animals or persons.
phantasm: a product of imagination, fancy, or a diseased mind.
philoprogenitiveness: love of one's children.
piebald: spotted; mixed.
pike: 1. a kind of fish.
2. a spear.
pillion: a light saddle; a cushion for a woman placed behind a man's saddle.
Pisgah: the mountain east of the Jordan from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. See Deuteronomy 3:27.
plenishing: furniture; equipment; stock.
plethoric: overfull; inflated.
pocket-hunter: a pocket miner.
poop: the stern of a ship; a deck at the stern above the ordinary deck.
portentous: threatening; out of the ordinary.
posture: 1. (noun) position of the body.
2. (verb) to take a position.
potential: possible; capable of being realized.
preclude: shut out; prevent.
pregnant: full of meaning; teeming with ideas; weighty.
premonition: a warning.
premonitory: giving warning or notice.
preponderance: most important element; greater number or influence.
preposterous: absurd.
prescience: foreknowledge of events; foresight.
presentiment: a feeling as to what will take place.

preternatural: not natural; out of the ordinary course.
primeval: very old; pertaining to the earliest time.
prithee: I pray thee; I ask thee.
procrastinate: to put off; to postpone.
prodigious: enormous; marvellous.
prognostics: a sign of the future; an omen.
propriety: correct behavior.
protagonist: the character who takes the leading part in a drama; one who takes the lead in any movement or campaign.
protoplasm: a biological term meaning a part of a cell. Protoplasm is often called the physical basis of life.
prototype: the original; first type of anything.
provost: a superintendent.
ptarmigan: a grouse of northern regions.
pudding stick: a stick or skewer used to fasten a bag in which a pudding is cooked.
pusillanimous: cowardly; weak; faint-hearted.
pyre: a pile of wood to burn a corpse.

quandary: state of uncertainty.
querulous: complaining.

rational: reasonable; intelligent.
real grit: money made of metal. (American slang.)
raucous: harsh in sound; hoarse.
recession: act of becoming more distant; withdrawal.
reconnoitre: to look over; to make a survey, especially for military operations.
recumbent: lying down; leaning.
rede: 1. (noun) counsel or advice; story; a saying or proverb.
2. (verb) to advise; to interpret. This word is no longer in good usage.
rediscount: (a banking term.) The rate at which the Federal Reserve Board will lend to member banks.
reel: a lively dance.
refectory: a room for meals, especially in a school or religious house.
regenerate: to better the moral condition; to improve spiritually.
reimburse: repay.
remuda: a band of saddle horses from which are chosen those to be used for the day.
rendezvous: a meeting by appointment.
renounce: give up; cast off.
repetitive: repeating; containing repetition.
repugnant: hostile; offensive; repulsive.
retainer: 1. a follower.
2. a fee paid to secure services.
reticent: inclined to say little
retinue: a group of attendants.
retrograde: to move backward.
rhetoric: the art of speaking or writing; the use of language for mere display.
Rialto: the business center of Venice, Italy; a market; an exchange.
rife: common; well supplied.
rood: the cross on which Christ died; a crucifix; one-fourth of an acre.
rotundity: roundness.
royal yards: a "yard" is a cylindrical piece of timber fastened to the mast to support a square sail. The "royal yards" are the highest.
ruff: a kind of muslin or linen collar that is a deep stiff frill. It was worn in the sixteenth century.
ruminate: ponder; think about; to chew the cud
ruminative: inclined to meditation; distinguished by careful consideration.

sacaton: a coarse grass of the Southwest. (Also spelled "sacaton")
sage: 1. (noun) a wise man
2. (noun) a plant whose leaves are used in cooking.
3. (adj) wise.
St. Christopher: the patron saint of ferrymen.
St. John's eve: midsummer, June 23.
salaam: an oriental salutation.
saleratus: baking soda.
salivate: to produce an unusually heavy flow of saliva by the use of certain drugs.
salutary: healthful; beneficial.
sanguinary: bloody; with bloodshed.
saturate: to soak; to cause to absorb some substance until no more can be taken up.
Saturnian: pertaining to the god Saturn whose rule is spoken of as a golden age; happy; peaceful; contented.

scalper: one who scalps; one who buys tickets to sell at higher prices.
screw: a kind of nail; a propeller of a boat.
sector: a part of a circle; a part of a line of battle; an area.
secular: not sacred; worldly.
seditious: tending to cause discontent or rebellion.
sedulous: hard-working.
semblance: likeness; appearance.
semify: to make half or partial. This word is not in good usage.
senescent: becoming old.
seneschal: an official; a steward of a nobleman in the Middle Ages.
sententious: short and pithy; abounding in maxims and sayings.
sequester: to set apart; to separate.
serape: a blanket or shawl worn by Latin-Americans.
sere: dry; withered.
seriatim: in a series; one after another.
set: (noun) used by Bret Harte and other western writers as a synonym of "dance".
set-back: the withdrawal of the face of a building to produce a step-like appearance.
shiver: to shake with cold or fright; to break into bits.
shoal: 1. (adj.) shallow.
2. (noun) a sand bank or bar which makes the water shallow.
shroud: a dress for the dead; a rope from the mast of a ship to the side of the vessel.
sibyl: prophetess; witch.
sideburns: short whiskers worn on the sides of the face with a smooth chin.
simblin: (properly "cymling") a kind of squash.
similitude: likeness; resemblance.
simulacre: image; likeness.
skulk: to sneak; to hide.
sluicing: a long trough or flume for washing gold-bearing earth.
snap-out: a game once common in the West.
sociological: pertaining to human society or to the study of it.
soirée: an evening party.
solace: 1. (noun) comfort; relief.
2. (verb) to comfort.
solitaire: a diamond set with no other stones; a card game played by one person.
sombrero: a broad-brimmed hat. This word is not often used outside the Southwestern states.
somnolent: sleepy.
sonorous: giving a deep, loud sound.
soothsayer: a prophet.
sotto voce: (Italian) under the breath; in an undertone. (Pronounced "sōt'-to vō'-chā".)
sound: to measure the depth of water with a line to which a weight is attached; to dive.
spanner: a wrench; a monkey wrench.
spasmodic: occurring irregularly; resembling a spasm.
specific: definite; a cure for a disease.
spiracle: an opening for breathing as the blowhole of the whale.
spirituel: refined; having the appearance of a spirit.
squalor: a miserable and dirty condition.
stall: a place in a stable for one animal; seat in the choir of a church.
stand-patter: one who does not favor progress.
starboard: the right side of a ship looking toward the bow.
stolid: not easily aroused.
strike: to hit; to set on fire; to lower a flag in token of surrender; to stop work.
stringent: strict; severe; tight.
subconscious: not wholly aware.
subsidiary: used to assist; a thing or person who assists; secondary.
substratum: that which underlies; a layer usually of rock, lying under another. The plural is "substrata".
subtle: delicate; mysterious; acute; sly; skillful.
succory: a common plant whose leaves are used in salads and whose roots are mixed with coffee. (Also spelled *chicory.*)
summary: brief; direct; without delay.
superadd: to add to what has already been mentioned; to add as something out of the ordinary.
supercargo: an officer in a merchant ship who has charge of trading during a voyage.
superficially: in a shallow manner; lightly.
supinely: lazily; listlessly.
surcease: end; stop.

surfeited: disgusted by excess; overfed.
surveillance: oversight; close guard.
susceptible: sensitive to; capable of receiving.
swale: a piece of meadow; a valley in a plain.
sylvan: pertaining to the woods.
systole and diastole: the contraction and expansion of the heart and arteries by which the blood is forced onward.

taciturn: silent; not talkative.
tack: (noun) a zig-zag course taken by a ship sailing against the wind.
(verb) to sail in a zig-zag course.
tail race: (a mining term) the channel which carries off the refuse resulting from the washing of the mineral-bearing earth.
taper: a candle.
tapster: one who draws beer or wine from barrels or kegs.
tarpaulin: water proof canvas.
technic: the method of performing in any art. (Also spelled *technique.*)
temerity: rashness; foolish disregard of danger.
tenement: a house or part of a house rented by a tenant; a building divided into inexpensive apartments.
tension: strain; condition of being stretched.
tentative: of the nature of an attempt; making trial; experimental.
tether: 1. (noun) a rope or chain, usually of considerable length, by which an animal is fastened.
2. (verb) to fasten with a rope or chain.
ticker: a telegraph instrument that prints news on a paper tape or ribbon; usually the word is applied only to a telegraph instrument that prints market news.
Titan: one of the early deities in Greek mythology; a gigantic person.
torpidity: state of being sluggish or dull.
Tory: a member of the extremely conservative political group in Great Britain; during the Revolutionary War an American who sympathized with England.
tragedian: an actor in a tragedy; a writer of tragedy.
transcendent: extraordinary; superior.
transient: not permanent; passing; fleeting.
transport: 1. (verb) to carry from one place to another.
2 (noun) a ship used to carry soldiers.
travail: labor; trouble; hardship.
trek: journey; the part of a trip between one stopping place and the next.
trottoir: sidewalk.
truncated: cut off.
trundle bed: a low bed, usually one for children, that can be pushed under a higher bed.
try-works: a brick furnace with metal pots for making whale oil from blubber.
tuftaffeta: a silk fabric having a pattern formed by tufts.
turbine: an engine or motor run by steam, air, or water.
twa: two.

Uhlans: German mounted troops.
unctuous: like oil; soothing; sympathetic.
undulate: to move in a wavy fashion.
unrequited: not repaid; not made up for.
untrammeled: not held back; not hampered.
unwonted: unusual.
utilitarian: having to do with usefulness rather than with beauty, goodness, etc.

van: the front, especially of an army or a fleet.
Van Dieman's land: Tasmania; a general name for some far-off region.
vent: 1. (noun) opening.
2. (verb) to let out.
veritable: true; real.
vernacular: the language of a particular country or part of a country.
vicissitude: a change in condition.
vigil: wakefulness; act of watching.
vindictive: bearing a grudge.
visage: face.
vis-à-vis: (French) one who is face to face with another; a direct meeting.
vituperative: abusive.
vixen: a female fox; a bad-tempered woman.
vocation: occupation or business.

vociferation: cry; clamor.
voluptuous: giving pleasure to the senses.
voo-doo: (usually written without the hyphen) negro magic.
votive: given as the result of a vow.
vouchsafe: to grant; to bestow.

wagon-bed: a wagon box; the body of a wagon.
wake: the track of a moving ship.
Warwick: a politician, generally one who exercises great influence without holding office.
wary: cautious; watchful.
weazened: dried; shriveled. (Also spelled wizened.)
werewolf: a person who has been changed into a wolf; a person who can change himself into a wolf.
wheel: the device by which a ship is guided.
windjammer: sailing vessel.
wraith: ghost.
Würzburg: a German city famous for its beer; the beer made in Würzburg.

yaw: 1. (verb) to leave a course; to move or cause to move in a zig-zag course.
2. (noun) act of leaving a straight course.
yucca: a common plant of the South-western states.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES

Abraham Lincoln, 417
Account of Himself, 60
ADAMS, JAMES TRUSLOW, 589, 746
ADE, GEORGE, 449
After Apple-Picking, 601
AIKEN, CONRAD, 376
Air Mail Letter, 332
Am I a Good Citizen?, 715
American Citizenship, 712
Annabel Lee, 475
Anne Rutledge, 417
APPLEGATE, FRANK G., 171
Art of Living, The, 589
AUSTIN, MARY, 15, 16, 17

BAKER, KARLE WILSON, 176, 185
Ballad of the Oysterman, The, 443
Battle of the Wagon Boxes, The, 507
Beat! Beat! Drums!, 64
BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT, 78, 632
Big-Foot Wallace, 193
Bivouac of the Dead, The, 95
Blue Island Intersection, 643
BOK, EDWARD, 307
Boomtown Pictures: The Rush, 618
BOONE, ANDREW R., 322
Bowie's Secret, 202
Boy in Missouri, A, 132
Boy Who Began with Three Cents, A, 307
Boys Will Be Boys, 670
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 363, 365, 366, 638
BURNS, WALTER NOBLE, 255
BURROUGHS, JOHN, 350
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER, 458

CARNEGIE, ANDREW, 311
CATHER, WILLA, 619
Cattle, 211
Cattle Drive, The, 148
Centennial Hymn, 348
Chicago, 641
CHITTENDEN, WILLIAM LAWRENCE, 437
City Sounds, 649
City That Was, The, 651
Coasting Off the Roof of the World, 395
COBB, IRVIN S., 670
Come Up from the Fields Father, 67
Concord Hymn, 41
Conquered Banner, The, 81
Contributions of the West to American Democracy, 408
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, 46
Courtship of David Crockett, The, 119
Cowboy Ballads, 157, 158, 159
Cowboy's Dream, The, 159
Cowboys' Christmas Ball, 437
CRANE, NATHALIA, 440, 441
Crisis, The, 703
CROCKETT, DAVID, 119
CROWELL, GRACE NOLL, 383

Daily Life on a Sailing Vessel, 275
Dakotah Courtship, 552
DANA, RICHARD HENRY, JR., 275
Daniel Boone, 111
Day Is Done, The, 374
Deacon's Masterpiece, or The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," The, 445
Declaration of Independence, The, 42
Deguelo: The Fall of The Alamo, 177
DICKINSON, EMILY, 467, 468
DOBIE, J. FRANK, 202
DOUGLASS, ANDREW E., 326
DUVAL, JOHN C., 193

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD, 9
Eldorado, 474
ELIOT, CHARLES W., 716
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 41, 368, 369, 372, 585, 588
Estevan the Magnificent, 171

Farewell Address, 56
Father Duffy, 420
Fiddler Jones, 608
FINCH, FRANCIS MILES, 700
First-Day Thoughts, 347

First Inaugural Address (Jefferson), 406
Fish Crier, 274
Flathouse Roof, The, 441
FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD, 147, 383
Following the Frontier, 212
FORD, COREY, 456
FOSDICK, RAYMOND B., 734
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, 301
Franklin Starts His Career in Philadelphia, 301
FREEMAN, DOUGLAS SOUTHALL, 356
FRENEAU, PHILIP, 18, 361
FROST, ROBERT, 381, 382, 600, 601
Future of English, The, 722

GARLAND, HAMLIN, 83
General William Booth Enters Into Heaven, 353
GIBSON, LYDIA, 322
GILFILLAN, ARCHER B., 261
God's World, 388
Going Home, 75
Good-Bye, 372
GRADY, HENRY WOODFIN, 93, 707
Green Pastures, 383
GREGG, JOSIAH, 208
GUITERMAN, ARTHUR, 111

Hail, Columbia, 696
Hare Drummer, 609
HARTE, BRET, 161
HAY, JOHN, 144
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, 380
Height of the Ridiculous, The, 444
HENRY, O., 491
HENRY, PATRICK, 38
Hills of Silver, 255
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 443, 444, 445, 702
Home on the Range, A, 157
HOPKINSON, JOSEPH, 696
HOUSTON, MARGARET BELL, 373
HOVEY, RICHARD, 759
How I Served My Apprenticeship, 311
Humble-Bee, The, 369
Huskers, The, 603
Hymn of the City, The, 638

I Marry in Haste, 28
If You Were Coming in the Fall, 467
Ile, 285
In Praise of Common Things, 352
Inauguration of Washington, The, 51
Indian Boyhood, 20
Indian Burying Ground, The, 18
IRVING, WASHINGTON, 51, 114
IRWIN, WILL, 651

JAMES, MARQUIS, 177
JEFFERSON, THOMAS, 42, 406
Jim Bludsoe, 144
John Colter's Race, 114
JOHNSTON, MARY, 28
Jonah, 322
JORDAN, DAVID STARR, 397

KAUFMAN, KENNETH C., 146
KENDALL, GEORGE WILKINS, 197
Killing a Whale, 280
KREY, LAURA, 75

Lady, A, 469
Lady or the Tiger?, The, 484
Lament of a Man for His Son, 15
LANIER, SIDNEY, 377, 378
Let It Be Forgotten, 470
Letter to His Friend, Mr. Mu Kow, A, 439
Liberty Enlightening the World, 698
Liberty—Is It Worth Fighting For?, 746
Liberty or Death!, 38
Life of the Early Texas Rangers, 186
Life on Heaven Trees Plantation, 611
Lilacs, 384
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 60, 70
Lincoln Says Farewell, 62
Lincoln, the Man of the People, 415
LINDERMAN, FRANK B., 20
LINDSAY, VACHEL, 216, 353
LITTELL, ROBERT, 649
Living at Walden, 581
LONDON, JACK, 223
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 374
Love of Life, 223
LOWELL, AMY, 384, 469
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 362, 720
Lucinda Matlock, 608

MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD, 377
Man with the Hoe, The, 668

Mannahatta, 640
MARK TWAIN, *see* TWAIN
MARKHAM, EDWIN, 415, 668
Mary White, 595
Masque of the Red Death, The, 477
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE, 417, 608, 609
MELVILLE, HERMAN, 280
MENCKEN, H. L., 722
MERZ, CHARLES, 212
MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT, 388
MILLER, JOAQUIN, 110
MILLS, ENOS, 395
Mocking Bird: At Night, The, 380
Modern Dwelling-House, The, 729
MONROE, HARRIET, 318
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER, 439, 453
Mountain Whippoorwill, The, 632
MUIR, JOHN, 389
MUMFORD, LEWIS, 729
Municipal Report, A, 491
Mushy Seventies, The, 449
My Town, 644

NANCE, BERTA HART, 211
Nathan Hale, 700
NEIHARDT, JOHN G., 507
Neither Spirit nor Bird, 16
New Civilization, The, 734
New Pioneers, The, 221
NICHOLSON, MEREDITH, 715
Night Clouds, 469
Night of Stars, 383
Night Song at Amalfi, 470
NORRIS, FRANK, 610

Ode, 80
O'HARA, THEODORE, 95
O. HENRY, *see* HENRY, O.
Old Ephraim, The Grizzly Bear, 515
Old Ironsides, 702
Old Man and Jim, The, 72
Oliver Wiggins, 205
O'NEILL, EUGENE, 285

PAINE, THOMAS, 703
Passing Herd, The, 146
Pasture, The, 600
Patriotism Begins in the Home, 707
Pigs Is Pigs, 458
Planter's Charm, 472
Plowing, The, 610
POE, EDGAR ALLAN, [illegible], 475, 476, 477
Poor Voter on Election Day, The, 405
Porcher, The, 565
Power-Plant, A, 318
Prairie Fire, A, 197
Prayer of Columbus, 25
Prayer to the Mountain Spirit, 10
Prayers of Steel, 607
Present Crisis, The, 720

Reading Boy, The, 440
Reconciliation, 69
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH, 352, 387
Religion of Robert E. Lee, The, 550
Return of a Private, The, 83
Return of the Southern Soldier, The, 93
Revolt of Mother, The, 536
Rhodora, The, 368
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, 72, 667
Robert E. Lee, 78
ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN, 618
ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN D., 221
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, 515, 709
Romance, 476
Runaway, The, 600
RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH, 81

SANDBURG, CARL, 62, 274, 641, 643, 667
Santa Fé Trader, A, 208
Santa Fé Trail: A Humoresque, The, 216
SARETT, LEW, 273, 367
SCARBOROUGH, DOROTHY, 565
Scenery of the United States, The, 9
Sculptor's Funeral, The, 619
Second Inaugural Address, 70
Self-Reliance, 585
Sham, 567
Sheepherder, The, 273
Sheepherder Calls It a Day, The, 261
Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim, A, 67
SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE, 44
Skiing Party, The, 456
SMITH, GOLDIE CAPERS, 332
Song from the Traffic, 373
Song of the Chattahoochee, 378
Song of the Forerunners, 176
Spring, 376
Spring Ecstasy, 387
Spy, The, 46

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, 698
STOCKTON, FRANK R., 484
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, 381
Story of a Salmon, The, 397
Swamp Fox, The, 44

Talkative Tree Rings, 326
Tampa Robins, 377
TEASDALE, SARA, 470, 471
Tennessee's Partner, 161
There Is No Frigate Like a Book, 467
This Is My Letter, 467
THOMASON, JOHN W., JR., 644
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, 581
TIMROD, HENRY, 80
To a Waterfowl, 366
To a Wild Goose Over Decoys, 367
To Be an American, 377
To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave, 468
To My Country, 695
To the Dandelion, 362
To the Fringed Gentian, 365
TOMPKINS, FRANK G., 567
Training for Citizenship, 709
Tree at My Window, 382
Turbine, The, 318
TURNER, FREDERICK J., 408
TWAIN, MARK, 132

Unmanifest Destiny, 759
UNTERMEYER, LOUIS, 376

Variations, 376
Venture in Mysticism, A, 453
VESTAL, STANLEY, 205, 552
Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night, 65

Waiting, 350
WASHINGTON, GEORGE, 56
Wayfarer, The, 471
WEBB, WALTER PRESCOTT, 186
Westward Ho!, 110
What Is an American?, 716
When I Heard the Learned Astronomer, 360
When Mickey Mouse Speaks, 322
When the Frost Is on the Punkin, 607
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD, 148
WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN, 595
WHITMAN, WALT, 25, 64, 65, 67, 69, 360, 640
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 347, 348, 405, 603
Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies, 158
Wild Honeysuckle, The, 361
WILKINS, MARY E., 536
WILKINSON, MARGUERITE, 695
WILSON, WOODROW, 417, 712
Windmills, The, 147
Wind-Storm in the Forest, A, 389
Within the Alamo, 185
WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER, 420

YAUGER, FAY, 472
Yellow Violet, The, 363
YOUNG, STARK, 611
Youth and Duty, 588